JAN. 6,
1940

Liberty

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Calendar·1940

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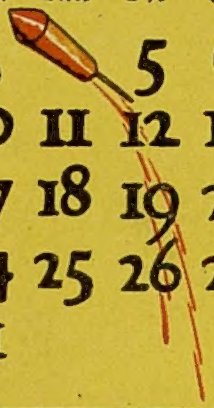
	1	2	3		5	6
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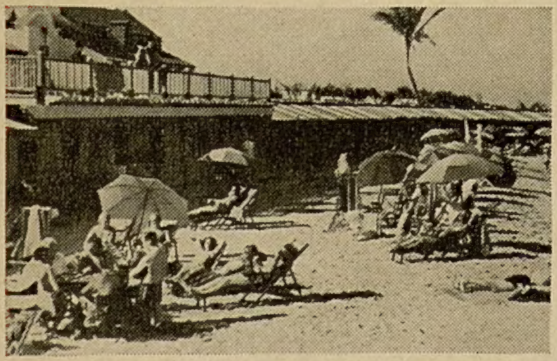

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JANUARY 6, 1940

Liberty

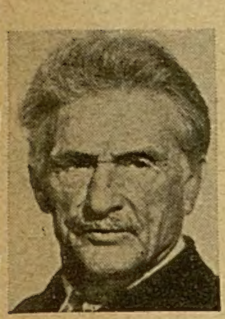
VOL. 17, NO. 1

BERNARR MACFADDEN
PUBLISHER

FULTON OURSLER
EDITOR IN CHIEF

HEYWORTH CAMPBELL
ART EDITOR

ECONOMIZE OR FACE INSOLVENCY-CHAOS-POSSIBLE REVOLUTION



BERNARR MACFADDEN

The general complacency of the citizens of this country when considering our financial situation as a nation is difficult to fully understand.

And the editors of our various newspapers have a duty to perform in this grave emergency which is as clear as the noonday sun. They should arouse the public to the dangers we are facing. Our huge national indebtedness has been caustically discussed by the New York Times and the Herald Tribune, but editors throughout the country are not shouldering the responsibility which is theirs in this menacing situation.

At the conclusion of the last regular session of Congress there was apparently a very definite effort on the part of some of our legislators to economize. Some of the bills carrying huge sums were whittled down . . . others were repudiated altogether; and our clear-thinking citizens were heartened.

At last it looked as though there would be a chance of giving some thought to a balanced budget. But now we are apparently on our way to a possible war, which may mean expenditures of huge additional sums of money. Even the wealth of this country may be entirely wiped out.

Before the depression our national riches were not far from five hundred billion. It is supposed to have been reduced by more than half. While we were active in the last World War we spent about fifteen billion dollars a year, but the price of wages and everything else has increased to such an extent in this country that double this sum might now be required to continue a war. And we can well imagine just how long such a struggle could be continued at such a gigantic cost.

Not so many months ago there appeared on this page an editorial entitled A Reckless, Spendthrift Government. Some amazing information appeared, taken from government records, and why intelligent people failed to recognize the seriousness of these reckless expenditures is indeed puzzling.

We cannot continue to spend money in this wasteful manner without financial wreckage, governmentally and otherwise.

It was pointed out in this editorial that our total expenditures were considerably in excess of nine billion dollars a year, and the preparation we are now making for war will probably increase this by several billions. And there seems to be no substantial attempt to reduce these colossal expenditures. Extraordinary efforts are being made to drag out more money from the taxpayers, but no efforts whatsoever to economize. Our legislators have apparently forgotten there is such a thing as a budget—entirely effaced from their minds the desirability of keeping expenditures within income.

If the serious-minded citizens of this country could understand what is happening to our government financially, every Washington legislator would be receiving from five to ten thousand telegrams and letters every day. And do not forget that government bankruptcy would bring the same fate to many of our great business organizations.

Stability and security are the substantial requirements necessary for the comfort and happiness of our people. While we are struggling to build a home . . . to stabilize ourselves . . . to protect wife, children, and other dependents from the ravages of a moneyless future, our Washington legislators and other government officials are eating away with huge constantly increasing indebtedness the very foundation of our nation.

The mountainous credit that has been built up by this nation through adhering to wise governmental principles is being used at this time with reckless abandon.

The editors of every newspaper, every citizen, regardless of political alliances, should demand that the government immediately begin to give effective attention to the need of confining expenditures to income. BALANCE THE BUDGET ought to be a slogan that should be framed and hung in every household . . . in every schoolhouse . . . in every city hall, and sky writers ought to be engaged in every large community and from the sky, in letters a mile high, we should have the same demand . . . BALANCE THE BUDGET!

If our legislators continue to ignore this flaming emergency they should be held strictly to account for neglecting a most sacred duty imposed upon them by their oath of office.

Bernarr Macfadden

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GAG THE SENATE AND YOU GA

Did debate keep us out of war? . . Here is food for thought for every American!

BY SENATOR ARTHUR H. VANDENBERG

READING TIME ● 9 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

THE Senate of the United States still enjoys the privilege of *free speech*—despite constantly recurrent criticism of this right of *free and unlimited debate.*

Otherwise this country would be a great deal nearer its own particular kind of dictatorship—"government by Executive decree"—than it is.

Yes, and probably a great deal nearer *war* than it is.

It is this latter fact—if it is a fact—that makes the Senate's *freedom of debate* of particular concern to the country at the moment. If it is true that America is infinitely safer from involvement in European war because there was freedom of debate in the United States Senate from September 21 to October 27, 1939, when the new so-called neutrality bill was molded, then freedom of debate in the Senate has new and vital vindication.

When the special session of Congress, carefully canvassed in advance by the Executive, met for the purpose of yielding to the President's repeal of the arms embargo, the national Capitol was in the well-nigh hysterical grip of a fatalistic resignation to the inevitability of our own early entry into this new World War. It seethed with a feverish war psychology. I am not criticizing anybody's motives. I am describing what seemed to be general surrender to the notion that our neutrality was out of the window.

The President had hastily issued his provocative proclamation of "partial emergency"—which revived a lot of dormant Executive war powers. He had summoned a War Resources Board and a War Finance Board. The "mobilization plans" were dusted off in the War Department. The Panama Canal was put under virtual martial law. The great gates of the White House were ominously closed each evening. New regulations were issued each day for the safety of Washington. We even heard that they were planning our first experimental "black-out" night. About the only thing lacking was a distribution of gas masks.

Meanwhile some of our foreign friends were just as misled by all of this as we might easily have been ourselves. For example, the London Sketch was saying, however erroneously, that the President is "on our side" and "if the decision rested with him it would not be long before he came into the war"; and the Windsor (Canada) Star was adding that "the United States will be in the war along about the middle of next January."

It was in this atmosphere that Congress reassembled in extraordinary session. The President's message was partially reassuring, although it did not wipe out restless memories of his famous "quarantine speech" in Chicago. At any rate, he spoke for his conception of neutral peace. Then the Senate went to work. There were no rules under which it could be gagged, because there weren't votes enough for cloture—and be it said to the everlasting credit of Democratic Leader Senator Barkley and Foreign Relations Chairman Pittman that they never even threatened to try it.

The Senate — the free Senate — entered upon its deliberations with painstaking prudence. It talked a week. It talked two weeks. The administration voluntarily amended vulnerable portions of its new so-called "Neutrality Bill." Tension began to relax. The country wanted no part of this foreign war and it unmistakably said so, embargo repealists included. Three weeks! A few impatient souls out in the country began to cry for action. Four weeks! The War Industries Board was demobilized and sent home. The American emergency dissipated into thin air. The embargo repealists were outshouting the embargoists—of whom I was one—for peace.

The new bill finally was passed. But it passed in a "peace psychology" which (if it only lasts) will be an everlasting blessing. The administration subscribed itself to a moral contract with the American people to keep them out of war. It had to—and most of its members were glad to—in order to pass its bill.

And that's what I mean by asserting new vindication for freedom of debate in the Senate of the United States—the last free forum left in any parliamentary government on earth. Other factors undoubtedly contributed to the relaxation of that initial war tempo—for example, the mystifying character of the war abroad itself. But I venture the assertion that if *any* bill dealing with our war relationships could have been jammed through the Senate under whip and spur and gag during the initial days of that special session, its purpose would have been misconstrued both at home and abroad, and the danger to the neutrality, the peace, and the noninvolvement of the United States would have been infinitely greater.

It is not necessarily the quality of the debate that makes the essential contribution to the welfare of our democracy. The very fact of the debate itself is of supreme importance. It gives the country a chance to know what new legislation, what new policy is on foot. It gives citizenship a chance to speak. It is a safety valve It permits minorities to challenge menace. It forces majorities to justify their programs. It seasons and matures the final verdict. It is the greatest of all insurance policies for the liberties of our people.

This freedom of debate in the Senate is constantly the target of impatient condemnation. Unquestionably it does slow down the legislative process. Frequently it is abused. It can be even maddening. Yet in the long run it is the final bulwark of defense for the American system.

The House of Representatives, composed of 435 members, must necessarily submit to restrictive rules These, however, set sharp boundaries to the exploration of pending legislation. The House will pass a law in eight hours which the Senate will ponder for eight weeks. But if the Senate were to submit to similar restraints, any administration with a majority at both ends of the Capitol could run America to suit itself.

The new so-called neutrality bill is far different in its final form, as a result of the voluntary action of its own sponsors, from what it was when it came rushing to the Senate floor from the Committee on Foreign Relations. If it was still "half baked" at the end of a month's debate and amendment, as charged by many critics, then it would not have been "baked" at all if it could have been summarily railroaded through the Senate by an intolerant majority. Still more important, the American people would have had no chance to demonstrate their tenacious purpose to keep out of other people's troubles. The embargo repealists themselves would have had no opportunity to clarify their own position.

I venture the assertion that the Supreme Court would have been "packed" with stooge justices two years ago—certainly contrary to the preponderant wish and wisdom of the nation—if it had not been for Senatorial "freedom of debate." I venture the further assertion that the original reorganization bill, enthroning Executive authority to the complete emasculation of democracy, would have succeeded if it had not been for Senatorial freedom of debate. This freedom, of course, would not save the country from the vice of a rubber stamp Senate. But whenever there

ERICA

s courage in the minority and some lements of independence in the maority—and these virtues are seldom vholly lacking—freedom of debate in he Senate is our great safeguard.

There are earnest patriots who inist, as did Vice-President Dawes, hat freedom of debate places " power n the hands of individuals [senaors] to an extent at times subversive f the principles of free representaive government "; that the majority hould finally have the power to legisate. A strong case can be made for hat contention. But a stronger case an be made against it.

Particularly at a time when denocracy is struggling against autocacy all round the globe, at a time vhen minorities are finding themelves harassed sometimes to the very oint of extinction, at a time when ur own American trends are in the irection of strongly centralized ' government by Executive decree," ve must cling to every protective deice which encourages deliberative nd tolerant judgments in our own igh parliament. Let it not be forotten that the genius of our instituions is their defense of the rights of ninorities. Eliminate freedom of deate in the Senate, and you might as vell surrender to the one-party sysem which is the pattern of Communsm and of Fascism.

This Senate freedom of debate aleady confronts one limitation—reated in 1917 as the direct result f President Wilson's bitter protest gainst a successful minority's battle against the administration's armed neutrality bill. This was the famous Wilson statement indicting " a little group of willful men." " The Senate of the United States," he said, " is the nly legislative body in the world which cannot act when its majority is ready for action." He might just as well have said that the Constitution s the only written charter in the world which prohibits a majority from doing anything it pleases. But ve were on the threshold of war, and alm judgments give way to strange ressures at such hours. In that atmoshere Senate Rule XXII was born.

Under it, a cloture petition may be led at any time by sixteen senators. The petition must lie over for one lay. The presiding officer then puts he question without further debate: " Is it the sense of the Senate that the debate shall be brought to a close? " If the question is decided in the affirmative by a two-thirds vote—mind you, *not* by a majority—the measure remains the unfinished business to the exclusion of all other business until disposed of, and each senator is thereafter limited to one hour on it.

Thus there *is* a way to terminate Senate debate if two thirds of the Senate wants it terminated. But what the Senate itself thinks of even this greatly limited form of cloture is indicated by the subsequent record. From 1919 to 1933 the Senate voted only eleven times on invoking the rule, and the rule was successfully invoked on only four occasions. From 1933 to 1939, inclusive, efforts to invoke the cloture rule have been started four times. One was withdrawn, the other three defeated. Thus the rule has limited Senate debate only four times in two decades.

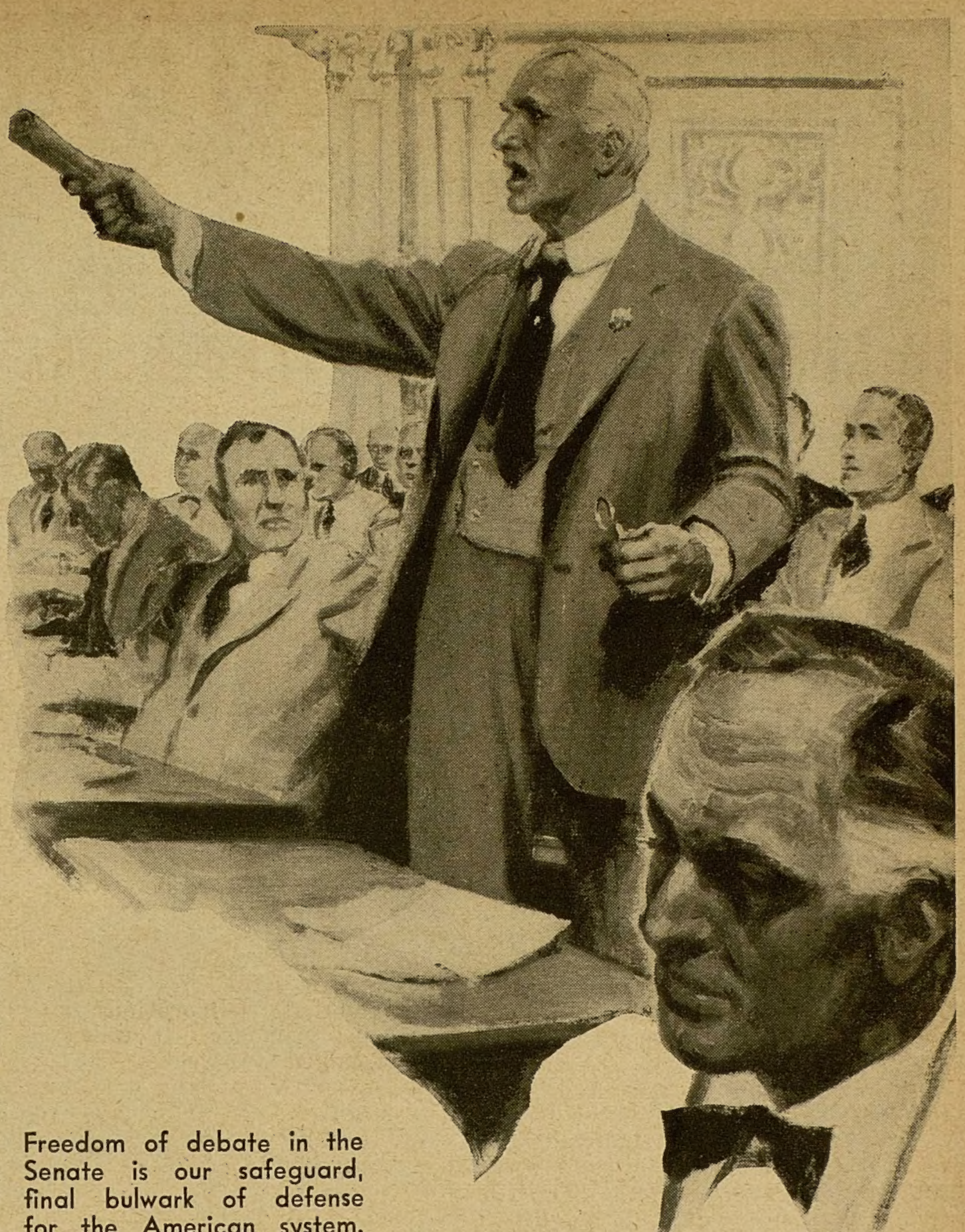
The " filibuster," in Senate practice, is the use of the privilege of free and unlimited debate for the purpose of postponing and preventing a vote; of " talking a bill to death." It is the filibuster which often brings Senate freedom of debate into ill repute. No one can legitimately say that all out-and-out filibusters are unwarranted. At any rate, the best way to break a filibuster is to hold the Senate in continuous session, twenty-four hours a day, until the obstructing orators have worn themselves out. This, whatever else may be thought of it, is preferable to the establishment of easy precedents for " gagging " the Senate and thus gagging free speech.

Certainly the rule of cloture should be the last recourse. That may be one reason why cloture so signally failed when twice tried in 1938 in connection with the anti-lynching bill. Senator McNary bluntly charged that the other methods of breaking a filibuster had not been seriously tried—and he was wholly right.

The Senate usually insists—as the record proves—on discriminating between whatever immediate menace is involved in a filibuster and the larger basic and eternal principle involved in the preservation of Senate freedom of debate. In the earlier days of my Senate service I voted for cloture in what I deemed extraordinary emergency. In further extraordinary emergency—and I mean *extraordinary*—I might reluctantly do so again. But I would say insistently that it ought to be an obviously unavoidable last resort. Otherwise it is potential dynamite to the American liberties which pass in review each time the American Congress meets.

A *gagged* Senate means a *gagged* America. A *gagged* America is ripe for anything.

THE END



Freedom of debate in the Senate is our safeguard, final bulwark of defense for the American system.

Real as life itself . . A poignant tale of a lonely heart and a lost romance

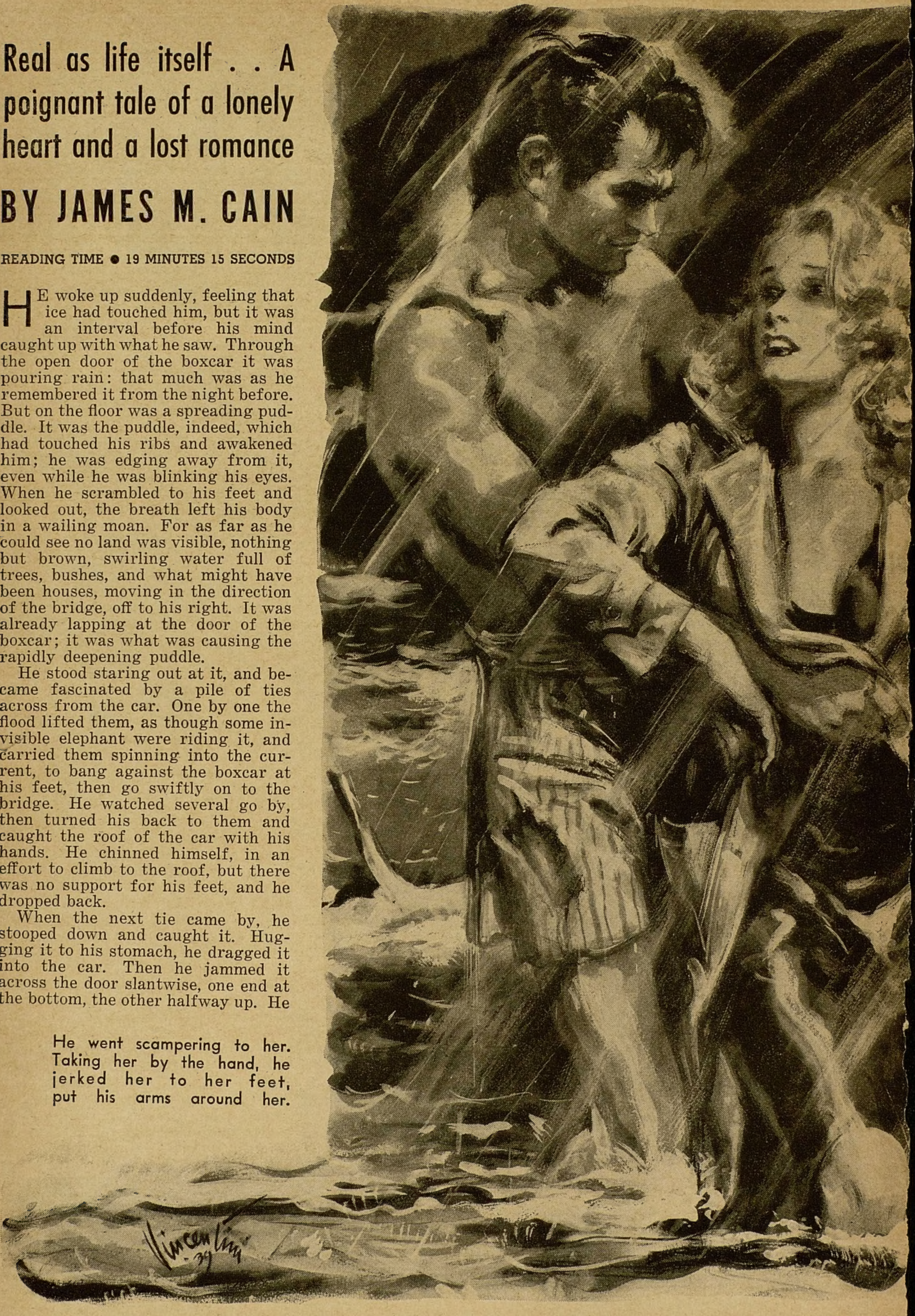
BY JAMES M. CAIN

READING TIME ● 19 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

HE woke up suddenly, feeling that ice had touched him, but it was an interval before his mind caught up with what he saw. Through the open door of the boxcar it was pouring rain: that much was as he remembered it from the night before. But on the floor was a spreading puddle. It was the puddle, indeed, which had touched his ribs and awakened him; he was edging away from it, even while he was blinking his eyes. When he scrambled to his feet and looked out, the breath left his body in a wailing moan. For as far as he could see no land was visible, nothing but brown, swirling water full of trees, bushes, and what might have been houses, moving in the direction of the bridge, off to his right. It was already lapping at the door of the boxcar; it was what was causing the rapidly deepening puddle.

He stood staring out at it, and became fascinated by a pile of ties across from the car. One by one the flood lifted them, as though some invisible elephant were riding it, and carried them spinning into the current, to bang against the boxcar at his feet, then go swiftly on to the bridge. He watched several go by, then turned his back to them and caught the roof of the car with his hands. He chinned himself, in an effort to climb to the roof, but there was no support for his feet, and he dropped back.

When the next tie came by, he stooped down and caught it. Hugging it to his stomach, he dragged it into the car. Then he jammed it across the door slantwise, one end at the bottom, the other halfway up. He



He went scampering to her. Taking her by the hand, he jerked her to her feet, put his arms around her.

THE *Girl* IN THE STORM

ILLUSTRATION BY VINCENTINI

caught the roof of the car again and, clambering up the slanting tie, pushed up high enough to get his chin over the edge. Then he managed to reach the catwalk on the roof of the car, and pulled himself toward it. Wriggling on his belly, he was safely on the walk in a few moments, and stood up.

All around him was the flood, and behind him he could hear it thunder under the bridge. About a quarter of a mile ahead of him was a loading platform, and beyond that the station. No locomotive was in sight; he had been shunted with a string of empties on to a siding and left there. Beyond the station, on higher ground, was what appeared to be a village, and he could see trucks backed up there, evidently evacuating whole families. He wondered if he could get a place on a truck. But it took him ten minutes, clambering down from boxcars to flat cars, and then over boxcars again, to reach the loading platform, and when he ran around it to yell at them, they were gone.

He stood looking at the station, read the name of the place: Hildalgo, California. For the moment he was sheltered from the rain; but his respite was short. The loading platform was only a few inches higher than the floor of the cars, and even while he was standing there another puddle appeared and he was retreating from it. He found himself facing the county road. It was higher than the platform, and although water was running over it in a sheet, and back toward the bridge it dipped into the flood, between this point and the village it was not inundated. To reach it he would have to go through water at least waist-deep, and he eyed it dismally. Then he squatted down, held his breath, and plunged in.

When he scrambled up on the concrete he was so wet he could feel the weight of his denim pants hanging off his hips. He started up the road at a half trot, the storm driving him from behind. He didn't know where he was going, except that he had to find shelter. And who would shelter him he had no idea, for he knew from bitter experience that nineteen-year-old hobos are seldom welcome guests, whether rain-soaked or not.

He passed a stalled car, with nobody in it. He passed several houses, in front of which he had seen the trucks. They were obviously empty, but they were below road level and surrounded by yellow ponds pocked with rain. He came to a sidewalk, but between him and the curb was a torrent, and he stayed in the center of the road. He came to a filling station, but it was deserted and six inches deep in water. Next to the filling station was a store, a chain grocery store. He headed for it, going in up to his knees in the torrent. The force of it almost upset him and forced him several paces below his goal. When he gained the sidewalk he ran at the door, wrenching at the knob and driving against it with one motion.

It was locked. As his face smashed against the glass he remembered it was Sunday.

He stood there, furiously rattling the door. Facing him, inside, he could see the clock: ten minutes to three. But nothing answered his rattling except the rain. He kicked the door, dashed away, and in a second was under cover. Next to the store was a half-finished house, and his dive for the porch was automatic. He turned in anger at the rain, stood stamping the water off his legs, then went inside. The floor was laid, but the walls were only half finished and there was a damp smell of plaster. Off to one side were piled lumber, tar paper, and sawbucks. But the doors and windows were not in place yet, and the air felt even colder than the air outside.

He stood shivering in his soaking denims; started to take off the coat. As the air met his wet chest he pulled it around him again. At the touch of the clammy cloth he gritted his teeth and took it off. He took off his shoes and his pants. He wore no socks or undershirt. He was left in a pair of tattered shorts, and while he was draping the denims over a sawbuck he collapsed on the tar paper, shaking with chill. But soon he was quiet, and he could think of but one thing: that he had to get warm. He thought of fire, and looked around.

On one side of the room was a fireplace, the mortar in it still damp. The tar paper would do to start it, all right, and there were bricks outside he could use to build it on. The lumber would burn, if there were any pieces short enough to go in the fireplace. He spied a kit of carpenter's tools in one corner, went over to examine it, wincing as the crumbs of plaster hurt his feet.

The main tool in the kit was a saw. Quickly he set up two sawbucks, laid a joist between them and cut it up with the saw. The exercise made him feel better. When he had a pile of wood, he got two bricks and began to build the fire. He tore up tar paper and laid it on the bricks, found the carpenter's trimming knife and whittled kindling, laid the big pieces he had sawed on top. But when he went to his coat and fished the matches out of the pocket, the tips were nothing but smelly wet smears.

He cursed, screamed, and pounded his fist against the wall. He went all through the house, searching every place he could think of, trying to find a match. He began to shake from chill again, and ran to the front door to shake his fist at the rain.

Down the road, creeping slowly, came a car, its lights on. It was a small sedan, and it went cautiously past him. Bitterly he wondered where the driver thought he was going, for the lake of flood waters down by the station would make further progress impossible. About this time the driver seemed to see the flood too, for a little beyond the grocery store the car came to a stop. Then, as though it were part of a slow movie, it began to slide. It slid into the torrent, lurched against the curb, stopped. Almost at once the taillight went out. That, he decided, was because the water had shorted the ignition. This car, like the other one, was there to stay a while.

He watched, wondered if the guy would have a match. Then the door opened, the left-hand door, next to the road, and a foot appeared, then a leg. It wasn't a man's leg; it was a woman's. A girl got out, and staggered as the storm hit her. She was a smallish girl, in a raincoat. She slammed the door shut and started toward him, around the back of the car, heading for the curb. He opened his mouth to yell at her, but he was too late. The water staggered her and she went down. She tried to get up; the current tumbled her under the wheels of the car.

HE leaped from the porch, went scampering to her in his shorts. Taking her by the hand, he jerked her to her feet, put his arms around her, ran her to the house. As he pulled her into the cold interior her teeth chattered. He grabbed her dripping handbag, clawed it open. "You got a match? We'll freeze if we don't get a match!"

"There's some in the car."

He dashed out again, ran down to the car, jerked the door open, jumped inside. In the dashboard compartment he found a package of paper matches, wiped his hand dry on the seat before he touched them. He looked around for something to wrap them in, to keep the rain off them. On the back seat he saw robes. He grabbed them, wrapped them around the matches.

When he got back to the house he waited only to open the robes and dry his hands again, pawing with them on the wool. Then he struck a match, and it lit. He touched the tar paper with it. A blue flame appeared, hesitated, spread out, and licked the wood. The fire crackled. It turned yellow and light filled the room. He felt warmth. He crowded so close he was almost in the fireplace.

"Come on, kid, you better get warm."

"I'm already here."

She picked up one of the robes, held it in front of the fire to warm it, put it around him. Then she warmed the other one, pulled it around herself, squatted down beside him. He sat down on the robe, tucked it around his feet. The fire burned up, scorched his face. He didn't move. The heat reached him through the robe. His shivering stopped, he relaxed with a long, quavering sigh. She looked at him.

"My, you must have been cold."

"You don't know the half of it."

"I almost died, myself. If you hadn't come, I don't know what I would have done. I went clear down in that water."

"I yelled at you, but you was already in it."

"I don't know what's going to happen to the car."

"It'll be all right soon as it dries out."

"You think so?"

"Just got water in it, that's all."

"I hope that's all."

"Some rain!"

"It's awful, and it's going to get worse. I had the radio on in the car. They're warning people. Over in Hildalgo they took everybody out. Half the town's washed away."

"Yeah, I seen them."

"You were in Hildalgo?"

"Yeah . . . What you talking about? This *is* Hildalgo."

"*This* is Hildalgo?"

"That's what it says on the sign at the station."

"Oh, my! I thought Hildalgo was on the other road."

"Well? So it's Hildalgo."

"But there's nobody here. They took them all away."

"O. K. Then it's us."

"Suppose this washes away?"

"Till it does, we got a fire."

She got up, holding the robe tightly around her, and pulled a sawbuck over to the fire. On it, he noticed for the first time, were her sweater, stockings, and skirt. She must have taken them off while he was down in the car. She looked around.

"Are those your things over there? Don't you want me to move them closer to the fire, so they'll dry?"

"I'll do it."

THE sight of her absurdly small things had made him suddenly aware of her as a person, and he was afraid to let her move his denims to the fire for fear that in the heat they would stink. He got up, pulled the pile of tar paper to the fire for her to sit on. Then he took the denims off the sawbuck and went back with them to the kitchen. The fixtures were in, though caked with grit, and on his previous tour of the place he had seen a bucket and some soap. He dumped the denims on the floor, filled the bucket with water, carried it to where she was. By poking with a piece of flooring he made a place for it on the fire, and while it was heating, studied her.

She wasn't a pretty girl exactly. She was small, with sandy hair and freckles on her nose. But she had a friendly smile, and she wasn't bawling at her plight. Indeed, she seemed to take it more philosophically than he did. He took her to be about his own age.

"What's your name?"

"Flora. Flora Hilton. . . . It's really Dora, but they all began calling me Dumb Dora, so I changed it."

"Yes, I guess that was bad."

"What's yours?"

"Jack. Jack Schwab."

"You come from California?"

"Pennsylvania. I—kind of travel around."

"Hitchhike?"

"Sometimes. Other times I ride the freights."

"I didn't think you talked like California."

"What you doing out in this storm?"

"I went over to my uncle's. I went over there last night, to stay till Monday. But when it started to rain I thought I better get back. It wasn't so bad over where he lives, and I didn't know it was going to be like this. They've got no radio or anything. But then, when I turned the car radio on, I found out. I still thought I could make it, though. I thought I was on the main road. I didn't know I was coming through Hildalgo."

"Well, they'll be coming for you. The cops, or somebody. We'll see them when they find the car."

"I don't know if they'll be coming for me."

"Oh, they will."

"My father, he don't even know I started out, and my uncle, he probably thinks I'm home by now."

"Then we got it to ourselves."

"Sure looks like it."

The water was steaming by now. He wrapped the hot bucket handle in tar paper, lifted it off the fire, and went back to the kitchen with it. First washing out the sink, then using a piece of tar paper as a stopper, he soaped the denims and washed them. The water turned so black he felt a sense of shame. He put them through two or three waters, wrung them dry. The last of the hot water he saved for the shorts he had on. With a quick glance toward the front of the house, he stepped out of them, washed them, wrung them out. Then he spread them, to step back into them. They were no wetter than when he took them off, but he hated the idea of having them touch him. However, they were hot from the water, and felt unexpectedly pleasant when he buttoned them up.

BACK at the fire, he draped the denims on the sawbuck, beside her things, to dry.

"Well, Flora, nice climate you got.

"Sunny California! It can rain harder here than any place on earth. Well, you know what they say. We only have two kinds of weather in California, magnificent and unusual."

"I'll say it's unusual."

"Just listen to that rain come down."

"What do you do with yourself, Flora?"

"Me? Oh, I work. I got a job in a drive-in."

"Slinging hot dogs, hey?"

"I wish you'd talk about something else."

"A hot dog sure would go good now, wouldn't it?"

"I was the one that played dumb this morning. They wanted me to wait for breakfast, but I was in such a hurry to get away I wouldn't listen o them. I haven't had anything to at all day."

"Breakfast? Say, that's a laugh."

"Haven't you had anything to eat either?"

"I haven't et a breakfast in so long 've forgot what it tastes like. By the time they get around to me it's always dinnertime, and even then, when they get to me, sometimes they close the window in my face."

"I guess it's hard, hitchhiking and—"

"Flora! Are we the couple of dopes!"

"What's the matter, Jack?"

"Talking about hot dogs and breakfast. That store! There's enough grub in there to feed an army!"

"You mean—just take it?"

"You think it's going to walk over here and ask us to eat it? Come on! Here's where we eat!"

WHEN he seized the largest of the carpenter's chisels and the hammer, she still sat there, watching him, and didn't follow when he went outside. He splashed around to the rear of the store, drove the chisel into the crack of the door, pulled. Something snapped, and he pushed the door open. He waited a moment, the rain pouring on him from the roof, for the sound of the burglar alarm, but e heard nothing. He groped for the ight switch, found it, snapped it, but nothing happened. If all wires were down in the storm, that might explain the silent burglar alarm. He began to grope his way toward the shelves. Suddenly he felt her beside him, there in the murk.

"If you've got the nerve, I have."

She was looking square into his eyes, and he felt a throb of excitement.

"The worst they can do is put us in jail. Well — I been there before, haven't I? Plenty of times—but I'm still here."

He turned to the shelves again, didn't see her look at him queerly, hesitate, and start to leave before deciding to follow him. His hand touched something and he gave an exclamation.

"What is it, Jack?"

"Matches! Now we're coming."

Lighting matches, poking and peering, they located the canned-goods section.

"Here's soup. My, Jack, that'll be good!"

"O. K. on soup."

"What kind do you like?"

"Any kind. So it's got meat in it."

"Mulligatawny?"

"Take two. Small size, so they'll heat quick."

"Peas?"

"O. K."

She set the cans on the counter, but he continued searching, and presently yelled:

"Got it, Flora, got it! I knew it had to be there!"

"What is it, Jack?"

"Chicken! Canned chicken! Just ook at it!"

He found currant jelly, found instant coffee, condensed milk, a package of lump sugar, found cigarettes.

"O. K., Flora. Anything else you want?"

"I can't think of anything else, Jack."

"Let's go."

When they got back to the house again, it was dark. He put more wood on the fire, went back to the kitchen, filled the bucket again. When he returned, to put it on the fire, he noticed she had put on her stockings, sweater, and skirt. He felt his own denims. They were dry. He put them on. But when he went to put on his shoes his feet recoiled from their cold dampness. He let them lie, sat down, and pulled the robe over his feet. She started to laugh.

"Wonder what we're going to eat off of?"

"We'll soon fix that."

He found the saw, found a piece of smooth board, sawed off two squares. "How's that?"

"Fine. Just like plates."

"Here's a couple of chisels for forks."

"We sure do help ourselves."

"If you don't help yourself, nobody'll do it for you."

When the water began to steam, they dropped the cans in—the big can of chicken shaped like a flatiron first, the others on top of it. They sat side by side and watched. After a while they fished out the soup, and he took a chisel and hammer and neatly excised the tops. "Take it easy, Flora. Watch you don't cut your lip."

They put the cans to their mouths, drank. "Oh, is that good! Is that good!" Her voice throbbed as she spoke.

Panting, they gulped the soup, tilting the cans to let the meat and vegetables slip down their throats.

They fished out the other cans then, and he opened them, the chicken last. She took it by a leg and quickly lifted it to one of their plates.

"Don't spill the juice. We'll drink that out of the can."

"I haven't spilled a drop, Flora. Wait a minute. There's a knife here, I'll cut it in half."

He jumped up, looked for the carpenter's trimming knife he had used to whittle the kindling. He couldn't find it.

"Damn it, there was a knife here. What did I do with it?"

She said nothing.

He cut the chicken in half with the hammer and chisel. They ate like a pair of animals, sometimes stopping to gasp for breath. Presently nothing was left but wet spots on the board plates. He got fresh water and set it on the fire. It heated quickly. He went to the kitchen, washed out the soup cans, came back, made the coffee in them. He opened the milk and sugar, gave each can a judicious dose.

"There you are, Flora. You can stir it with a chisel."

"That's just what I was wishing for all the time—that I could have a good cup of coffee, and then it would be perfect."

"Is it O. K.?"

"Grand."

He offered her a cigarette, but she said she didn't smoke. He lit up, inhaled, lay back on the couch of tar paper. He was warm, full, and content. He watched her when she got up and cleared away the cans and bucket. She found a rag in the tool kit, dipped it in the last of the hot water.

"Don't you want me to wipe the grease off your hands?"

He held out his hands, and she wiped them. She wiped her own hands, put the rag with the other stuff, sat down beside him. He held out his hand, open. She hesitated, looked at him a moment as she had looked at him in the store, put her hand in his.

"We ain't got it so bad, Flora."

"I'll say we haven't. Not to what we might have. We could have been drowned."

He put his arm around her, drew her to him. She let her head fall on his shoulder. He could smell her hair, and his throat contracted, as though he were going to cry. For the first time in his short battered life he was happy. His grip on her tightened, he pushed his cheek against hers. She buried her face in his neck. He kept nuzzling her, felt his lips nearing her mouth. Then he pulled her to him hard, felt her yield, turn her head for his kiss.

CONVULSIVELY he winced. There was a sharp pain in the pit of his stomach. He looked down, saw something rough and putty-stained about the neck of her sweater. Instantly he knew what it was, what it was there for. He jumped up.

"So—that's where the knife was. I pull you out of the gutter, feed you, take you in my arms, and all the time you're getting ready to stick me in the back with that thing."

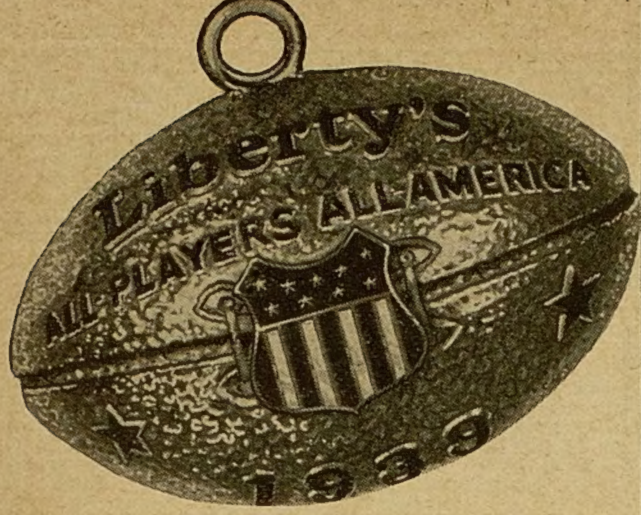
She started to cry. "I never saw you before. You said you'd been in jail, and I didn't know what you were fixing to do to me!"

He lit a cigarette, walked around the room. Once more he felt cold, forlorn, and bitter, the way he felt on the road. He looked out. The rain was slackening. He threw away the cigarette, sat down on the floor, drove his feet into the cold clammy shoes. Savagely he knotted the stiff laces. Then, without a word to her, he went slogging out into the night.

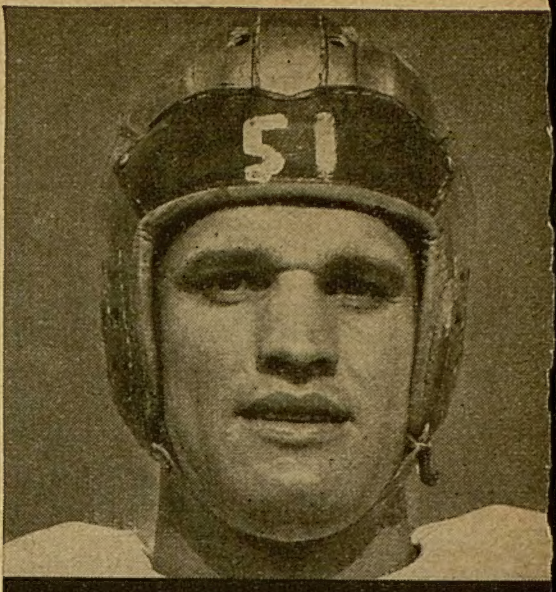
THE END

JAMES M. CAIN

was born in Maryland and started his newspaper career in Baltimore. Later he went to New York and, after the World War, moved to California and set up shop as a novelist, playwright, and movie writer. His hobbies are food and drink, and talking and writing about singing.



RANKIN, Purdue — END


KAVANAUGH, L.S.U. — END

Chosen for you by vote of those who know best! The gridiron superstars of 1939

LIBERTY'S ALL-PLAYE

BY NORMAN L. SPER

READING TIME ● 17 MINUTES 23 SECONDS

THE football players themselves, the one group that knows more about the values of the gridiron greats' actual performance than sports writers, radio commentators, coaches, or grandstand quarterbacks —herewith present their 1939 idols.

The player's opinion is based on experience gained by direct contact. Experience that told him how hard his opponent hit when he was ridden out of play, or how deadly was his tackle when pay dirt was within his grasp, or how well he was fooled when that touchdown play started.

From ninety-one major football schools in the country, representing the voices of 1,659 football players, who covered more than 750 football contests during the season, comes the names of the eleven players who have won the year's highest football honors.

Before the last game of their scheduled season was over, every major football team in the country received from your reporter the twenty Liberty All-Players All-America blanks for the players to fill out after their last scheduled game of the year. These twenty forms were for the letter men of the squad, the players who had seen the most action during the season. They then named the eleven best players—one for each position.

Two important rules had to be followed by every "playing judge." The first rule prohibited the playing judge from naming a member of his own team. The second rule compelled him to select *only* players against whom he had actually competed during the playing year, in a scheduled game.

These filled-in returns told how some players played outstanding football on one Saturday, but on other Saturdays failed to meet their opponents' approval. Either their opponents played stronger opposition, met better players, or else the player played inspired football just one Saturday. It also showed us the "money" players, those who play their best only when the grandstands are packed. It was the player who gained his opponents' respect on every Saturday during the season who won the right to grace Liberty's All-Players All-America and All-Sectional football teams.

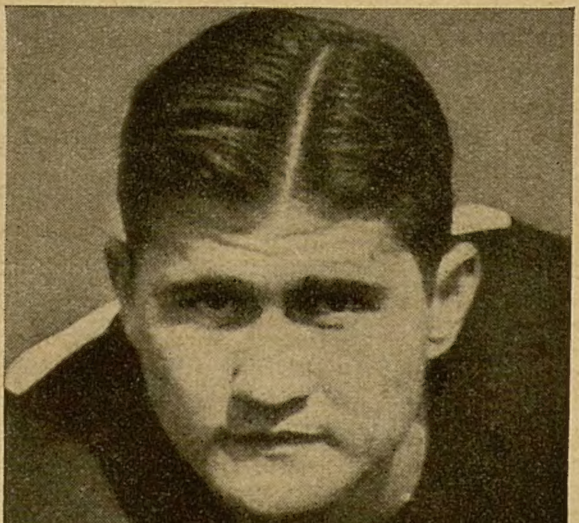
The returns told us the story of how death cheated one player of the possibility of being named on the All-
America Team. That player wa
Jesse Ward, a University of Missi
sippi end. In tabulating the return
we noticed that Ward was the unan
mous choice of all the Louisiana Sta
Players. L. S. U. was the first tea
Mississippi played.

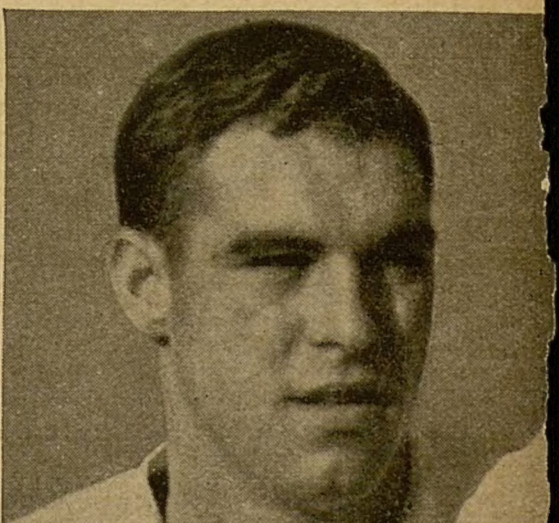
Then the ballots from the Ce
tenary players were checked, a
again Ward received an exceptional
high rating. Centenary was the thi
team on Ole Miss's 1939 schedu
None of the other teams after th
Centenary game registered one vo
in his favor. Inquiry told us the re
of the story. Jesse Davis Ward, Mi
sissippi's all-powerful end, was kille
in an automobile accident in Octobe
right after the Centenary game.

For his outstanding playing ability
as indicated by those players who
played against him, Liberty and you
reporter give Mr. Jesse Davis War
special honorable mention on thi
year's Liberty's All-Players All
America Football Team.

All told, there were 664 player
from 157 different schools who re
ceived recognition by their opponent
That list included: South, 105; Mis
souri Valley, 91; East, 142; Midwes
101; Rocky Mountains, 58; South
west, 74; Pacific Coast, 93.

SMITH, U.S.C. — GUARD


COX, Alabama — CENTER


SCOTT, Ohio State — QUARTERBACK

DRAHOS, Cornell—TACKLE

McCOLLUM, Tulane—TACKLE

MOLINSKI, Tennessee—GUARD

ALL-AMERICA FOOTBALL TEAM

There were sixteen players from the University of Southern California who received mention by one opponent or another. Tulane was second, with fourteen players named; twelve were from Texas A. & M., and Cornell, Ohio State, and Tennessee each had ten players named.

Only one player of the 664 named received the vote of every player who opposed him. He was Kenny Washington, U. C. L. A.'s great halfback. One hundred and three players who competed against the Negro star agreed in their returns that he was the outstanding backfield man they met.

A glance at the records and we find that this almost-perfect player was greatly responsible for the success of U. C. L. A.'s best football season in its history. In yardage gained by ground plays at this writing, he totaled 863 yards in 141 tries. He threw 76 passes in 9 games, and had completed 32 for gains that totaled 497 yards. All told, he was directly responsible for 1,360 yards. He received the highest combined percentage of any one player in the country.

Tom Harmon of Michigan, Washington's teammate on this year's All-Players All-America Team, received 91 of the 93 ballots cast.

Harmon carried the ball 120 times, gained 907 yards, lost 50, and came up with a grand average of 7.1 yards per try for the year. The 102 points that he made for the Michigan team included 14 touchdowns, 15 tries for points, and a field goal. He was high-point man for the Big Ten.

Harmon last year was named on the second team. Cafego of Tennessee and MacLeod of Dartmouth beating him out of first-team honors. MacLeod and all the other 1938 All-America team, with the exception of Cafego, have graduated. For this year's play Coach Neyland switched Cafego from halfback to quarterback, and it was from that position that Cafego was rated this season.

It was a three-way fight for the quarterback berth—Don Scott of Ohio State, George Cafego of Tennessee, and Walt Matuszczak of Cornell. Scott running ahead of Cafego and Matuszczak when the total vote was counted. The Cornell players, although they defeated Ohio State, all voted Scott the best quarterback they met all season. Only 1 of the Indiana players, 3 from Illinois, and 2 from Minnesota failed to mention Scott.

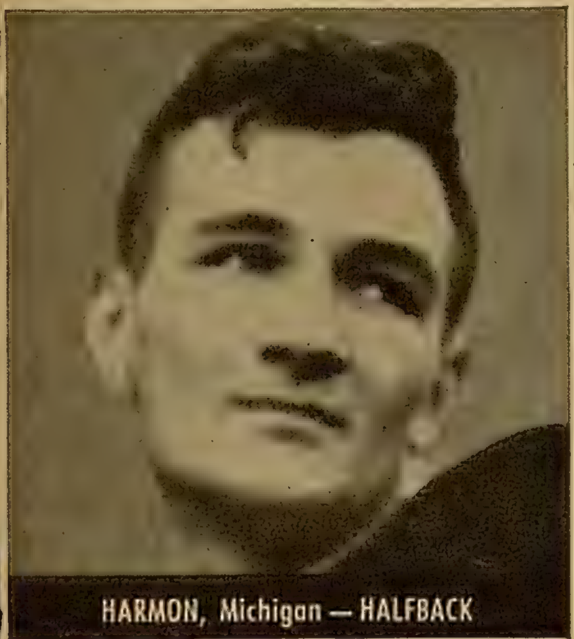
Cafego was 5 votes behind Scott. Matuszczak, a few more back.

Scott's kicking average for the year was 40.4, and that after 30 tries at booting. Out of 72 forward passes he threw 30 for a gain of 494 yards. Six of them for touchdowns. He place-kicked 10 out of 13 tries for point after touchdown. As a ball carrier he carried the ball 49 times and averaged 4.6 per attempt.

Of all the fullbacks, Kimbrough of Texas A. & M. and Roten Shetley of Furman stand head and shoulders over the rest of the power backs.

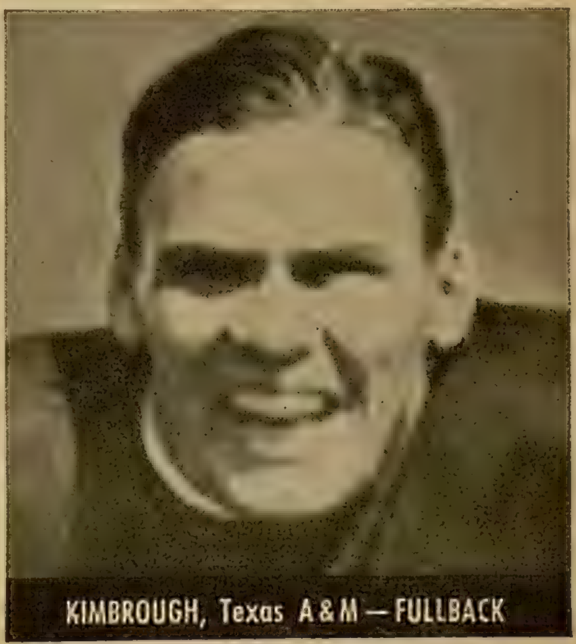
FIRST TEAM

RANKIN, PURDUE—END
DRAHOS, CORNELL—TACKLE
MOLINSKI, TENNESSEE—GUARD
COX, ALABAMA—CENTER
SMITH, U. S. C.—GUARD
McCOLLUM, TULANE—TACKLE
KAVANAUGH, L. S. U.—END
SCOTT, OHIO STATE—QUARTERBACK
WASHINGTON, U. C. L. A.—HALFBACK
HARMON, MICHIGAN—HALFBACK
KIMBROUGH, TEXAS A. & M.—FULLBACK



HARMON, Michigan—HALFBACK

WASHINGTON, U.C.L.A.—HALFBACK



KIMBROUGH, Texas A&M—FULLBACK

Big John Kimbrough received the approval of 97 players from a possible 106. He played about 450 minutes out of a possible 600 in 10 games, which means that he was on the field an average of forty-five minutes in every game. He scored 10 touchdowns, making him the Southwest's leading scorer. Shetley, the Furman fullback, was the only player who received North Carolina State's unanimous support. The West Point footballers played their first game of the season with Furman, but none of them forgot his playing ability when they made out the All-Players ballots. He received 80 per cent of the Army votes.

So much for the backfield.

David Rankin of Purdue and Ken Kavanaugh of Louisiana State edged Sarkkinen of Ohio State, Wenzel of Tulane, Kerr of Notre Dame, and Ison of Georgia Tech out of the two end positions. Kavanaugh received great support from all his opponents. The battle for the other terminal post was very close. It was between Rankin and Sarkkinen. The returns from Indiana and Minnesota gave us the final answer. Both teams rated them very high. Minnesota going unanimously for Rankin. The Indiana players also gave Rankin a greater vote than Sarkkinen.

Kavanaugh has proven himself to be one of the greatest pass-catching ends in Southern football. He scored the four touchdowns for Louisiana State when they upset the powerful Holy Cross squad 27 to 7. Rankin is the lightest player on the All-Players All-America Team. He tips the scales at the 175-pound mark.

The heaviest player on the team is tackle Harley McCollum of Tulane, who carries his 235 pounds with devastating effect on his opponents. He is coupled with Nick Drahos, a 200-pound playmate from Cornell. The records show that only 20 yards was made over McCollum's position in 6 games. He has nullified that gain by the losses he forced on the opponents.

Nick Drahos' consistent play at tackle helped Cornell to maintain its undefeated and untied record. Ninety-one per cent of his opponents claimed Drahos the best tackle.

Ed Molinski of Tennessee and Harry Smith of Southern California were the two guards. Oregon State was the only team that cast a unanimous vote for "Black Jack" Harry from Troy; the other teams gave him enough votes to earn the second place to Ed Molinski, whom the players considered the best guard.

Cary Cox, Alabama's great center, was the fourth Southern player to be named. He lacked just 5 votes from having the complete support of all his voting opponents.

This is the team that has the players' approval as the outstanding eleven of the nation. The players have spoken. Now, Mr. Fan, you decide.

THE END

All-Players All-America Second and Third and All-Sectional Teams

THE SECOND TEAM			THE THIRD TEAM	
Sarkkinen	Ohio State	End	Kerr	Notre Dame
Boyd	Texas A. & M.	Tackle	Kuzman	Fordham
O'Boyle	Tulane	Guard	Robnett	Texas A. & M.
Apolskis	Marquette	Center	Haman	Northwestern
Schultz	Oregon State	Guard	De Franco	Notre Dame
Duggan	Oklahoma	Tackle	Enich	Iowa
Wenzel	Tulane	End	Ison	Georgia Tech.
Cafego	Tennessee	Quarter	Matuszczak	Cornell
McAfee	Duke	Half	Hutchinson	Dartmouth
Kinnick	Iowa	Half	Eakin	Arkansas
Shetley	Furman	Full	Standlee	Stanford

SPECIAL HONORABLE MENTION: Jesse Davis Ward, End, Mississippi.

HONORABLE MENTION

ENDS: Daly, Northwestern; Vosberg, Marquette; Prasse, Iowa; Kelly, Notre Dame; Anahue, Santa Clara; Winslow, U. S. C.; MacDowell, Washington; Strode, U. C. L. A.; Reginato, Oregon; Smith, Idaho; Elrod, Mississippi State; Bailey, Duke; Severin, North Carolina; Black, Clemson; Powers, Denver; Reeve, B. Y. U.; Bogden, Utah; Orf, Missouri; Crumbaker, Kansas State; Ivy, Oklahoma; Boswell, Iowa State; Seemann, Nebraska; Shirk, Oklahoma; Smith, Texas A. & M.; Looney, T. C. U.; Horner, T. C. U.; Hicket, Arkansas; Stulgaitis, Columbia; Gustafson, Pennsylvania; Goodreault, Boston College; Nowak, Villanova; Dennery, Fordham; Cabrelli, Colgate; Longstreth, Princeton; Nowaskey, George Washington; Stanley, Princeton.

TACKLES: Yauckoes, Boston College; Healy, Harvard; Brooks, Yale; Hooper, Syracuse; Kristufek, Pittsburgh; Garvey, Colgate; Tierney, Princeton; Bergner, Navy; O'Brien, Dartmouth; Stella, Army; Pirro, Catholic; Platt, Penn State; Cutlick, Northwestern; Savilla, Michigan; Johnson, Purdue; Pavelec, Detroit; Andersen, Stanford; Stuart, Oregon; Artoe, California; Katzmeyer, St. Mary's; Stubler, Santa Clara; Gasper, U. S. C.; McCubbin, Kentucky; Merrill, Alabama; Shires, Tennessee; Holdgraf, Vanderbilt; Pate, Wake Forest; Coon, North Carolina State; White, North Carolina; Woudenberg, Denver; Pappas, Utah; Smith, Utah State; Haas, Missouri; Schwartzkopf, Nebraska; Bowers, Oklahoma; Turner, Tulsa; Pannell, Texas A. & M.; Davis, Texas Tech.; Cook, Texas Christian; Sanders, S. M. U.; Partin, Centenary; Nery, Duquesne; Pederson, Minnesota.

GUARDS: Sartori, Fordham; Turner, Holy Cross; Mori, Penn State; Marone, Manhattan; Sweeney, Columbia; Dern, Yale; Manrodt, Brown; Dunbar, Cornell; Mawhinney, Brown; Rieth, Carnegie Tech.; Grabizek, Pittsburgh; Waldorf, Missouri; Alfson, Nebraska; Stevenson, Oklahoma; Onion, Tulsa; Marino, Ohio State; Nosker, Ohio State; Method, Northwestern; Bykowski, Purdue; Brewer, Illinois; Frankowski, Washington; Sommers, U. C. L. A.; Younce, Oregon State; Sohn, U. S. C.; Pool, Stanford; Suffridge, Tennessee; Howell, Auburn; Hable, Loyola (N. O.); Cavette, Georgia Tech.; Johnson, Duke; Ribar, Duke; Woodson, North Carolina; Geary, Utah; Punches, Colorado; Duncan, Denver; White, Texas Tech.; Akin, Baylor; Taylor, T. C. U.; Bassett, Rice; Simington, Arkansas; Sherrod, T. C. U.

CENTERS: Frick, Pennsylvania; Snavely, Columbia; Stack, Yale; Paskewich, Syracuse; Quigg, Lafayette; Chisick, Villanova; Grimes, Grinnell; West, Iowa State; Swan, Drake; Andrako, Ohio State; Kodros, Michigan; Mucha, Washington; Schiechl, Michigan State; Devine, Washington State; Goolsby, Mississippi State; Morgan, Auburn; Autrey; Mississippi; Retter, North Carolina State; Pendergast, Wake Forest; Maughan, Utah State; Haig, Utah; Echols, S. M. U.; Nelson, Baylor; Whitlow, Rice; Turner, Hardin-Simmons.

QUARTERBACKS: Lenz, Navy; Richardson, George Washington; Buffalo, Tulsa; Amerine, Kansas; Evashevski, Michigan; Sitko, Notre Dame; McAdams, Washington; McCarthy, Santa Clara; Canadeo, Gonzaga; Donovan, Oregon; Lansdell, U. S. C.; Shepherd, Kentucky; Stirnweiss, North Carolina; Lalanne, North Carolina; Dorrington, Wyoming; Swan, Utah; Thomason, Texas A. & M.; Mullenweg, S. M. U.; Witt, Baylor; Christman, Missouri.

HALFBACKS: Donelli, Duquesne; Condit, Carnegie Tech.; Cassiano, Pittsburgh; Reagan, Pennsylvania; Allerdice, Princeton; Cahill, Holy Cross; Naylor, Columbia; Baker, Cornell; McCullough, Cornell; Starmer, Missouri; Seelye, Kansas State; Clark, Oklahoma; Rohrig, Nebraska; Jacobs, Oklahoma; Hopp, Nebraska; Smith, Tulsa; Fisher, Drake; Schwenk, Washington (Mo.); Knolla, Creighton; Byelene, Purdue; Sheridan, Notre Dame; Brooks, Indiana; Robinson, U. C. L. A.; Maloney, Portland; Black, Arizona; Schindler, U. S. C.; Hoffman, U. S. C.; Emerson, Washington State; Graybeal, Oregon; Kohler (M.), Oregon State; Banker, Tulane; Hovious, Mississippi; Bosch, Georgia Tech.; Kellogg, Tulane; Nelson, Alabama; Johnson, Mississippi State; Schneller, Mississippi; Mayberry, Wake Forest; McFadden, Clemson; Spector, Utah; Gehrke, Utah; Stasica, Colorado; Connatser, Texas A. & M.; Johnston, S. M. U.; Cordhill, Rice; Crain, Texas.

FULLBACKS: Boell, N. Y. U.; Principe, Fordham; Hoague, Colgate; McLaughry, Brown; Wells, Princeton; Landsberg, Cornell; Cunningham, Missouri; Seymour, Oklahoma; Osborne, Iowa State; Nelson, Washington (Mo.); Langhurst, Ohio State; Paskvan, Wisconsin; Piepul, Notre Dame; Clawson, Northwestern; McDermott, Detroit; Cantor, U. C. L. A.; Nugent, Montana; Peoples, U. S. C.; Kisselburgh, Oregon State; Emmons, Oregon; Dean, Auburn; Ector, Georgia Tech.; Polanski, Wake Forest; Shu, V. M. I.; Turner, Utah; Jenkins, Colorado; Wilson, Baylor.

ALL-SECTIONAL TEAMS

SOUTH ATLANTIC			PACIFIC	
Kavanaugh	Louisiana State	End	Reginato	Oregon
Shires	Tennessee	Tackle	Stubler	Santa Clara
Molinski	Tennessee	Guard	Smith	Southern California
Cox	Alabama	Center	Mucha	Washington
O'Boyle	Tulane	Guard	Schultz	Oregon State
McCollum	Tulane	Tackle	Stuart	Oregon
Wenzel	Tulane	End	Strode	U. C. L. A.
Cafego	Tennessee	Quarter	Lansdell	Southern California
Kellogg	Tulane	Half	Washington	U. C. L. A.
Johnson	Mississippi State	Half	Schindler	Southern California
Ector	Georgia Tech.	Full	Standlee	Stanford

EAST			SOUTHERN	
Stulgaitis	Columbia	End	Bailey	Duke
Drahos	Cornell	Tackle	Pate	Wake Forest
Turner	Holy Cross	Guard	Johnson	Duke
Frick	Pennsylvania	Center	Pendergast	Wake Forest
Dunbar	Cornell	Guard	Ribar	Duke
Kuzman	Fordham	Tackle	Coon	N. Carolina State
Nowaskey	Geo. Washington	End	Severin	North Carolina
Matuszczak	Cornell	Quarter	Stirnweiss	North Carolina
Hutchinson	Dartmouth	Half	McFadden	Clemson
Condit	Carnegie Tech.	Half	McAfee	Duke
Boell	N. Y. U.	Full	Shetley	Furman

ROCKY MOUNTAIN			MISSOURI VALLEY	
Powers	Denver	End	Ivy	Oklahoma
Woudenberg	Denver	Tackle	Duggan	Oklahoma
Geary	Utah	Guard	Waldorf	Missouri
Maughan	Utah State	Center	Grimes	Grinnell
Punches	Colorado	Guard	Alfson	Nebraska
Pappas	Utah	Tackle	Haas	Missouri
Reeve	B. Y. U.	End	Crumbaker	Kansas State
Dorrington	Wyoming	Quarter	Christman	Missouri
Spector	Utah	Half	Rohrig	Nebraska
Stasica	Colorado	Half	Jacobs	Oklahoma
Jenkins	Colorado	Full	Cunningham	Missouri

SOUTHWEST			MIDWEST	
Smith	Texas A. & M.	End	Sarkkinen	Ohio State
Sanders	S. M. U.	Tackle	Enich	Iowa
Robnett	Texas A. & M.	Guard	De Franco	Notre Dame
Nelson	Baylor	Center	Apolskis	Marquette
Akin	Baylor	Guard	Method	Northwestern
Boyd	Texas A. & M.	Tackle	Pederson	Minnesota
Looney	Texas Christian	End	Rankin	Purdue
Mullenweg	S. M. U.	Quarter	Scott	Ohio State
Crain	Texas	Half	Harmon	Michigan
Eakin	Arkansas	Half	Kinnick	Iowa
Kimbrough	Texas A. & M.	Full	Paskvan	Wisconsin

lively, revealing look at e charm and career of Presidential possibility

Y FREDERICK L. COLLINS

EADING TIME ● 15 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

Paul Vories McNutt. "Not even Warren Gamaliel Harding was so handsome."

WHY DO THE DEMOCRATS WANT TO NOMINATE McNUTT?

AUL V. McNUTT of Indiana is a throwback to the days of glamorous normalcy. He has the statesan's mien of Warren Harding and he sheik's appeal of Rudolph Valenino.

Whether either of these qualities ill be an asset in the coming camaign remains to be seen. We Amerians seem loath to trust our destinies o handsome men. George Washingon, Chester Arthur, and Franklin oosevelt belong on the comely side; ut our other Presidents, with one xception, have required considerble dolling up by the indulgent Mr. arley to keep them from delaying he United States mails. The excepon, of course, is Warren Gamaliel arding, the man Colonel McNutt so auntingly resembles. Not even Waren Gamaliel in his prime was as andsome as Paul Valentino McNutt.

Mr. McNutt's middle name is not eally Valentino. The V is for Vories. ut in "what it takes" the Sheik of Araby had nothing on Indiana's white-haired boy. Women throng the halls in which the Hoosier Apollo is scheduled to speak.

Still, Honest Abe, Good Old Calvin—that is the type that we other homely *men* most delight to honor!

The Harding experience has, of course, done nothing to improve this situation from McNutt's standpoint. It is unfair but it is undeniable that many of us hesitate to accept at his face value any candidate who looks so disturbingly like the Sage of Marion.

For these and other reasons, thousands of Americans, amazed at the sudden burst of enthusiasm, or apparent enthusiasm, for a man relatively unknown, are asking:

"Why do the Democrats want to nominate McNutt?"

"Unknown" is hardly the word, perhaps, for a man who has held in quick succession the lofty titles of National Commander of the American Legion, Governor of Indiana, High Commissioner for the Philippines, and Social Security Administrator. But in politics, unless a man has been very much in the Washington limelight for some years, his name, personality, and qualifications remain unknown to large numbers of his fellow citizens.

o it happens that today—although ere are strong indications that ndsome Mr. McNutt has been sen above all others by puissant ders of the Democratic Party as Franklin Roosevelt's successor, and a high-pressure publicity campaign has upped him from a poor fifth to a strong second in the Democratic election polls—there are still few Americans outside of Indiana and the American Legion who have any basis for judging whether he is qualified to be President.

Yet the McNutt candidacy is no mushroom growth. It was planted in 1928 at the American Legion convention in San Antonio, and has since been brought along "under glass" by three astute political horticulturists. Offhand, a Legion convention might not seem a likely spot in which to sow political seed. To the outsider, the annual gathering of the "old boys" seems just one long sweet song—well, anyway, song. But while the gayer veterans are boosting buckets in bistros and enlivening traffic by applying toy electric shockers to bustles of lady auxiliaries, grim-faced men in an upper chamber are playing a game of politics in dead earnest. The national commandership is the chief plum. It carries with it $22,000 annually—$10,000 in salary, $12,000 in expenses—and an entree to the front page. With the commandership as a springboard, a Legionnaire can go far. Two such, Hanford MacNider and Alvin Owsley, became United States ministers to foreign countries. Louis Johnson is now Assistant Secretary of War.

The present popular commander, Ray Kelly, tried six times for this plum before the high command gave him the nod. Paul Vories McNutt was luckier. He knew two of the kingmakers, Frank McHale and Bowman Elder, both members of the Indiana Democratic clan. Mac and Bo, in fact, had long had their eyes on him as the man to restore Hoosier politics to its ancient glories.

BORN in Franklin, Indiana, in the first of the gay '90s, Paul had started life with everything except a log cabin to qualify him for candidacy for any office. To these natural advantages he had gradually added membership in seven fraternities and lodges, eleven associations and societies, and sixteen clubs. He was a Methodist, a Mason, and an Elk. All this, and beauty too!

At college—of course he went to the University of Indiana—he had been a universal favorite. In the local and the state affairs of the Legion he had won high recognition and had held every high office. Professionally, too, he had made a name for himself.

He had studied law at Harvard, and after graduation had come back to teach at the Indiana University law school. Speedily he rose to be youngest dean in the school's history. When the war came, he did not get to France, but did get to be a major of field artillery.

His subsequent interest in the Legion was natural. Indianapolis was the national headquarters. His rich friend Bo Elder was the national treasurer. His friend Frank McHale was politically powerful in and out of the Legion. He himself was just the type for political preferment.

So Mac and Bo took Paul to San Antone and placed his shapely foot upon the first rung of the ladder.

It is inevitable, in these Disney days, that a youngish man with hair like his should be dubbed Snow White, but no one has referred to his two political helpers as dwarfs. McHale weighs two hundred and ninety-one pounds, Elder three hundred and ten. McHale, a football hero at Michigan, knows the Middle West inside and out; he is to McNutt what Jim Farley was to Roosevelt. Elder is rich, wise, influential; he is to McNutt what Frank Stearns was to Coolidge. Both are canny politicians—and McNutt is cannier than either of them.

For one thing must never be lost sight of: Paul McNutt, not Frank McHale or Bo Elder, is the undisputed boss of Indiana politics.

The boys are a great team, though. The way they won the Legion commandership was to line up "second choices" among the supporters of other candidates. When it became clear that none of the original candidates could be elected, McNutt went in like a greased pig. They are doing the same thing now in the campaign for the Presidential nomination.

Some people thought Paul McNutt played too much to the gallery during his term of office in the Legion. But in 1932, using his two fat friends as steam rollers, he had no trouble riding into the Indiana governorship.

During the campaign McNutt, hitherto no social reformer, picked up the New Deal patois, and after the election, sensing what was coming, he proceeded to beat Franklin Roosevelt to it by putting the latter's social program into effect on a state-wide scale. He took office January 1, Roosevelt not until March 4. His sixty days equaled Roosevelt's hundred in activity, preceded them, and gave him a great reputation as a liberal.

McNutt gave Indiana a "strong" administration. Legislators are said to have complained they didn't know what they had voted for until they read the evening papers. He had a little trouble when he called out the troops to keep order in Sullivan and Vigo Counties during strikes, and a little more when he kept them there long after labor sympathizers felt that order had been restored. He was criticized a good deal for lax administration when John Dillinger escaped from the Crown Point jail. But, generally speaking, McNutt and his big boys got by.

WHEN the trio needed more money to make the state go, they taxed gross income instead of net. This was tough on merchants, but it was soft on wage earners and farmers, who were ever so much more numerous. When they needed more money to make the political mare go, they permitted the state officeholders to organize into a "Two Per Cent Club," whose members kicked back two per cent of their salaries into the McNutt-McHale-Elder campaign kitty. Such action was promptly legalized by the McNutt-McHale-Elder legislature.

The result of these operations was a $17,000,000 surplus in the state treasury when McNutt quit in 1936—as he had to do under the Indiana law which limits a governor to one four-year term. What the balance was in the McNutt-McHale-Elder campaign treasury, no one, except possibly those three gentlemen, knows. But everybody in Indiana does know that Boss McNutt and his two friends built up as tight a little political machine as exists anywhere in this country.

During most of this time Boss McNutt had been in the New Deal's bad books. Not only had he failed in 1932 to be a "Roosevelt-before-Chicago" man, but he had used all of his influence to block the Roosevelt nomination. Whether this action on hi part violated what Jim Farley understood to be an agreement to the contrary is not a matter of record—but the McNutt-Farley feud dates from the Chicago 1932 convention.

McNutt diplomatically denies the feud's existence. "There never has been a cross word between us," h cooed on a recent visit to New York

That's probably true—yet the fac that Jim doesn't like Paul is an open secret and is often mentioned as an insuperable obstacle to the further political progress of Big Boy McNutt

But it didn't prove so in 1936. In that Presidential year Boss Farley wanted votes, Boss McNutt wanted a job. Both got what they wanted McNutt went to the Philippines.

HE didn't have a very happy time there. He did a good job, all righ —Paul is a good workman, wherever you put him—and he finally won the good will of most important Filipinos but he had a hard time getting politically and socially acclimated.

His predecessor, modest Frank Murphy, had moved out of the sumptuous governor general's palace which he turned over to diminutiv President Manuel Quezon, and ha established headquarters at the loca Elks Club—a residence and a statu which he smilingly bequeathed to th Magnificent McNutt.

There were rumors that the new High Commissioner was to ask Congress to build him a new $50,000 palace, so that he might be housed in the style to which he was accustomed; but these rumors never materialized. He stayed on at the Elks Club.

Now, the Elks is an excellent club, Manila's best; but no private club, even when inhabited by so beauteous a figure as McNutt, would be likely to impress European diplomatic representatives. The foreign consuls gave the Elks Club the go-by and kept right on stepping up to the palace.

The High Commissioner stood this as long as he could, then served notice on them that all communications for the Philippines Commonwealth must be booked through his office. It cannot be said that this doubtless quite proper but apparently arbitrary attitude increased his popularity in either consulates or palace.

Another irksome question was that of who should precede whom at official functions. When an official dinner host rose to toast his distinguished guests, which should he toast first, the President of the Philippines or the Duke of Indianapolis? The Duke settled it by issuing an official protocol that, as between the two, he, the Duke, should receive the first toast. At least, he settled it officially; but some thought that smooth little Señor Quezon won the final heat.

"I never refuse a drink," he s "toast or no toast."

These were, of course, minor in-dents in what was otherwise a sta manlike administration. But t were the incidents which attracted publicity in the island press.

"Used to high-riding the political prairies of Indiana with state troopers at his back," commented the Manila Herald, "McNutt must feel suffocated in the close quarters the Philippines Independence Act allows him."

Meanwhile, "back home in Indiana," the state's little senior senator, Van Nuys, who was number one boy on F. D. R.'s purge list, was refusing to be purged. Long-distance orders by telephone from the Elks Club in Manila just wouldn't make Senator Van Nuys lie down and roll over. He even threatened to run independently and, allegedly, to tell what he knew about the Two Per Cent Club and other McNutt-McHale-Elder transactions.

THE two Macs—McNutt and McHale—telephoned madly. But the Indiana situation proved too difficult for long-distance solution. President Roosevelt, when asked about it, advised newsmen to consult an astrologer! And for a time it looked as if even the stars couldn't help McNutt. To make peace with Van Nuys would displease the President and probably lose *Commissioner* McNutt his job. To purge Van Nuys would cause division in the Indiana machine, perhaps defeat at the 1938 election, and probably the loss of *Candidate* McNutt's chance to be President himself.

With characteristic decisiveness, he announced that he was going home "to report on Far Eastern affairs." When he landed by clipper on the water of San Francisco Bay, not a New Dealer, not a Ham-and-Egger, waded out to greet him. The army pilot who, at his request, ferried him eastward as far as Denver was promptly removed by his superiors in Washington—in what was announced as a "routine shift"—to a strategically less important post.

But at Indianapolis he sat down to a welcoming banquet with two thousand of his faithful followers. In Washington he stood in the Mayflower Hotel amid eighteen hundred dollars' worth of hors d'oeuvres and the makings of ten thousand cocktails and received the homage of the populace. To be sure, out-and-out New Dealers were conspicuous by their absence. But he was unabashed by this one flaw in the completeness of his triumph. Already he had told the big boys in Indiana to give Freddy Van Nuys the renomination he desired. He didn't mind letting a few weeks pass by while the Indiana grass roots blossomed into greenery over the grave of the Roosevelt purge.

"I am not a candidate for any public office at this time," he announced.

Whereupon McNutt-for-President literature began to flood the country from his campaign headquarters in the Claypool Hotel in Indianapolis. Photographs of "Hi Ho Silver" began crowding the rotogravures. It was, of course, an inadvertence that one of them showed him posed on the White House grounds against a sign reading "Do Not Enter"! The McNutt smile and voice filled every movie theater with charm. In the Gallup polls the returned exile began his impressive climb.

The situation was, so to speak, up to F. D. R. In the Van Nuys matter his High Commissioner had been openly insubordinate. In furthering his own candidacy for his chief's job, without giving said chief a chance to say whether he wanted to stay on that job himself, the High Commissioner was at least untactful. Yet there were those fourteen Indiana electoral votes and those million members of the American Legion and other millions who were becoming familiar with Paul McNutt's dazzling appearance and ingratiating personality.

HENRY BOLTINOFF

"Hello, honey. I forgot which window was yours!"

What to do with McNutt? That was the question—and the President solved it in characteristic Rooseveltian fashion: he promoted him.

Under the President's modified reorganization plan as finally enacted by the Congress, the United States Social Security Administration had come into existence to take over various orphaned children of the old Harry Hopkins era and to manage the old-age pension scheme. To the headship of this vast enterprise Roosevelt appointed Paul McNutt.

That he has made an excellent impression in Washington cannot be denied. He is a man of great physical vigor, capable of prodigious work and eager to do it. He has a well trained, active mind. He knows books and has read them. He knows men, too, and he has shown unusual ability in drawing men to him and holding their loyalty. He is a man of action. He can, and does, make up his own mind.

On the social side, he has everything a President should have. Mrs. McNutt (who, Paul says, refused to marry him for some time because of Rube Goldberg's famous character, "Boob McNutt") is a Southern girl —she was Kathleen Timolat of San Antonio, Texas—and has all the graces associated with the Old South, combined with a sound wisdom. Their daughter, eighteen-year-old Louise, being the offspring of two such shining parents, could not miss.

At first the Washington wise boys were inclined to think that politician Roosevelt had put one over on politician McNutt, since all the employees of all the agencies in his charge are protected by Civil Service from patronage seekers. Now they are not so sure. To the millions who are depending on the Social Security Administration for support and comfort in their old age, the man at the head of that administration cannot help but become something like a god.

In the few months he has held the job he has grown tremendously in political stature. That President Roosevelt recognizes this growth is shown by his elevating him, during the war emergency, to Cabinet rank. Among Democratic leaders there is a growing feeling that perhaps they can win without Roosevelt after all; that perhaps they can win with McNutt. And perhaps they can—with the President's blessing.

Anyhow, P. V. has had dinner with Tommy the Cork and has stopped pressing his pants—a combining of the new and old ways of getting yourself elected President!

That Mr. Roosevelt really wants Mr. McNutt to succeed him does not seem likely. He would doubtless prefer Frank Murphy; but, with the tide running strongly to the right, it might be unwise to kill the Attorney General's chances by running him now. No other horse in the White House stable—except the Big Fellow, Man o' War himself—has a chance.

WHO then, if the President doesn't choose to run, can the New Dealers consistently support?

Surely not John Nance Garner. The grand old Chaparral Cock from Coon Soup Hollow is a beloved figure and an exceedingly useful citizen, but he is too far to the right to command any fraction of New Deal support. Besides, John Garner is said to have on his 23,000-acre ranch at Uvalde the world's largest herd of goats—but the most important goat he ever got belongs to a gentleman who doesn't live in Texas.

McNutt, on the other hand, the New Dealers can accept without stultifying themselves, and the Old Dealers can accept in the belief that anyway he is better than Roosevelt or any of the Roosevelt stooges.

McNutt a united party can, and many wise men believe will, support.

That is why the Democrats want to nominate McNutt.

THE END

FLYING TO KIL

The Story of BISHOP, *the White Knight of Canada*

READING TIME ● 24 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

The White Knight's first duel with the Red Knight of Germany came about in May, 1917. Richthofen proved to be the adroit and fearless duelist he was reputed—also to be chivalrous, for he declined to take advantage of Bishop's helplessness with a jammed gun.

Between flights, Bishop and his fellows in 60 Squadron would relax by making barnyard ducks tipsy. They became quite fond of a harmless 300-pound German who flew an observation plane. They dubbed him the Flying Pig—pretended to be afraid of him. When at length a newcomer to their outfit shot him down, they drank a toast to his memory.

Bishop meanwhile was well on the way toward surpassing even the departed Captain Ball's score of forty-three enemy planes. Von Richthofen left the front for a long holiday. His brother Lothar took command of the Flying Circus, and quickly earned from its foes the nickname "Stinky." Bishop twice dropped written challenges. Enraged because Lothar ignored them, he scoured the skies, downing many a plane and balloon.

Then he himself took a short holiday in England. After it he found, to his dismay, that his fighting and flying nerves had become uncertain. He worked harder than ever at target practice; gradually regained his confidence and his mastery. On one of his days off he flew, alone, deep into enemy territory. From a mile up he saw seven planes outside the hangars of an airdrome. As he started his dive, the dread he had been shaking off returned and clutched him. Nonetheless, he bit his lip and shot down upon that airdrome like a meteor.

PART THREE—THE RED KNIGHT TURNS YELLOW

THE White Knight certainly caught that airdrome with its wings down. He was within five hundred feet of it, roaring earthward at forty-five degrees, before the mechanics around four of the seven ships saw what was coming and made for the hangars. At three hundred feet, Bishop pressed the Lewis' trigger and began to rake the runways. Several men dropped, and the Blue Nose made a lightning hairpin turn at the east end of the drome and swept over it once more, within a hundred feet of the ground.

As he returned again, sweeping from west to east, Bishop saw one of the planes taxiing across the field. It was pointed west, ideal for what he had in mind. It was barely off the ground when he flew down to within fifty feet of the runway, pouring everything he had into the tail of his quarry. He couldn't miss. The machine fell into a sideslip and plunged to the ground, a mass of wreckage.

Bishop took what might have been his hundredth chance on tearing off a wing by making another hairpin turn. As he rushed back, a second machine was just bouncing into the air at the end of the field farthest from him. Split seconds were vital now, for there were still two more ships down there that might take off any moment, and he had to attend to this fellow before that happened. He let go again from a hundred yards. The German sailed into a tree and instantly caught fire.

Two down and two to go! Bishop figured the three silent planes wouldn't get into the fray because they couldn't be warmed up fast enough. He turned and saw the two remaining warmed-up ships taking the air *at right angles to each other*. He raked the airdrome again while thinking things over. He decided that perhaps it was best that the planes had separated. He couldn't go after both of them at once, but neither could both of them come after him.

He jumped through the air, as if he were on an undulating slide, as he shot past the hangars this time. For the ground gunners had swung into action now and the air was alive with whining lead. Fortune again smiled on Billy Bishop—or, rather, continued to smile. The machine-gun fire raked the Blue Nose from propeller to rudder but somehow missed the pilot.

As one of the two machines that were now in the air flew straight ahead, the other was going far to the south. The motor of the one nearer to Bishop was apparently still cold, and the plane wasn't making very good time. Bishop's motor, on the other hand, was by this time as hot as he was.

He climbed a thousand feet after his quarry, which meanwhile circled back to a point almost directly over the drome. The other machine was coming for the same spot, too. Not bad strategy on the part of the two German flyers. It was obvious that they had talked this over hastily before going up, the idea being to lead him into a trap over the gunners, with one ship ahead of him while the other sneaked up from behind.

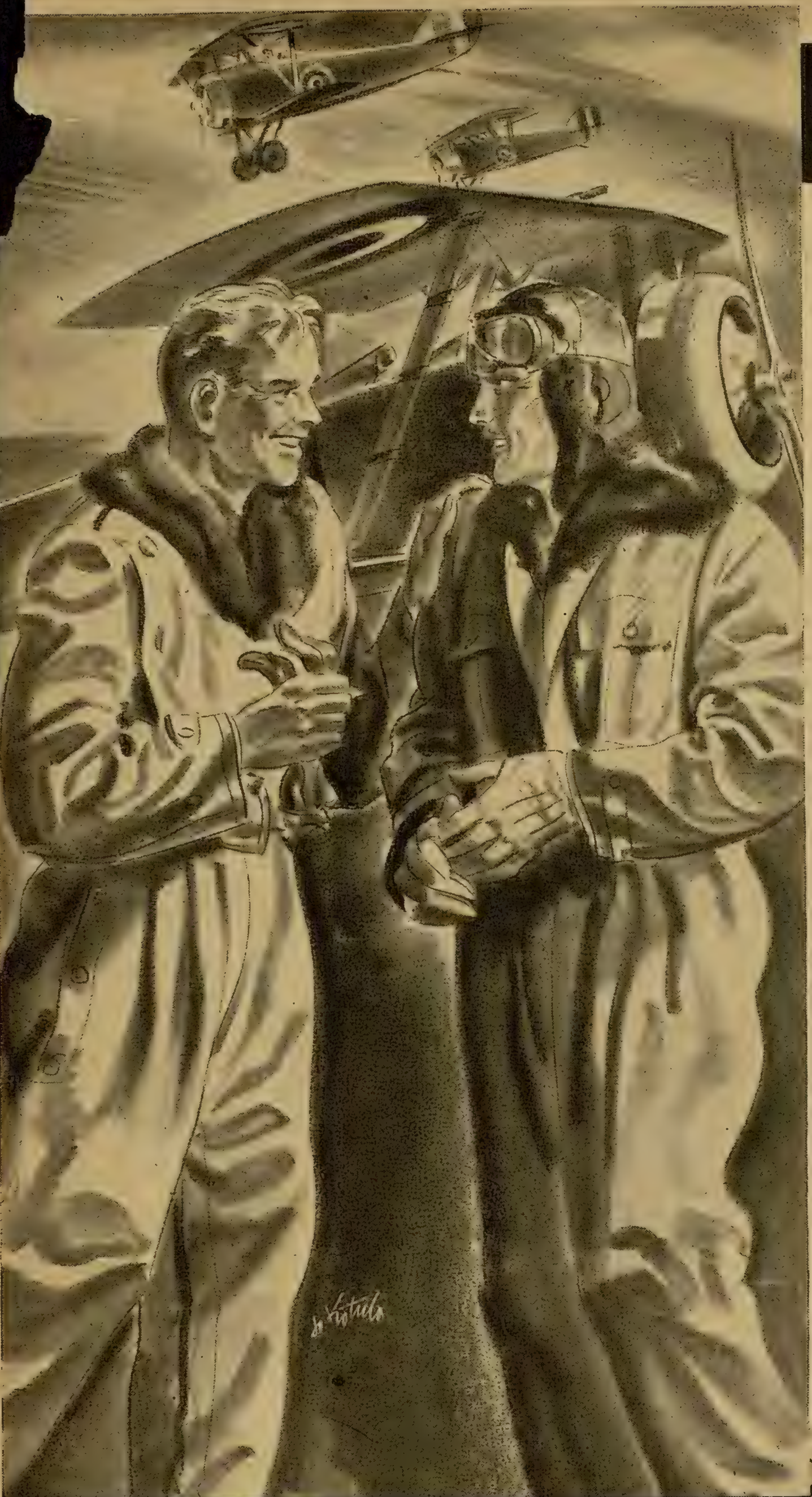
But Bishop was having none of that. He stopped pursuing the one he had gone up after and made a beeline for the other one. This flyer got scared and turned. Now Bishop swung around, and found that the first fellow had tried to sneak up from the rear.

It was all over now—all but a drumful and another crash. Bishop spattered his initials on the third ship and dealt it out of the war. He was about to streak after the fourth one, now quite some distance away, when he noticed five planes high overhead. Had the airdrome telephoned for help? On the theory that it had, the Ontario boy decided to call it a morning and go back for breakfast. He hopped, skipped, and jumped over the airdrome twice more, using every shot of the ammunition he had left on the ground gunners and the three remaining planes, then streaked to the west.

He soon found that he was in the clear. But he hadn't eaten, and a dizziness came over him. He shook his head frantically to clear it, but no dice. Then that old fear climbed into the cockpit with him. He thought of Margaret Burden, his fiancée in Toronto, of the charm of the London drawing rooms where he had been so recently, and then of that churned and blood-caked ground below him and what he had just gone through.

"I guess I actually lost consciousness for a moment or two," he told me recently. "But I somehow got back. In my search for an airdrome to take, I had lost my way. I didn't know until later that I had transacted all that business nearly twenty miles from our own lines."

Bishop dropped some flares when he got home. That meant he had come in with a success story. The ground crew swarmed around the Blue Nose,



"Sorry I couldn't be of more help," said the New Zealander, back at the airdrome. "You see, I was flat out of ammunition. I took a chance."

Battle and death, and glory for a hero! A stirring chronicle of fighting in the sky

BY ALAN HYND

ILLUSTRATED BY JO KOTULA

wondering where the pilot had been so early on his day off.

Modestly, he made his story brief. As he was talking he noticed the ground crew circling around him, eying him from head to foot.

" What the devil are you looking at —or for? " he asked.

" We were just wondering, captain," said one fellow, " how it's possible you weren't hit. Have you looked at your machine at all, sir? "

It was only then Bishop realized how much fire he had gone through. The Nieuport looked like a sieve.

Some one, speaking more prophetically than he realized, said, " You'll get the Victoria Cross for this."

That didn't seem to mean a thing to the youth from Owen Sound. " I should be kicked instead," he said. " I botched it. It wasn't the way I planned it at all. I came away with three. *I should have got the fourth!* "

German prisoners captured soon afterward confirmed all that he had written in his official report about his attack on the airdrome.

It was a singular letter that Bishop wrote to his fiancée on June 6, 1917, the day following his call on the airdrome. Here are excerpts:

My Sweetheart,

I didn't write you yesterday. I had a very busy day. I rose at 3 a. m. and flew over to a Hun airdrome, where I did very cunning battle in the way of shooting many wee folks. I opened fire at 7 machines on the ground. . . . One machine then took off and I went down to 50 ft. for him & got him. Another one doing the same crashed into some trees. Then 2 came off together. I climbed to 1000 ft. and did battle with one & crashed him 300 ft. from the airdrome. I tried to get away.

Monday

I had to stop above and go up after a Hun who was playing about. To go on with the above story. I tried . . .

Certainly not an elaborate letter,

considering what it was about. But that was Billy Bishop. Always conservative—*except when in the air.*

Unfortunately, there were but a handful of R. F. C. boys who were meeting with a degree of success that could be mentioned in the same breath with his exploits. The casualties were appalling. One day 60 Squadron lost eleven ships and pilots in twelve hours. There was a bad stretch of sixteen days during which twenty-three boys were brought down, many of them by the Head Hunters of Richthofen's Flying Circus. One member of the Circus at this time was a young man who was deep in dastardly work that was to equip him for cold-blooded deeds in later years. His name was Hermann Goering.

New flyers and new planes were coming up from the bottom of a seemingly fathomless supply pit. Some of the kids were sent up with Captain Bishop when they'd had but a score of hours in the air. The truth of the matter was that new German machines were a little too good for the Nieuport scouts. Then, too, the Germans were resorting more and more to tactics that turned the stomachs of the Englishmen.

MOST of the R. F. C. casualties were striplings who didn't know the ropes—or the German trick of hiding behind or on top of cloud banks. The fate of the lame ducks and the loners had usually been witnessed by other R. F. C. craft too far away to do anything. When a patrol of six British machines went down together, more often than not it was suspected, and later established, they had run into the " road company " of the Flying Circus, usually headed by Baron von Richthofen's brother Lothar. There was also a new German squadron, with more than a score of brilliant green planes, that delighted in making mincemeat out of loners.

Bishop studied the H.Q. blackboard one day shortly after the airdrome episode. He suddenly realized that not a single name that had been up there when he had come into the squadron was still there. All new, innocent kids.

New planes were being sent on so fast that there was little or no opportunity to test them. Sometimes a wing would break off and the pilot would be killed before he had so much as set eyes on enemy terrain.

Bishop took a patrol of five green boys out one afternoon. He was still only twenty-three himself, mind you. The instructions were to go over the lines and shoot down anything in sight. Bishop landed back two hours later with just about enough wing surface left to bite the air. He'd been through another one of those afternoons that give him nightmares even today, a quarter of a century later.

" On this particular occasion," the White Knight told me, " finding myself with pilots not sufficiently familiar with their new machines or with the country, I instructed them to fly around the airdrome and become familiar with both, but on no account to approach the lines.

" I said I would do the patrol myself, because I knew it would be much safer for me alone than with a complete patrol of inexperienced pilots, which would be no help but instead a liability, as in case of trouble I would have had to protect them myself."

The major in command of the squadron decided to take some pictures of enemy terrain. A crack photographer, he was going to take these himself. One of the regular lens lads had gone ten miles into German territory, with an elaborate escort, and then had snapped the wrong stuff! So the major, in lofty dudgeon, was going to see that no error was made this time.

He made an " appointment " with Bishop's patrol. Its six scouts were to meet him in the air at six thousand feet just east of Arras at nine thirty in the morning. Captain Bishop got to the spot just two minutes early, and the six planes circled around waiting for the major, a punctual, exacting gentleman. A plane was spotted off to the west. Bishop shot out a red flare and the plane answered in kind. It was the major, all right.

The idea was that the patrol was to fly a couple of thousand feet above the major while he went within a thousand feet of the ground for his photographs. He had a skillful pilot, b his plane was a job that hadn't be put together for combat.

20 QUESTIONS

1—With her late husband she brought 'em back on celluloid from all over the world. Together they spent years in Africa, the South Seas and Borneo, and other far places, making moving pictures of wild animals. Now she carries on alone in no less distant countries. This is a photograph of whom?

2—What is the limit of indebtedness allowed the government of the United States by present law?

3—Is a vis-à-vis at one's right, left, or opposite?

4—To what fish classification does the muskellunge belong?

5—Which countries produce the Heinkel, Amiot, and Vickers planes?

6—Which one of the states has a unicameral legislature?

7—Who was the procurator of Judea at the time of Jesus' trial?

8—What balances the mercury in a barometer?

9—Where and what is the Mother Lode?

10—What college teams have a bulldog, a mule, and a mustang as mascots?

11—Where do Jersey, Guernsey, and Alderney cows get their names?

12—What is the difference in appearance between faille and bengaline?

13—If a magnet is suspended, in what direction will one end point?

14—What do these common abbreviations mean: e. o. m., cwt., and a/o?

15—How does a marsupial carry its young immediately after birth?

16—What is the official gold rate?

17—How old must a citizen be to be eligible for the Presidency of the United States?

18—Is maple a hard or a soft wood?

19—How does the treatment of a dry-point plate differ from that of an etching?

20—What name usually finishes this line: "The greatest secretary of the Treasury since ——"?

(Answers will be found on page 50)

Deep in enemy terrain, the maj suddenly began his descent. Th patrol was to follow. But just t Bishop spotted four enemy scou the distance. There was a ha cloud, and he led the way into it. Th the enemy could see the major but n the six scouts of the patrol.

Bishop kept his eye on the second hand on his watch until he figured the four Germans would be nearing what they thought was a loner. Then he popped out of the cloud. Sure enough, they were swooping down upon the major, and now Bishop and his five pals swooped on *them.*

The major, meanwhile, saw the four enemy planes coming at him and angrily wondered what under heaven had happened to his interference.

Presently the Germans were as surprised as he had been. The Blue Nose shot one down in flames, and another of the patrol accounted for a second before its pilot knew what struck him. The two remaining Germans fled.

THE major got his pictures and everybody started back. Bishop was expecting a severe reprimand, if not punishment, for using his superior officer as a decoy. He was quick and lavish with apologies and explanations when the party landed.

The major listened sternly. Then he broke into a smile. " Carry on," he said to Bishop. " I don't mind being used for a decoy any time you can shoot down a couple of those ——s. The only thing that worried me when I thought they surely had me was the fact that I was carrying quite a bit of money on my person. I should have hated those pigs to have taken that from my body! "

Well along in June it became obvious to Bishop and to other members of 60 Squadron that there was a concerted effort on the part of the enemy to get his troublesome Blue Nose. Many times, when he was flying over the German lines in a patrol, their Archies sent up explosive tokens that looked to be intended exclusively for him. Just to make certain, the boys would sometimes separate when they were right over the lines. Sure enough, the Blue Nose was the one ship the enemy gunners would pick out.

This didn't scare Bishop but it made him sore. Or, to use his own words, " I was annoyed—frankly." So he retaliated. When he couldn't find any " game " in the sky, he'd fly to within a hundred feet of the German trenches and open up. By this time the Blue Nose had been hit so often and patched up so much, and had had so many parts replaced, that very little of the original machine was left.

" But I liked that little ship," the Marshal says today, " because it had brought me through so many tight squeezes. I didn't want to part with it for another, although new and

(*Continued on page 20*)

1-

I've never bought whiskey by "price"—that is never *before.* I've always insisted on Paul Jones, regardless of price, because it gave me the DRYNESS—the complete lack of sweetness—which I regard as a whiskey's prime virtue.

Now, of course, I'm delighted to get Paul Jones at its new low price . . . especially since none of its "expensive whiskey" qualities have been changed.

2-

I've often had to buy whiskey by "price"—so, before Paul Jones was reduced in cost, there were many occasions when I simply had to content myself with some other whiskey.

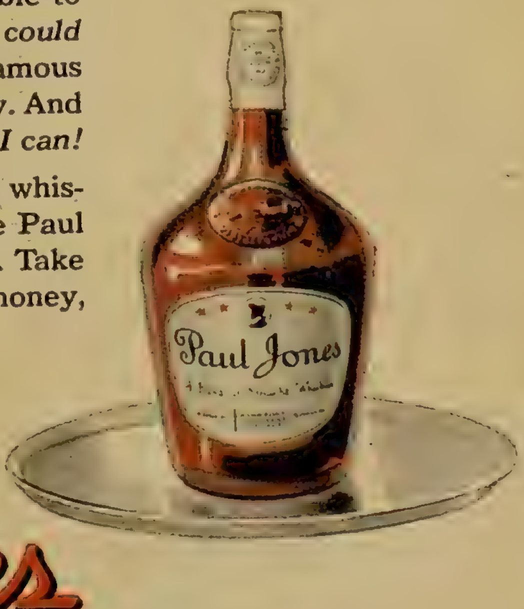
But at today's low price I can make *every* occasion a "special" one . . . and enjoy Paul Jones' swell DRYNESS and *all-whiskey* goodness *all* the time!

3 Men on a Price!

3-

I've always had to buy whiskey by "price"—and, in the past, that meant I wasn't able to afford Paul Jones. But I often wished I *could* afford it—wished I could enjoy its famous DRYNESS, its famous *all-whiskey* quality. And now, thanks to the big price reduction—*I can!*

Yes, at last my price buys my idea of whiskey . . . warranted exactly the same fine Paul Jones that used to be out of my reach. Take my advice and get Paul Jones for *your* money, too!



TRY

Paul Jones

AT ITS NEW LOW PRICE

A GENTLEMAN'S WHISKEY SINCE 1865

A blend of straight whiskies—90 proof. Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville & Baltimore

(*Continued from page 18*)

faster ships were on the way for us."

It was at this time that Richthofen's Flying Circus was really going to town. The baron, after his lengthy "vacation," had never seemed to regain his old cunning as Bishop had. Richthofen was now very much like a temperamental but fading star baseball pitcher who picks his spots. He was never seen in the skies alone, and seldom beyond his own lines. Always he was accompanied by from two to thirty "bodyguards." The Circus was concentrating more than ever on lame ducks and cumbersome observation machines that didn't stand a chance once their patrol of six was pounced upon by twenty or more scarlet ships.

Bishop, on the other hand, was constantly over the enemy lines. His score was mounting. He had now passed the figure 30 on the H.Q. blackboard. Often he was up alone, on flights that were called unauthorized because he made them on his days off, with destination unannounced. He was now growing somewhat more cautious when leading a patrol, but only out of consideration for the other fellows. His confidence in himself had bounded back full blast, and his shooting was near deadly perfection.

SOMETIMES it wasn't easy to find any German planes in the area assigned to 60 Squadron. In such a case he would shop around and find out where there was something doing. When he got hold of such information, he called it "a good tip." Then, out of his own territory altogether, he would spend his day off helping flyers in other squadrons.

He got in a bad jam one day, and saw a sample of courage that he has never ceased to admire. Six Head Hunters came down on him. By quick maneuvering he managed to get to his favorite spot—above them. He had played dumb when they had come down, then looped up fast.

Now he sat upstairs, looking them over. They went into a formation in layers of two. He dived on the top layer, and although he didn't bring anybody down, he apparently did some damage, for one of the ships flew away.

Up he went again. By this time the other top-layer ship had gone off to one side and below. Bishop took another dive at the two now on top, sprayed them, and went up again.

The fight was taking place close to a great cloud bank. Suddenly out of the white vapor came a silver ship of the R. F. C. It was five against one, the pilot of the new arrival saw at a glance. So he streaked toward Bishop to join the scrap.

What happened then Bishop couldn't, at the moment, understand. As this other plane came forward, the five Germans fled. The new arrival showed a decided disinclination to follow them—which wasn't in keeping with his behavior just previously. He waved to Bishop and the two made for home.

"Sorry I couldn't be of more help," said the other man, back at the airdrome. "You see, I was flat out of ammunition."

"And you knew that when you came over to help me?" asked Bishop.

"Sure thing. But I took a chance. *They* didn't know I was out, so I figured, inasmuch as I had come from a cloud, they'd think perhaps there were more of the R. F. C. behind me, and go away. Which they apparently thought, and certainly did."

"But if your bluff hadn't worked you'd have been in a fine spot," said Bishop. "They'd have got you sure."

The other flyer—a New Zealander—laughed. "Well, you were in a spot, too. As well two as one, you know."

It wasn't long after Bishop's single-handed attack on the airdrome that he had his second meeting with Richthofen. He and his patrol were ambuscaded by Head Hunters one day and a dogfight began about seven thousand feet up—Bishop's favorite height for battle, not too high and not so low that the Archies could bother him.

It took Bishop quite a few minutes to spot Richthofen himself. In a dogfight the Canadian always went upstairs as quickly as possible and sat there until he saw a chance to come down to advantage. It was while he was sitting upstairs that Richthofen apparently saw him. The Red Knight got off to one side. The second combat between the two knights was about to begin.

THEY recognized each other at the same moment. The Canadian circled a few times while the German danced around. Then Bishop feinted as if going into a loop, but instead twisted the Blue Nose into diving position and came down on Richthofen's tail. The baron side-stepped and seemed to be about to go into a loop himself, and then to come down on Bishop's tail.

But Bishop fooled him. The Owen Sound boy had perfected in-and-out fighting by this time. He was adept at leveling off and going up again, instead of plunging straight down. This entailed no end of strain on the wings, but the Blue Nose had never failed him yet.

Bishop came down on Richthofen a second time, got close to the Uhlan's rudder, and spilled a drum at the scarlet ship. Instantly the Red Knight fell into a spin—a hideous swirling spin. It looked like certain doom. Bishop was so surprised that he just sat there watching the baron go down, down, down, while the melee went on at one side of him.

Ordinarily he would have suspected a ruse and have dived right after the falling plane. But he didn't suspect the Red Knight of one. No; Richthofen would have stayed up there and dueled to the death. This could mean but one thing—Richthofen was in a death spin.

Down and down went the scarlet ship—a thousand feet, two thousand, three thousand, four, until it seemed to be nearing the ground. Bishop looked up for an instant, to see what was happening in the melee. When he looked down again, the Richthofen plane had righted itself! *It wasn't coming back, either.* It was streaking like a bat out of hell for the east—and home. It was too late to catch it.

Billy Bishop was the most disappointed man in Europe. Heavens, if the Red Knight wouldn't fight him alone, who would? That vacation in Germany, when Richthofen had received the plaudits of the multitude, apparently had done the nobleman no good.

The R. F. C. boys got out of the scrap with whole skins if not whole planes. The mix-up wound up as a Mexican stand-off. Bishop's admiration for Richthofen was definitely liquidated.

BY this time the R. F. C. was beginning to have less and less respect for the renowned Flying Circus. Even German prisoners were admitting that it was an open secret behind the "Hun" lines that the baron, once the personification of courage and gallantry, was now running up his score by picking his spots. Other members of the Circus had to move aside when there was an easy and sure kill, so that the nobleman could get the credit for it.

Bishop and some of the other boys in 60 Squadron got a bulging sow from a neighboring barnyard, painted it scarlet and put the letters R-i-c-h-t-h-o-f-e-n across its back, tied it with ribbons, and took it back to the barnyard. The other swine regarded "Richthofen" with such bewilderment that they wouldn't associate with it for days, until the paint began to wear off!

Strange things were happening in the skies. Hermann Goering and nineteen of his pals were out looking for loners one day when a silver craft popped from a cloud bank. It flew straight ahead—right at the oncoming Head Hunters. Two of them opened fire point-blank, then swung aside to avoid a collision.

Right through the formation, straight as an arrow, went the R. F. C. ship, its pilot looking directly in front of him, turning neither to right nor left. Goering and another German climbed up, then came down on the tail of the strangely acting craft. They gave it everything they had. Still it kept on its straight, level course. Others dived at it, riddling it from nose to rudder, but it kept right on going.

For five minutes the Germans swarmed about the silver thing, firing, firing, firing. It made no move to duck nor to return the fire. They had never seen anything like it. Finally Goering flew close alongside of the plane. Then he gave a signal, and the Head Hunters turned and went in the opposite direction, while the silver ship went on out of sight. The explanation was that its pilot had gone west long before, but at the moment his controls had been in neutral and the throttle wide open, and so the derelict of the skies had sailed on and on with a corpse in the cockpit.

It wasn't all cakes and ale for Captain Bishop. In the beginning of July the cards started turning against him. He was up alone, late one afternoon, when he spotted a German two-seater in the distance, making for the British lines. He started after it, but it climbed out of sight.

Scouting about, Bishop got a glimpse of his game again. Again the German started to climb, and so did he. At 19,500 feet both ships leveled off, and Bishop started for the enemy head on. He fired, but his target swerved. As it passed within ten feet, the gunner in the rear opened up with pom-pom balls. If one of those pretty little white puffs came too close to a pilot's face, he wouldn't have a face any more.

A lot of the balls burst around the Blue Nose, but Bishop wasn't hit. He made a hairpin turn and saw that the German was now above him. He hadn't noticed until now that his right hand and part of his arm were utterly lifeless because of the intense cold more than three miles up. He had been so intent on the chase that he hadn't thought of himself.

With a great effort, he jerked the stick to point the nose up so that he could get a crack at the enemy's belly. Jerking the nose up like that caused him to lose speed; the air was too thin for the planes to bite; and the next thing Bishop knew, he was in a hideous swirling dive, completely out of control.

Down he went, half conscious. He doesn't know to this day just what happened. He tells me he must have acted instinctively. Two miles below, his head suddenly cleared and he found himself coming out of the dive with his left hand tugging at the stick, his right arm at his side, limp.

His number wasn't up yet—but he was through for that day.

The arm, of course, came around all right. Bishop was open for lethal business next day as usual. By this time the boys, in their rare moments of relaxation, were enjoying all the comforts of home. They had had their tennis rackets and white flannels shipped on to them, and had begun a tournament on an improvised court.

One day Bishop won a match. He decided to celebrate by going up and bagging a " Hun." It was his day off, so he went alone. His score was nearing 40 now, and he wanted to run it up before his next leave, the following month. There was an outside chance that he might get sufficient time off to get married on that next leave.

Near the enemy lines he saw three German scouts. Ordinarily he would have climbed high above them, his favorite method in one-to-three business. But he admits that this day he was a little careless because, as he puts it, " familiarity bred contempt." And so, instead of climbing, he went toward the three, which were traveling in a V in the same direction as he was. He thought he'd spring a little surprise from below.

He got to within a hundred yards of the rear of them and was only a hundred feet below when he himself got the surprise of his life. They had been playing possum. They had, in fact, undoubtedly planned this well, for they bore the markings of a squadron that had come to no end of grief at the hands of the stalking, quarrelsome Blue Nose.

Before Bishop realized it, all three ships made hairpin turns and started down at him. They had gravity with them, and therefore speed. He, on the other hand, was climbing at the moment, and traveling at snail's pace in comparison. Closer and closer they came, now nicely abreast. Whether Bishop went up, down, or sideways, they would draw first blood—the important blood. And now, as he involuntarily ducked his head, the guns of all three, as if operating on a single level, belched crimson.

How was Bishop to escape from this death trap into which his momentary carelessness had plunged him? What enemy airman who is today a big shot in the Nazi regime was to set other, subtler traps for the White Knight? In what circumstances was he to get his worst scare of the entire wartime? You'll find all the answers, with their thrills, in his unforgettable story's breath-taking installment in Liberty next week!

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To the Ladies

BY PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER, AND FASHION AUTHORITY

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

BECAUSE he's a famous foreteller of vital events, I asked Walter Winchell what kind of better world he wishes we could promise to all the new babies whose birth he'll announce, in advance, during 1940.

"A world," he said, "where right makes might instead of *vice versa.* . . . A world without struggle for existence, with competition only for success. . . . More indigestion than malnutrition. . . . More cashing in on life than on life insurance. . . . More menus written in English and fewer in French; and a good pot roast on every menu!"

Inevitably together, Mr. Winchell fears, go human nature and war. He says, "There will always be war as long as people are eager to run a quarter of a mile to watch a fight." Admits he does it himself.

Believes we must teach our children to deny themselves one indulgence out of every three, and to save money methodically. His own little boy, Walter, Jr., is now saving pennies to buy a toy automobile—thus far has amassed eighty-seven cents toward the twelve-dollar total required.

About Winchell personally: He loves theatrical shows with plenty of slapstick humor; thinks we never can have too much laughter in this difficult world of ours. He hates debt and is terrified of undertakers' establishments. "From the age of thirteen to the age of thirty," he said, "I was buried alive in debt. And I still leg it, as fast as I can with dignity, when I pass an undertaker's place alone at night." Mr. Winchell did his world-of-tomorrow wishing with me at the Stork Club. Night life, you see, isn't always as frivolous as it seems to be.

☆ Completely seasonable book of the week: Anthony Abbot's new mystery story The Creeps. Reading it, I've been hip-deep in a raging blizzard fraught with ghosts and holiday murders on a country estate!

☆ Lady who manages the women's department of a big New York bank found a neatly wrapped loaf of fresh homemade bread on her desk one morning a while ago. The accompanying letter, written in fine Spencerian, started by quoting an Ella Wheeler Wilcox poem on kindness, and ended with these words: "You have indeed been kind to me, so just this bite of my own bread to let you know I appreciate." It was from an elderly widow, poor as a church mouse, who keeps a tiny account at the big rich bank. The efficient business lady felt deeply touched by the gift, as did I when I heard the story. She and I have retold it a number of times, always with the same result. In every case it has brought forth similar little anecdotes of human kindness from our listeners. . . . Thoughtful folk are all around you, it seems, if you really look for them.

☆ Good gadget news from California: . . . Mrs. G. Madeline Holbrook of Los Angeles has invented a smart metal clamp, something like a napkin ring, to fasten on any handbag and clutch your gloves. Mrs. Holbrook calls her device a glove safe; says she *had* to invent it when her husband threatened he'd never take her to the movies again because she always dropped her gloves, thus obliging him to dive down and fish under whole rows of seats in the dark. . . . I guess we all know *that* growl of masculine fury! The glove safe strikes me as being a handsome notion.

☆ For my admiration Miss Shenley Serverie paraded up and down, posed with deliberate gracefulness, pointing a dainty toe. Then the orchids I wore caught her eye, and straight at me she cast the snootiest of stares, saying as plain as words, "What prizes have *you* won to rate flowers?" Her disdain was so unmistakable that everybody burst out laughing. Miss Serverie weighs 2,050 pounds, is a four-year-old champion, the Miss America of the Percheron class. I met her at Fairholme Farms, Indianapolis, where corporation lawyer Robert W. Lyons follows the magnificent hobby of breeding giant draft horses.

☆ From old New Orleans comes the gay delicious custom of serving after-dinner brandy aflame in scooped-out orange cups. This is a special for those of you who have New Year's Eve parties at home. . . . On your table place a brandy glass beside each guest's after-dinner coffee cup. In the kitchen, cut large thick-skinned oranges in half. Remove pulp and juice; rub inside of rind with sugar; put 2 sugar lumps in each orange cup; leave in warmish place. To serve, fill orange cups with slightly warmed brandy and set alight. Pour into brandy glasses at table as soon as flames die down. A lip-smacking flavor and a jolly, festive ceremony.

☆ New scientific knowledge informs us our skin grows best and fastest during the forenoon, slowest in the wee small hours. Highest rate of skin growth occurs about 10 A. M.; lowest, about 2 A. M. To get the benefit of this, use daytime make-up sparingly. Give your skin tissues every chance to do their natural replenishing between breakfast and lunch.

"Tell him one of those jokes you told at the party tonight. That'll put him to sleep!"

READING TIME • 8 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

HOLLYWOOD currently is sponsoring an "oomph" girl. A few years ago we had an "it" girl, and the future will doubtless give out with some other profitable label to designate a lass who looks like sin—and plenty of it.

Gazing upon the photographs of these charmers, which have been carefully planted in the papers for just such stimulus, men outside of Hollywood probably think of us males within it as leading lives congested with romance and masculine dominance.

Hollywood women look perfect. They are. That's what's the trouble with them. That's what makes our divorce statistics. Their sex appeal is colossal. But it is a snare and an illusion. It is all done with mirrors.

As sirens these girls are entirely synthetic. They are so carefully created that they are completely inhuman. There isn't one truly feminine woman in the entire motion-picture business. They are beautiful. They are provocative. They are exciting. But they are not feminine.

Like the late President Coolidge, I think sex is a very old and admittedly excellent institution, and I am in favor of it. But romance is on a higher and more lasting level than that. Romance and the appeal to a man's heart and mind are comparatively recent in human history, and only romance makes one woman stand out above the others in a man's memory. The woman who appeals to this romantic impulse in man is the one whom he regards as completely feminine. To make him feel happily male, she must rouse his protective masculinity and his sense of mastery.

This seldom happens to any man who has been long around Hollywood. Of course, almost any man anywhere can master one woman. But I defy any man to dominate a whole social system. Yet that is what he must do if he falls in love with a movie star.

For after her first success in pictures a woman is no longer an individual. She is a composite, the product

FLOHERTY JR

NOT A FEMININE WOMAN IN HOLLYWOOD

Here's disillusion! A famous screen star boldly defies the lightning and speaks his mind

BY GEORGE BRENT

of many people and many processes. Instead of making a man feel masculine, she makes him feel hunted.

I realize that in making these statements I am sticking my neck way, way out and rushing in where any angel would fear to tread. But I am merely saying in public what every Hollywood man soon learns to say in private.

There isn't a trick in outward sex appeal that the Hollywood houri does not learn. By the end of her first six-months contract, any girl worth lifting an option for knows to the last seam the correct type of white satin, bias-cut gown that will best emphasize her figure. She knows to a sixteenth of an inch the way to stand with her torso turned forward and her hips swiveled sidewards to make her appear most slim and desirable. Having been accurately informed that the average man has a fetish for hair smooth over the crown of a woman's head, she has her locks daily brilliantined and waved close to her perfect skull.

She becomes the most provocative of this earth's creatures—to look at. She does attract you; but as you draw near her in romantic intimacy you will discover her ticking like a time bomb. You never have any idea of when she is going to blow up—and neither has she. I know one Hollywood star still under thirty who has been acting for more than twelve solid years. The result in private life is that a mildly sad story will send her in torrents of tears, a halfway funny one will make her rock with laughter. She herself is frightened by such hysteria, but she has a habit of overreacting now and cannot control it. She's typical of any number out here, and what will happen to their nerves in their older years is best not contemplated. Such girls have been run up on the Hollywood assembly line until nothing is any longer natural to them.

NONE of this artificiality is basically their fault. It is the shattering effect of twenty-four-hour-a-day flattery upon a woman's soul. The adulation of having a hairdresser working continually upon her head, of having a make-up man checking hourly upon her face, of being cozened by costume designers, shoe fitters, publicity agents, photographers, interviewers, and the entire crew of studio sycophants, inflates her ego to the point where she is everlastingly walking on hot air.

In the ten years that I have been in Hollywood I have watched this metamorphosis happen to scores of talented girls. There was one whom I played opposite not so long ago. When discovered, she had a genuine girlish prettiness, the freshness of seventeen, a slender talent, and her fiancé, the boy with whom she had gone to school.

Hollywood started to underscore her beauty by taking away all her eyebrows and most of her clothes. She was put instantly into a role much too long and difficult for her. But by diligent coaching, and with experienced actors doing scenes eighteen and twenty times for her benefit, she got through her first production. The fame fever captured her and she soon dropped her high-school Lothario. He had become much too simple for her. Before a year was up, her Hollywood vulgarization was complete. She told smoking-room stories in the strongest of smoking-room language. That succeeded in making her thought of as a hail-fellow-well-met, of course. But it made her cease to be thought of as a woman. And when a man stops thinking of a woman as a woman, he stops thinking of her altogether. For no man truly wants to be friends with a woman. He wants to be a lover or a husband, or nothing.

We do become husbands, we Hollywood men, since marriage seems to be the one asset we can offer. Better love speeches than we can devise are daily written for our enchantress by the scenario department. Devotion she gets by the ton from the studio hangers-on who make a profession of it. But marriage is still a twosome and no prop department has yet been able to manufacture a husband. Therefore Miss Movie Star rather likes the idea of marrying, so long as we husbands do not expect her to run the home or defer to our wishes in anything of any importance.

IN justice to the movie-star wife, she would undoubtedly like to do all these things, but she has not time. Actors escape the Hollywood build-up fairly unhurt; for few of us wear make-up of any sort, our hair is our own, our clothes onscreen are exactly what we would wear off, and men have been thinking in terms of careers since the dawn of social consciousness.

But a Hollywood actress can never relax. If she is working, she has to be in bed by eight to be ready for the hairdresser by six the next morning. Neither at home nor at the studio does she have one second to call her own. There may be nothing to eat on the dining table (as she is undoubtedly dieting, dinner probably consists of something like clear consommé and a few shredded carrots, anyway) but you can be sure that there will be a telephone beside her place. In between bites Mrs. Star will be engaged in conversation on it. She may snatch a moment to smile at her husband over the mouthpiece, but he will find that small comfort. For, having been in make-up all day, she has naturally wanted to take it off; and having been dressed in costumes so tight she couldn't sit down, she is now in negligee. It is, as I say, perfectly natural that she should react this way, but it doesn't mitigate the fact that to her husband's eyes, as she sits there lacking eyebrows, lipstick, eyelashes, and powder, she presents the appearance of a peeled grape.

As her spouse waits for her to finish her interminable conversations, he feels less like a lover than an interloper. He looks upon his adored one, notes the frown of concentration upon her lovely brow, and chillily realizes that, no matter what his impulses, she has not time for dalliance.

Don't think when she isn't working she has any more leisure. She hasn't. Between pictures—this goes for both men and women—there are interviews by the score. There are photographic sittings. There are what are called "home art" photographs to be taken. These are terrific. They mean you are photographed supposedly at breakfast, games, and entertaining. They are destructive enough of your privacy if you are unmarried, but if an actor is married to a star, they are violations of any decent reticences.

FOR the woman, besides this, there are clothes fittings, make-up tests, and complicated new hairdresses to be worked out. The couple may plan to take a month's vacation alone together between pictures, and end up by being lucky to get an hour. I know one picture couple who have been married four years, but who haven't yet been able, because of production schedules, to observe a single holiday, including Christmas, together.

It is this very awareness of the lack of time that causes the speed-up process in Hollywood love affairs that so bewilders the outside world. Men and women alike, we are all aware that, while we are here today, we may very well be gone by our next picture, and thus we instinctively jump practically from introduction to matrimony, and thence into divorce. I'm not arguing that such action isn't stupid—I've made my own contributions to such stupid statistics—but I do say that under our existing conditions I think such errors are almost inevitable. And one thing you can guarantee: though the bride may have loudly declared she would give up her career for marriage, she never does.

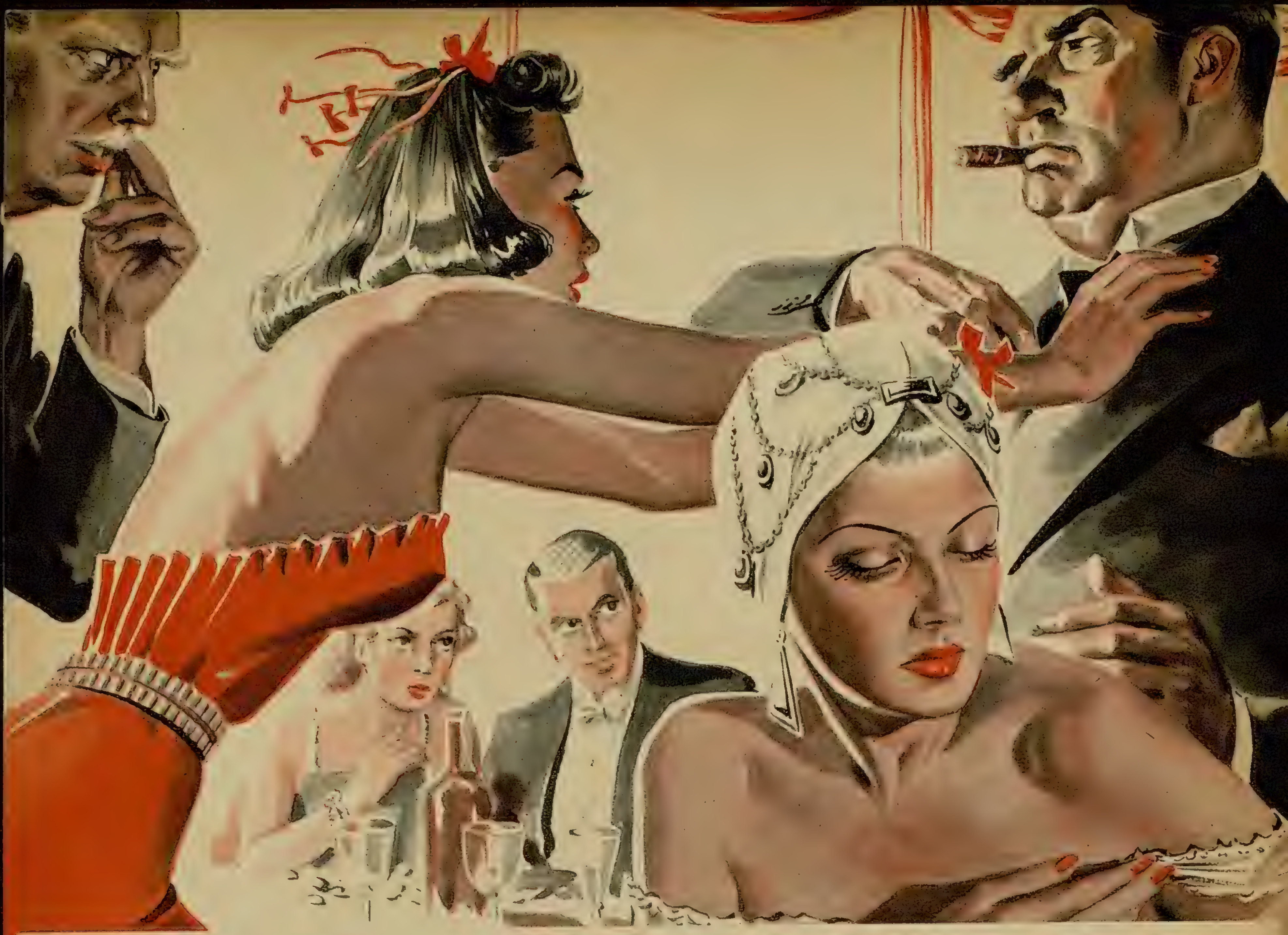
So that is also why, though we keep on musing on love, you see more and more of Hollywood's men and women living separate lives. With each passing year and each added divorce, there are more and lovelier girls sitting at home night after night hoping their telephones will ring, and men sitting at home hoping theirs won't.

For this gradual male reaction away from falling in love with the Hollywood women is a Hollywood principle of sheer survival. We can see before us the comfortable busy futures of a Lewis Stone or a Lionel Barrymore or some others that may be possible to us if we keep our heads—and our hearts.

On the other hand, look at the ex-Loreleis who are still around Hollywood, still fair, still thin, but frankly forty. Look at their vivacious pictures in the papers. Then look closer and observe the tragedy in their faces and the emptiness in their eyes.

And, while you're looking, I'll check on sailings for South America or some such languorous land where a woman is only a woman and a good cigar is a comfort.

THE END



"Don't be a fool!" I said harshly. I had seen the eyes of a killer.

I Spy!

A strange encounter . . a sudden plunge into peril—New thrills in a tense, exciting tale

BY DORA MACY

Author of Public Sweetheart Number One, Riding High, etc.

READING TIME ● 28 MINUTES 17 SECONDS

PART FIVE—A WARNING AND A PROMISE

I SAT on my bed and stared numbly at Henri's flowers, my mind swarming. What sort of demon was he? And what peculiar magnetism did he have over me? Evil. My better heart had always warned me that he was evil. Yet I knew I would do whatever he wanted me to.

I heard the shore-visiting passengers returning. When the baroness came, bursting with gossip, ecstatic over hurried shopping and showering me with gifts, I showed her Henri's card and explained the flowers, but I pleaded a headache to cover my lack of natural spirit. She coaxed me up on deck to watch the sailing.

When the shore was distant we had afternoon tea, which I could barely down. Soon I left the baroness with a group of voluble acquaintances and went to my cabin to rest before dinner. I took the key out of my purse automatically, but inside my cabin, when I went to put it back, my eyes caught sight of the fountain pen! I stood stunned. My fingers picked it up and examined it cautiously. I glanced back at the purse and saw a card. For a long time I stared at it: "I am sorry, darling. I had to. Don't think less of me."

When had he returned the pen and put the note in my purse? Or had some one on board done it for him? Had some one sneaked into my cabin while I was talking to the baroness in her room? Henri had told me that there would be some one on the boat to instruct me. Had that person returned it?

Well, whatever Henri had wanted inside of the pen he had evidently removed. It was no good to me now—it was no good to any one. Yet, somehow I kept it. If nothing else, it was a monument to my inexperience and failure. It should remind me of what Henri might mean in my life. Destruction!

I made up my mind to drop this work. Yet something urged me on.

I never met any person to instruct me on that boat. But some one was instructing me just the same. Often I would look through the passenger list or scan the crew and wonder who it was. I knew that I was being observed, and my habits, moods, capacity for making friends, my personal conduct in every way were being noted. Through notes I was corrected, cautioned, guided daily. All my things were searched. I felt exposed—sensing that I had no secrets. Nor did I doubt but that some contraption reported every word that passed between Irene and myself.

Twice I was asked to find out in what bank in Paris one of the passengers had recently closed an account. I tried to behave naturally. I was in mourning, yet I was traveling

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES BRYSON

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

YOUNG Hester, the daughter of Colonel Harry Dillon, military attaché of an American embassy in middle Europe, is startled to discover, with the suspicious death of her father, that he was engaged in espionage work. So was his secretary, Arthur Forsythe, who is “ framed ” by the watchful enemy. But before his arrest Arthur slips Hester a fountain pen, whispering that she must guard it with her very life!

While a guest of the Baroness de Laume in France, the girl becomes fascinated by Henri Croillard, who also appears to be involved in some secret-service activity. She feels he knows everything concerning her father. At parting, Henri assures her of invisible protection.

To her great distress, Hester feels she is in love with both Arthur and Henri. Though her father with his last breath had told her to return to America, she decides to remain in Europe to carry on his unfinished work.

The mysterious fountain pen worries Hester. Once she almost gave it to a peasant woman who was supposed to be Arthur’s accredited go-between, but Cyrus Potter, a chargé d’affaires, intervenes and tells her he knows it is hard for her to know friend from foe. Then he gives her an umbrella with a secret compartment in its handle—evidently for the concealment of the pen. But she distrusts that too.

Hester decides to go home to the States for her father’s funeral and to report to Washington. The baroness offers to accompany her. In Paris, she encounters a hairdresser, Mme. Renou, who is connected with Henri Croillard, and who confides that their organization is an international one working for peace. She urges Hester to work with them under cover. The girl tells her she must work for the United States government.

While waiting for her ship to sail from Southampton, an unkempt messenger delivers flowers to her from Henri. Suddenly Hester is nonplused to see that the messenger is Henri himself! He makes love to her. She is thrilled. But after he leaves she discovers that the fountain pen has vanished from her purse. Henri must have stolen it!

---

with the gay old dowager who adored gambling, and who made it her mission to “ distract ” me and fill me with interest in life.

I danced with the young men she lined up. I took an interest in her games, more than a little thrilled to find myself phenomenally lucky. Perhaps this luck was what drew to my attention an elderly courtly man who was known as Major Walter Dort and who rated considerable respect and attention on board. I was always at ease with army men and I knew Major Dort’s type backward and forward: he was a desk major. His weakness was gambling. He ranked high in the War Department, I was told, and was one of Washington’s social joys.

I felt prompted to lavish some attention on the major. But the moment he sensed that, he gathered his man-about-town cloak tightly around him.

We landed in New York on a cold crisp December day, and I stared at the sky line like a lost child returning home. My heart pounded, my throat was tight. For once Irene’s shrill gabble in her foreign accent got on my nerves. I found myself babbling out a fine story of things I had to do, people I had to see about the details of my father’s funeral. I told her I would meet her at the hotel later. The baroness promised to get all my luggage and see me through the customs. I made my way into a street and into a cab.

I wanted to set foot alone in my own country, with my own thoughts. I wanted to hear lots and lots of American voices and get into the New York crowd. I wanted to have my fill of it.

“ Drive, drive! ” I said. “ All over New York. Take me to Central Park. Take me down Fifth Avenue. I want to see every inch of it.”

The driver chuckled. But just as we were about to start off, a voice called: “ Oh, driver! Hold it! ”

And the door opened again. A man climbed in beside me—a man with a scar under his chin and going up back of one ear—a fairly fresh scar; a bearded man with a hat pulled down over his face but a voice that I could not mistake even though my heart stood still. It couldn’t possibly be—except that it was—*Arthur Forsythe!*

The driver looked back, puzzled.

“ Want I should throw him out, lady? ”

“ No, no,” I said. “ Drive on quickly.”

I sat back and faced my fellow passenger. The shock of seeing him unnerved me—I had thought he was in jail, back in northern Europe. I was crying without realizing it. I yanked off a glove and put my hand up to his scar with a little moan of pity. His hand covered mine and drew it to his lips, and only at that moment did I realize his beard and a mustache were dyed brown. He was wiping my tears, pleading with me not to cry, while I held his hand as if he might disappear—as if I were afraid of losing him, while I struggled for control. Arthur was the first to speak:

“ I had hardly hoped for this, but I would have followed you around all day for a chance to speak to you.”

“ Darling, darling! ” I half whispered. “ Where can we go to talk? ”

“ We can’t,” he said.

“ I’ve got to,” I protested. “ I’ve got to know. How did you ever . . .? I thought you were . . .”

“ They never got me to trial—never even got me to jail,” he muttered hastily.

But even while I listened I was examining him, marking, with some other self, how much weight he had lost. And that one arm was stiff. But most of all that his eyes were changed. They were no longer confident.

“ Fellow workers . . . you know all about that,” his voice was telling me—clipped hurried words behind a hand held against his mouth. “ They knew of the plot and rushed the guard after the preliminary hearing. They freed me and managed my escape. . . . I think, but I am not sure, that your father knew of it before he died. Because I know that Cyrus Potter knew it, and I have reason to believe he aided it, if he didn’t actually engineer it.”

“ Potter! ” I gasped. “ Is he really one of us? ”

Arthur took my hands and turned me squarely toward him, his face harsh yet filled with great love.

“ Don’t say *us*,” he urged. “ That’s why I had to see you, at any risk. For God’s sake, Hester, clear out of it. Promise me—promise! ”

“ I can’t,” I whispered. “ It’s bigger than either of us, Arthur. You know that better than I do. Think what you have sacrificed for it.”

“ You have no chance in it, dear,” he insisted. “ Hester, I couldn’t bear the thought of your being involved.”

“ You said you had to see me, at any risk. Arthur, are you in danger? ”

He gave such a quick furtive glance around that I realized with a heartache how close he had lived to danger in the last month.

“ No one knows I am here. I am supposedly back where they left me—in jail.”

My eyes questioned him mutely as I pressed my hand against my forehead.

“ They had some one ready to take my place,” he went on in a tone so low I had to strain to hear him. “ A traitor, and that was the price he paid. Gladly enough. So Arthur Forsythe is still in jail. You must never give any hint that you have seen me. As far as you know, I am back there, and if you hear I’ve died there, you’ll understand.”

I wet my lips uncertainly. Arthur’s hand went around my shoulder and grasped it urgently.

“ I have got to go, Hester. I mustn’t run too many chances. But I can’t go until you promise me, Hester, promise me that you will stay out of it.”

“ I promise,” I said dully, but I didn’t look at him.

“ I know you mean your promise,” he said. “ I want to know you are somewhere, Hester, untouched and safe, sure and sweet.”

I nodded and turned to him, but

my eyes were filled with tears. He leaned swiftly forward and kissed me. In spite of the fact that he seemed almost a stranger, with his beard and his fevered lips, I was filled with a sense of full, rich union. That was the word—" union." Not the degrading sweep of possession that shattered me with Henri, but a sort of fulfillment that was both ecstasy and relief. We looked at each other after that kiss and I thought I saw some rekindling of the old light in his eyes.

But the thought of Henri which the kiss had provoked clamored at my mind.

" Don't go for a minute," I whispered, and clutched his arm. " I have got to tell you something, Arthur. The fountain pen . . ."

" You still have it? " The question was incredulous.

" Yes, but I am sure it is not of any use any more. It was taken from me and returned again on board ship. A man named Henri . . ."

" Croillard? "

" Tell me, Arthur, is he trustworthy? "

Again that furtive glance around.

" Trustworthy? " he repeated dully. " Yes, he's trustworthy. It's all right if he got what was in the fountain pen. He's one of the greatest men that ever lived. But I am sorry that you have met him, Hester."

" Why? " I asked.

" Because it shows how important they think you are. He is the leader of us all." Arthur looked at me suddenly. " Remember—you have promised me, Hester."

" I won't forget." My voice was hardly audible.

" Perhaps now that he got the pen from you he will leave you alone. Have nothing to do with him."

" Yet you have faith in him," I argued, " and you know of the work . . ."

I suddenly broke off in my speech.

" Don't mind me." I smiled and leaned forward to pat his shoulder. " I promise, Arthur dear. Go now. I know you are nervous and want to go. Go quickly, dear."

He nodded and leaned toward the driver. I realized we had entered Central Park. We waited until we reached a section that was almost deserted. Our cab slowed down and Arthur got out, squeezing my hand as he stepped over me. He didn't look back but hurried down the footpath. I noted again the stiffness of one arm and wondered whether his stooped gait was a pose. No man had a prouder bearing or a firmer step than the Arthur I had known.

NOT until the driver spoke to me did I realize I was crying. He was clumsily sympathetic. At my suggestion we drove around and around the park. Then, when I was quieted, he took me to the hotel.

Irene had an enormous suite that was already filled with people, telephones ringing, flowers arriving, cocktails being served. I greeted a

There's a tip for you in what this cowpuncher knows about coffee

IT takes a lot out of a man to ride the range all day. So the cowpuncher likes his coffee—and plenty of it.

What that coffee does is take the sag out of tired muscles. It actually banishes fatigue. More, it makes the mind and muscles more alert, if there's more hard riding ahead.

But can a cowpuncher sleep? You ought to see him hit the bedroll! For the fact is, the lift he gets out of coffee—or the lift it gives you—lasts only two hours, if you're like 97 people out of 100.*

That means you can enjoy coffee in the evening and enjoy sleep too. Try it and see.

Medical authority on request

PAN AMERICAN COFFEE BUREAU, NEW YORK CITY

RIGHT or WRONG?

Can you score 100% in this 1-minute Coffee Quiz?

COFFEE IS VITAL TO PUBLIC MORALE

Right? ☐ Wrong? ☐

"I venture to predict that nothing could so break down public morale . . . as the stoppage of the public's morning cup of coffee," said a high-ranking naval official in testifying recently before the Senate Naval Affairs Committee (HB9218). Check "Right" above.

COFFEE INCREASES EFFICIENCY

Right? ☐ Wrong? ☐

In a recent scientific test, one group of stenographers, who were given coffee, wrote more words per minute and made fewer mistakes than the members of another group who were denied the helpful stimulation coffee invariably gives. Check "Right" above.

REMEMBER THIS: To make good coffee, use enough—a heaping tablespoonful to each cup.

HAVEN'T YOU GOT "A THING TO WEAR"?
CHEER UP! What you need is another cup of coffee!

COFFEE CHEERS YOU UP!

Published by the Pan American coffee producers, for the benefit of the American public, the largest consumers of coffee in the world

BRAZIL • COLOMBIA • CUBA • EL SALVADOR • NICARAGUA • VENEZUELA

few and went to my room. I was no part of them; I had no place in this world either. No place for me anywhere, I thought, as I got into a tub, leaned back, and closed my tired eyes.

I cleared out for Washington early in the morning. The baroness, who was to come down later, stayed to shop for clothes.

Washington was a crushing disappointment. Everything happened as Mme. Renou had prophesied. I was treated deferentially but with every conceivable dodge and a total disinclination to listen to my story. Cyrus Potter, the chargé d'affaires, had given them to understand in a confidential report that I was imagining things and that I was probably affected by the loss of my father—a polite inference that I was somewhat deranged.

I dropped the subject then and made inquiry about Arthur Forsythe. They duly explained that he had automatically been discharged from the service. In due time he would serve his prison term and be deported from the country. The whole case was most unfortunate, but merely a minor distasteful incident.

Now my fighting spirit was aroused. Suppose an individual didn't count. What about the other information I had? What of the great work of the peace syndicate? *They smiled!* There were hundreds of organizations, as many groups and bands and rings as there were hairs in an elephant's hide, and voluminous reports were to be had on all of them. What about disease bombs? Or poison mixed with siliceous earth which could be released at great heights so that the poison would seep slowly, over a period of days, and even weeks, on a town? Or the bombs of powdered iron, ground so fine that the first flame, which meant even if it were only a match struck in a street, would ignite the whole area with a blanket of fire?

PERHAPS I talked to the wrong people. In mounting fury I said too much for the first time. The result was that I was called next morning by one of the highest officials in the country and told with brutal sharpness to drop the subject, to forget anything I had ever heard, and to speak to no one about it ever. He explained caustically that the United States had more information than I could possibly give, and warned me, if I meant well, to control any glib references to whatever information I may have gathered.

There I was. Ushered out. Standing on the steps, the door closed behind me. My country wasn't interested in what I had to say, and would like me to keep out of things. All right, I thought grimly, just watch me!

I took the train that night up to the little Maine town where my father was born, and next day I attended his official burial. His whole home town was out to do him honor, or rather my grandmother was the star of the show. I saw only the flag that draped his coffin and for which he had lived his life—for which he had suffered wounds that had almost crippled him. In foreign lands he had served it selflessly. At what point had he joined up with this group that worked internationally? Had his own government ever denied him, too, and forced him to do his good work outside the fence?

My bitterness and fury mounted so that I was beside myself. I didn't dare stay long with my grandmother, for I wasn't any comfort to her. Of course I didn't want to tell her any of the things I suspected, or any of the circumstances of her son's death.

I left her after a brief visit and joined Irene, who had settled herself elaborately in Washington, dead set on making a gay time of it.

She was giving a large dinner and dance the night I returned to Washington. Her rest cure had developed into a lively social whirl, and she was queening it joyously.

I SET out deliberately to have a good time—too good a time. I think even the baroness was shocked at my consumption of champagne. Such gaiety was not seemly in a daughter who had just put her father into his grave.

I greeted every one right and left hilariously. I spotted old Major Dort and danced with him. At the punch bowl, a man put his hand on mine and asked with amiable familiarity if I would take him out for air because he needed it. I liked his looks and took his arm.

"Maybe I need air, too," I laughed.

Outside, his manner changed. It was he who took my arm now and he walked me rather briskly.

"Don't you know, Miss Dillon"—his voice was British—"that no good working agent lasts longer than two drinks? You have had any multiple of that."

Startled, I stood still and looked up at him.

"I'm not an agent," I said.

"That's just reaction," he said. "You are hurt. You're behaving this way because you want to cry."

I stopped short.

"Cry! Because I want to die! Because I am confused and bewildered! Because I don't know what's right!"

He smiled sadly and took my arm and continued walking.

"We knew it would happen to you. Can't you see that your government wouldn't dare accept your story openly because you are marked? Because others have been watching, fearful of what you would tell, and have been watching the reaction in every office that you have entered. Your government knows that. You can get nowhere with them officially."

"Officially or unofficially, I don't care any longer," I declared.

He didn't answer. We walked a long way in silence.

"You love your country as your father did," he said gently, "but you are fresh and young and raw and under suspicion. If you want to work for your country, if you want to vindicate your father and carry on his plans, you will have to work with us."

We were back in the hotel ballroom, joining the party. Just before he turned me over to a young foreign correspondent who wished to dance, he said:

"Why have you been so slow starting to work as H. asked you to?"

I stared at him, confused, but he outstared, forcing me to remember. A person who was the leak for a new armament plan! Henri had said he suspected it was a woman. He had dared me to try where others had failed. I threw back my head and laughed softly.

"I had forgotten. I had actually forgotten!" I said a little hysterically. "You see how useless I am."

I broke off vaguely; remembering my promise to Arthur that I would keep out of it.

"You are wrong, all of you, to expect anything of me," I sighed. "How ridiculous to expect me to work if clever people like yourself are here."

"I wouldn't have the access you have," he said crisply. "Few of us would. A woman has an advantage anyway, and a very young girl has the edge on any one. Just remember it is some one betraying your own country—selling out its armament secrets."

I stared up at him—his eyes were compelling.

THE young correspondent came up and asked me to dance, and I gladly waltzed off with him. I found out that the Britisher's name was Alec Dodson, but the rest of the young man's chatter bored me, and I was glad when a famous strip tease was announced and I could sit in the semidarkness, watching her gyrations in the spotlight, marveling at the feverish appeal of a whitewashed female body twisting to monkey music and public exposure.

She was a lovely creature, wild, almost savage, and she delighted in exhibition. She loved her own body. The response was out of bounds, but Bobo, as she called herself, would do no more. There were promises that she would join the party, which she did very shortly. She was clad in only one garment, I felt sure, which was a sheer mesh of clinging gold. Her admirers were numerous and of both sexes.

Bobo, it seemed, was a star of that year's most popular roadhouse, far enough out of the city to be free of strict jurisdiction.

"Somebody," the young correspondent told me, "must write her lines for her, for she is clever and knows practically everything about practically everybody."

I went over with the baroness and listened to Bobo greet some of the stuffiest of shirts with outrageous impudence. Beside Bobo was a heavy short man they called Gummy—a sort of bodyguard. I watched her handle some of the hard-boiled cosmopolitan sports.

Her table thinned down to an approximate dozen who shifted occasionally, and once in a while a few dancers would stop by to chat and have a drink.

Among these, fairly late in the evening, was Major Dort, who wanted to be introduced and who seemed to feel it necessary to stuff a monocle in one eye. He was dangerously ruddy, and while no one could call him unsteady, it was obvious he had taken far more than his share of Irene's good champagne. His mouth was a little foolish as he leaned over to take Bobo's hand.

"Why, the cute little man-child!" she greeted him. "Come here and sit beside me. What is this that Frank tells me about you? You're one of the town's best bachelors?"

The major beamed as if he had accomplished something.

"But I adore bachelors," she confessed. "I collect them, for I must find some one some day to marry me."

Her closer companions snickered appreciatively, but I thought the major looked a little annoyed.

I could see that his drink-clouded brain was getting the idea that he was being laughed at. It made me nervous because he was going to appear ten times as ridiculous if he couldn't take the gibes. Bobo had managed to snuggle against him and was offering him a glass of champagne. He took it hesitatingly, as if not quite sure of her friendliness, yet lured by her nearness.

"I am going to like you particularly," she told him caressingly, "because you remind me of some one very dear and sweet."

"I do?" He grinned fatuously.

"But the family kept us separated. He wasn't good enough for us."

"And why not?" demanded the major.

I knew, sitting a little on the outside, that he was putting his foot into it. I could see the group around Bobo watching her, waiting for her unfailing barb.

"I used to have to sneak away"—her voice was filled with sorrow—"to see him, as I would really like to slip away occasionally and see you, major, if you would let me. But he wasn't good enough for us, poor grandfather. You see, I am a peculiar combination. Nothing else could explain Bobo. There's Irish in me and Mongol and Egyptian, British and French, Spanish and Negro. My dear grandfather was a colored slave."

Guffaws. Bobo twisted her impish little face with its mocking smile close to the major's.

And then, like a flash—he slapped her!

I gasped, genuinely shocked.

I saw Gummy, the swarthy bodyguard, pull out a gun. I was on my feet instantly. Where I got the courage, I don't know—but I grasped his shoulder.

"Don't be a fool!" I said harshly.

The heavy dark eyes focused on me, and I shivered. It was the first time, I think, I had seen the eyes of a killer. I was trembling, but I crossed swiftly to the major. It was the surge of old loyalty to an army man, I suppose, that made me do it.

He was shaking, his eyes still steamed with anger, but his mouth looked foolish.

"Major, I want to dance," I said.

My voice steadied him; his mouth relaxed. He bowed stiffly to Bobo, who was sitting straight in her chair, her head thrown back triumphantly.

"My deepest apologies," the major said, "but there was a fly on your cheek."

I took hold of his arm. Another moment and we were out on the floor. It all happened so swiftly, and every one seemed eager to cover it up. Some one in the group might talk. Some columnist might get the story. No superior officer hearing of the matter could very well ignore it. Whatever the major's standing, things like that didn't happen.

He never spoke when he danced, and he didn't thank me when he was finished. But he said good night to Irene and left shortly afterward. I was glad there was no chatter after he had gone. Every one seemed eager to avoid the subject. After all, it had been a small group, and to those who started to repeat the story, I and a number of others protested that we had been right there, and that no such thing had happened. We insisted it was the story of some drunk.

I DON'T WANT LOVE TO PASS ME BY...
THAT'S WHY I GUARD AGAINST DRY, LIFELESS "MIDDLE-AGE" SKIN!
HOW PALMOLIVE, MADE WITH OLIVE OIL, HELPS KEEP SKIN SMOOTH, ALLURING!
IN ALL FAIRNESS TO THE MEN, YOU REALLY CAN'T BLAME THEM, BABS, FOR NOT FALLING IN LOVE WITH GIRLS WHO HAVE DRY, LIFELESS, OLD-LOOKING SKIN!
BUT HOW CAN I GUARD AGAINST IT, SUE? I JUST DON'T SEEM TO BE ABLE TO KEEP MY SKIN SOFT AND SMOOTH!
WHY DON'T YOU TRY PALMOLIVE SOAP? YOU SEE, PALMOLIVE IS MADE WITH OLIVE AND PALM OILS, NATURE'S FINEST BEAUTY AIDS. THAT'S WHY ITS LATHER IS SO DIFFERENT, SO GOOD FOR DRY, LIFELESS SKIN! IT CLEANSES SO THOROUGHLY YET SO GENTLY THAT IT LEAVES SKIN SOFT AND SMOOTH...COMPLEXIONS RADIANT!
THANKS FOR THE BEAUTY ADVICE, SUE! I'M GOING TO START USING PALMOLIVE! MAYBE IT WILL SOLVE MY COMPLEXION PROBLEM, THEN LOVE WON'T PASS ME BY!
PALMOLIVE
Made with Olive Oil TO KEEP SKIN SOFT, SMOOTH, YOUNG

Relieved, I joined a chemin-de-fer game the baroness had set up. My luck was good, as usual, and I played until breakfast was served.

Yet through the hours Major Dort's behavior kept nagging at my mind. It was peculiar. He must have known Bobo's reputation. Other people had taken her impudence in an even greater measure. Even though he may have had too much to drink, surely he must be experienced enough under any circumstances . . . No, it didn't add up. It just didn't make sense.

What other reason could he have had to behave like that? To prove that he and Bobo were mortal enemies? To establish that there could be no contact, intimacy, relationship, or remote friendliness between them? She might be the toast of Washington, but nobody would have any doubt but that the major would give her a clear berth.

Suppose, then, that he and she could arrange some casual encounter quite frequently in public without suspicion in any one's mind. There might well be places where he could go and she could go at one and the same time and still not be noticeable. A perfect bridge, that. A perfect go-between. I was convinced now that I was right. All I had to do was prove it.

At that moment I glanced up at the man standing behind my chair. It was Alec Dodson. He smiled and bent down toward me.

"I see you are doing very well," he said.

I stood up, signaling that I would cash in.

"I may be doing better than that," I told him. "I may be getting to work, as you said."

He raised a questioning eyebrow, but I shrugged. I thought again of my promise to Arthur to keep out of it. But this was something special. This was an inside job; somebody selling out his own country. And any one, anywhere, would work willingly on that.

I became fevered with it. It made the sort of life I lived with the baroness bearable.

ABSOLUTELY no gossip hit town about Major Dort the next few days. On the contrary, I found he was distinguished for his fine honorable record. Whoever may have whispered the story, no columnist printed it.

My thought persisted. Henri had said there was a leak in the War Department and that he thought there was a woman connected with it. . . .

I dragged Irene to the roadhouse where Bobo performed. I learned that Bobo was the mistress of a wealthy oil man who kept her in a measure of splendor outside of Baltimore, but who, unfortunately, could visit and enjoy her society only a few months a year.

It was almost impossible for me to approach her without arousing suspicion. I could think of no reason. Gummy, her bodyguard, was always with her and the man frightened me.

But I made further inquiries and found that she had a sickly brother whom she supported and who was, or considered himself, a painter. I managed to track down where he lived, and got a line, through neighborhood stores, on him. He disapproved of his sister and her mode of living; he accepted her support and yet despised her. Most of all, he was afraid of her. I gathered that most people were afraid of Bobo's temper and her audacious lack of morals.

The rest was fairly simple. Our car broke down near the young artist's house. Nobody could suspect the baroness, who was garrulous and who shrieked with joy at discovering art in the attractive poverty-stricken young man. We were grateful for his help in a quarter difficult to obtain service, and I suggested to the baroness that if she patronized him and had her portrait painted by him, perhaps a young genius might be discovered. She was thrilled with the idea and made arrangements with him. That was splendid. I could accompany her. He would be grateful and working hard and apt to talk. I counted on all those things, and I was right.

Any little point that he let drop I followed through. I trailed Bobo and her activities tirelessly, and at last I was rewarded.

ONE of the first things that I had learned was that she was crazy about horse racing. I made it a point not only to know her bookie and deal with him, but to go to every race that she went to. Four times I noticed that the major attended the same races. Of course he was crazy about gambling too; but twice I found them in line at the same window, and I was convinced that he passed her information then. My next step was to find the one she transferred it to, and how. I worked even harder on her brother, who by now was completely enthralled with Irene and myself.

He told us fantastic stories of how Bobo furnished her home. We begged him, for a lark, to take us to see the place, and he arranged it at a time when he knew she was headed for a quick trip to New York. Her maid and personal secretary were with her. Her cook was ill, and evidently the butler could be had.

We left Irene's car at the gate and walked up a long driveway. The door was unlocked, and the butler didn't even bother to make an appearance.

Irene chortled with delight at the snakeskin banisters, at the hand-painted piano and the furred lamps. But try as I might, I couldn't get any real time alone at the woman's desk. I pretended to be distressed by something I had eaten for luncheon, and got the bedroom and bathroom to myself, leaving Irene and Bobo's brother to sample some Calvados which they had found. What drawers and chests I managed to ransack hurriedly brought no success.

I found what I wanted by sheer luck—in the bathroom. It was wrapped around a bottle of depilatory—as instructions for use are often wrapped around tubes or bottles of medical supplies or toilet articles. There was another around a half-used bottle of milk of magnesia. All of it there innocently enough among the endless array of preparations she had.

I don't think there is any thrill comparable to such triumph—to have landed a case singlehanded. There may be other successes just as heady, but when I first realized that the paper I held in my hand was a cipher message of information, I might have known that the bug bit deep into me. I might have known that all the promises to Arthur would mean nothing if some one tossed me a good trail to follow—a good case to crack.

And now what to do? Take it with me, or leave it there and get information somehow to Henri? The temptation to take it was great—but so was the danger.

I had nobody to turn it over to without a long wait. Besides, the butler or his wife might talk, and Bobo might darn well make it her business to find out who had been in her place.

So I left the things there, and went to rejoin Irene and Bobo's brother. I thought the whole house seemed singularly quiet as I opened the bedroom door. Irene's loud voice and laughter were plainly missing. I frowned, leaned over the banisters, and called her name.

No answer. Something like terror filled me. I went back through the bedroom and looked out the window. Way down by the gate I could see Irene and Bobo's brother leaving the grounds. What could it mean? Why would they go away and leave me?

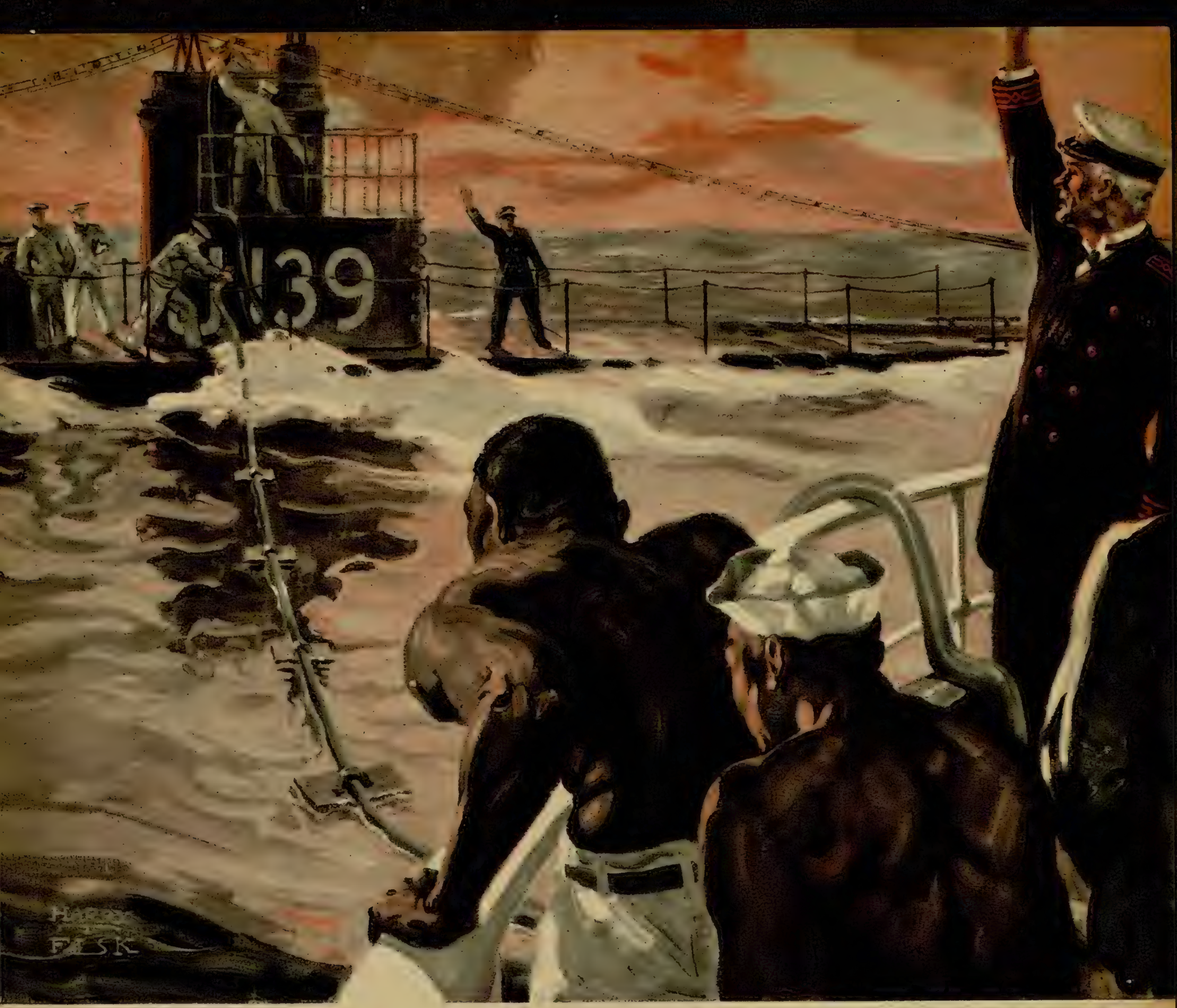
I RUSHED back to the hall and started down the stairs. But cold fear seized me. The place was so unbelievably silent, I had the horrible intuitive knowledge that something was waiting for me at the foot of the stairs. I crept tiptoe down the steps, mortally scared of what I would see. I almost fainted when I came to the landing and saw!

The bodyguard stood in the hall, eyes raised to the landing—waiting for me. His face was thrust forward, his whole body taut, as if he were ready to spring.

I caught hold of the banister, certain for a moment that I was going to faint. He had a gun in his hand, and now he lifted it.

"Come on down," he ordered me. "I can remember a time once before when you stopped me from using this! There's nobody to stop me now, you know, and it's not really against the law to shoot down an intruder."

Is this another put-up job? Was Hester fooled into visiting this house so that she might be trapped? And who plotted it—the baroness? If not, how did it come about that she and Bobo's brother left Hester alone to the mercy of Gummy? There are still more startling surprises in next week's Liberty.



Captain Crice raised his hand, and from the U-boat came the answer, "All set." The English had an accent.

SEA-DOG'S Revenge

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY T. FISK

A vivid drama of one man's courage, and the wartime dangers of the deep

BY GEORGE MASSELMAN

READING TIME ● 29 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

MR. LAMSON jerked the earphones off his head and threw down his pencil. He was disgusted. The war might be exciting for some people, but as far as he was concerned it was a colossal flop. For hours he had been twisting the dials and, except for a weather report from Colon, all he had been able to pick up was in secret code. The paper before him, on the rickety desk which served the Santa Rosa as instrument table, was scribbled full of five- and ten-letter combinations which no one could decipher unless he had the code.

Going out on deck, the venerable wireless operator dolefully reflected that he might have done better by staying on the Pacific side of the isthmus, where ships were at least still using plain language, rather than expecting any excitement on a rusty little tanker which careened across the Caribbean like a kerosene peddler through New England. All they had been doing was touching at small ports throughout the islands, gradually getting rid of the oil with which they had filled the Santa Rosa in Venezuela. She was registered in a neutral Central American country, and her flag was a protection from the U-boats which, at this stage of the war, were coming clear across the Atlantic. But even without that protection, the dilapidated tanker would have been safe, as no U-boat commander would have wasted one of his precious torpedoes on her when there were so many more important prizes to be had.

"Hey, Sparks, any news?" Mr. Lamson looked up and saw Captain Crice hanging over the bridge railing. He was a plain sort of Englishman who, in his dungarees and singlet, hardly looked the part of master, except perhaps on the Santa Rosa, where the very fact that a man was white immediately put him among the three ranking officers of the ship. The other two were the mate and the chief engineer. And even this was one more than the last voyage, because the mate had replaced a half-breed.

The wireless operator slowly shook his head.

"Come on up," the captain called when he saw that the other seemed to have no intention of coming to the bridge voluntarily.

Reluctantly Mr. Lamson climbed the iron ladder, more motivated by an inborn kindliness than by a desire to be friendly. The Santa Rosa had about as much use for a radio operator as for a garbage truck, and he felt he was wasting his time.

"You say there is no news?" the captain began.

Again Mr. Lamson shook his head.

"Not a word," he said. "And even if there were, I don't think I'd be able to pick it up. I've never seen such a heap of junk."

"Everything is in pretty bad shape," the other said apologetically, "even the oil line." He kicked his foot against a mass of hose which covered the bridge in coils. It was used for transferring the oil from the tanks to lighters which came alongside in ports where they had to stay on the roads. At certain intervals it had cork rings to keep it afloat. Apparently the captain had been working on it. "We're all in the same boat," he went on. "Do you think I like to work as a deck hand when I've had my master's ticket for over twenty-five years?"

"I suppose not," Mr. Lamson said, "but that's your business. As far as I'm concerned, this is my last trip on this hulk."

"Do you mean that?" Captain Crice asked. His face had taken on a worried look, as if he blamed himself for the dreary monotony on the Santa Rosa.

OF course I mean it," Mr. Lamson said heatedly. "Why do you think I left the Pacific? For this? Like hell I did! I figured I was going to find out something. There is a war going on, and I want to know what is happening. But this is awful. Why, man, do you realize that every old woman in Brooklyn with a six-dollar radio set gets more news than I?"

"We need a radioman to tip us off about submarines," Captain Crice said weakly. "They say they are much bigger than in the last war."

Mr. Lamson laughed derisively but stopped abruptly when he saw the hurt expression on the other's face. He had intended to say that no German U-boat would look twice at the Santa Rosa, but he realized he had no right to insult a man about his ship, so he only said that he wished he'd see one of those submarines.

"You wouldn't say that if you had lost your ship to one of 'em."

"No, I suppose not." But even while he made this noncommittal remark Mr. Lamson sensed an undertone of some earlier disaster. "Did you?" he asked.

The other nodded his head.

"Yes," he said calmly, "I did. It was my first command. I hadn't been master for more than twenty-four hours when it happened. It caused me a lot of trouble."

"Why? How could you help it? It was war, wasn't it?"

"They said I could. The U-boat rose to the surface, directly in my path. It was winter and choppy, and she could not have known I was so close. I was thinking of my own ship first—an impulse to avoid a collision. I ordered a hard starboard helm, the only thing that could make us swing clear. Not until it was too late did I realize that I should have headed straight for him. I should have been a hero if I had."

"What happened instead?" Mr. Lamson asked, looking away over the too blue and too placid surface of the sea. He heard a short laugh emerge from the other's throat.

WHAT do you think happened? The tables were turned. The U-boat began shelling us at once. In between some shots I shouted through my megaphone to give us ten minutes to get into the boats, but the only answer I got was, 'Jump, you British!' We jumped and a trawler picked me up. It would have been better if I had gone down, because the worst was yet to come."

"How so?"

"My mate was also saved. He had been on the bridge, too, and at the inquiry he swore that I had deliberately swerved clear of the U-boat instead of ramming her. Well, I had, but not for the reason they thought. I had thought only of my own ship. Naturally I could not get another ship, and for years I did all sorts of jobs until I finally got this secondhand tanker. I don't like U-boats."

Mr. Lamson noticed the bitterness and visualized the endless years that this man had been roaming the world, if not openly accused of conniving with the enemy, at least being suspected of it wherever Englishmen met. Perhaps a continued peace might in time have blunted the story or might have made it die completely, but not now.

"Maybe, though, I won't be having the Santa Rosa very long," Captain Crice said after a little while. "I applied for service the last time we were in Barbados. With my master's ticket I ought to be able to help, if only by running a mine sweeper. They said they'd have word for me the next time we pull in." He walked away and looked over the shoulder of the Negro helmsman to see if he was on his course. When he came back he began gathering the oil-line hose, pushing it carefully down the companionway to the deck in front of his cabin. "The mate likes to have the bridge to himself when he comes on," he said by way of explanation. "I'll keep working on it down below."

MR. LAMSON left the bridge and almost ran into Mr. Leffingwell, the mate, a youngish man with a keen face; English, too. His way of dressing was about the same as that of Captain Crice, except for a uniform cap which he wore jauntily over one ear, like most young British men of the sea. He nodded slightly when he saw Mr. Lamson and quickly mounted the bridge, gripping the stair railing with a pair of hands which were almost delicate in comparison with those of the captain.

For want of anything else to do, Mr. Lamson returned to his cabin, having to go through some contortions to get into the chair which was wedged between the table and the bunk. Mechanically he adjusted the earphones and began another vigil of the ether, doing his best to concentrate on submarine warnings which were broadcast at frequent intervals. The smell of burning rubber made him swear audibly. Disconnecting the batteries, he deftly turned the instrument around. This was not the first time he had run up against similar trouble. The salt air had corroded most of the connections and every so often one gave way completely.

It was a wonder, he thought, that the whole box had not burned up long ago. Mr. Lamson might easily have hastened that process, but the truth of the matter was that each time he diligently repaired the trouble. Looking for his pair of pliers, he was annoyed to find they were gone. It was the second time something had disappeared; first a roll of friction tape and now the pliers. He rummaged through a drawer for another pair and had almost put the thing out of his mind when he suddenly realized that perhaps the captain had borrowed them to repair the hose with. Most likely that was where the friction tape had gone, too.

Mr. Lamson shook his head. It was significant that on the Santa Rosa repairs had to be made with one pair of pliers. It made him wonder how the dour Scotchman who went by the resounding title of "chief engineer," but who never looked like anything but a decrepit old fireman, was making out below. If it meant anything that the generator went haywire at least once a day, he had his hands full. Perhaps that was why he never came on deck and preferred to stay near his wheezing engines.

It was getting darker outside and Mr. Lamson switched on the solitary bulb which was fastened to the bulkhead in front of him. By its flickering light he finished the job and, seeing that it was almost dinnertime, he sauntered over to the messroom. The captain was still working on the hose line, but he was now in his cabin, because outside it had become too dark.

The floor was cluttered with long, sinewy coils that seemed almost alive.

"There is more work to be done on it than I thought," the captain said, seeing the wireless operator standing in the doorway. "As a rule the chief looks after it, but he says he can't spare the time."

"I don't doubt it," Mr. Lamson said. "Are those my pliers you're using?" He pointed to the pair on the dresser alongside a coil of electric wire which was perhaps the only kind of wire on the ship that could be used as a service around the couplings.

"Yes, do you mind awfully?"

"No, I have another pair," Mr. Lamson said.

"You still intend leaving us?" the captain said.

"Yes. I'm through. I'll stay until Maracaibo, but that's the end of it." He realized that even this would mean at least two more weeks of boredom, since the Santa Rosa was still full of oil, having touched, so far, at only a few small ports. "I don't suppose our trip will be any shorter this time," he insinuated.

"No, just about the same. Say," the captain said suddenly, his voice becoming confidential, "do you think you could raise Barbados for me and find out if there is an answer to my application?"

"Sure I could," Mr. Lamson replied. "I'll see what I can do in the morning. It's no use trying now. War or no war, those fellows are bound to be dressing for dinner."

"Yes, I suppose so," Captain Crice said. "Try 'em tomorrow morning. I am kind of anxious to hear. Don't you think they could use a fellow like myself? I do hope they want me."

The bell from the Negro cook summoned them to the messroom. They ate in silence, the wireless operator wondering how he could survive two more weeks of boredom and the captain possibly thinking of U-boats.

THE next morning the Santa Rosa began pushing through the little-frequented waters between Trinidad and the mainland. It was a route they had not taken the last trip when, instead, they had headed for Granada after touching at Margarita. Right after breakfast Mr. Lamson tried to contact Barbados. It took him more than half an hour before the station answered his calls, and after that he kept a constant vigil for the expected reply. The answer was short and snappy: "Application for service overseas denied."

Captain Crice was on the bridge. He was no longer working on the hose line, and Mr. Lamson figured he must have finished it during the night. He stood at the railing, scanning the horizon through his glasses, and he did not notice the wireless operator until he was right beside him. He appeared a bit startled, as if ashamed of being surprised in the purposeless task of looking at nothing when he could have been engaged in something more useful. He took the message. As he read it his mouth corners twitched almost imperceptibly. One big calloused hand raised itself to his face, moving downward in a deliberate motion after it had reached the forehead. On its downward path, Mr. Lamson heard it rasp against the stubbly chin.

"So they did not forget," the captain said slowly. "Does a man have to pay all his life for one little mistake?"

Mr. Lamson did not say anything. He did not feel that any comment was required. He had listened in on enough of men's problems to know that life was that way. Few, if any, ever succeeded in cleaning the slate.

"I really hadn't expected anything else," Captain Crice said resignedly. Now there was a strange calmness in his voice. "I know how they figure those things. This man might have been a hero, they reason, but he chose to be a coward. What of it if he was concerned with the safety of his first command? He should have grabbed the bigger issue and rammed the U-boat instead. Maybe they think I even did it on purpose!" His voice raised itself suddenly. It was the first time that Mr. Lamson had seen the captain become excited, and because of that it did sound a bit unreal. "Well, such is life, Sparks," he said airily. "I suppose I'll be on the Santa Rosa until she rots under my feet."

BETWEEN the islands and the coast, edging toward the muddy

MILLIONS MORE SWITCH TO OLD DRUM

"I'M NOT SO HOT on skis, but I do know good whiskey. And, mister, when Dick brought out that bottle of Old Drum—he really had something there. It has that swell flavor that only skillful blending gives. I was amazed a whiskey so smooth and mellow could be bought at such a low price!"

UP-UP-UP go the sales of Old Drum across the nation. In Indiana alone, for instance, demand for this smooth, mellow whiskey has sent sales to a record high . . . up actually 179.6%! With Old Drum setting records like this, is it any wonder the big swing is to this fine blended whiskey?

FOR FLAVOR, QUALITY, PRICE
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FULL PINT
OLD DRUM WHISKEY
YOU CAN'T BEAT IT!

OLD DRUM
BRAND · Blended Whiskey

Old Drum Brand BLENDED WHISKEY—90 Proof—75% Grain Neutral Spirits. Copr. 1939 Calvert Distillers Corp., New York City.

waters of the Orinoco, the Santa Rosa crept stealthily along. Through the porthole Mr. Lamson saw the shimmering reflection of the sun, hot enough to create a haze over the sea where there was no wind to carry it away. It brought the horizon nearer, or rather made it disappear into that pall which hung over the water. He had just finished lunch, and this time he had been alone in the messroom without even the captain to give him his dejected company.

He had rushed through the meal and had repaired to the wireless shack, hoping against hope that he would be able to pick up something which might give him an inkling as to what was going on in the world. But the ether, always willing to tell him what he wanted to know, had become an inarticulate gibbering demon because of the war and the Santa Rosa's inadequate equipment.

And then, without warning, he heard his call letters. His first thought was that it might be a further explanation from Barbados for Captain Crice, alleviating perhaps the blow by giving some added reason for turning down the application. But he found that this message was not for the captain at all, but for the mate, Mr. Leffingwell.

What the hell, Mr. Lamson thought, at least it is something. But as he scribbled down the words his feeling of anticipation left him. Frowning, and with an ill-repressed anger, he went through the motions of writing the words on paper. Except for the first word, all the rest was secret code in five-letter formations like everything else he had intercepted during the past weeks.

He was told to repeat the words, checking and rechecking them, because one letter might change the whole meaning of the word. At last the sender signed off. He had given no name nor had he mentioned whether it was a land station or a ship which had been giving the message. Mr. Lamson stared at the paper before him, some fifteen or twenty words, every one a five-letter combination of just plain gibberish.

There was only one word which by any stretch of the imagination could have been called pronounceable and that word spelled "*kreiz.*" He jumped at that one word, repeating it to himself over and over, as if in that manner it might gather a meaning. From his schooldays he knew that it was a German word. He repeated it aloud and it sounded like "krice." A funny look crept into his face the minute he realized that this was like the captain's name. But the message was for the mate; there was no doubt about that, especially since the message was headed "Confidential."

SOMETHING impelled Mr. Lamson to know what was in that message, the only promising one that had come his way. Inwardly he boiled and considered such tactics a breach of etiquette. After all, he was under oath not to divulge the contents of messages, and he had the feeling that he was not being trusted. It was more of an insult than he could bear. He wondered if he would be able to find the code in the mate's cabin. The mate had his turn on the bridge until four, and the chance that he might come to his cabin in between time was negligible.

If he got caught, he could easily say that no one had a right to receive messages without the captain's knowing the contents, certainly not in times of war when there was no telling who might be up to some dirty work. He had practically decided to search the mate's cabin when he heard footsteps coming down the alley. Quickly he stuffed the paper into his pocket. Captain Crice stood in the doorway.

"I heard you working," he said. "Did you get any message?"

"No," Mr. Lamson lied. "Only a relay for a fellow down the coast a bit."

He was conscious of the other's searching look, and this was the second time that day the captain had surprised him.

"I thought maybe you had a message," the captain said, "about U-boats perhaps. I'm kind of anxious. If you get anything, call me. I'm going to take a little nap."

MR. LAMSON watched him walk away and heard the door of his cabin slam shut. For awhile he stood listening, wondering what he should do. Perhaps it was not such a good idea to search the mate's cabin, seeing that it was separated only by a thin wall from the captain's. He had to think of another way to find out what was in the message. Stepping on deck, he looked toward the bridge and saw Mr. Leffingwell hang over the bridge railing. The mate looked up when he saw Mr. Lamson come on the bridge and watched him go to the far port side. Mr. Lamson motioned him to come nearer.

"Were you expecting a message by any chance?" he began.

Mr. Leffingwell's eyes narrowed a bit as he gathered in the old operator's face.

"No, not exactly," he said slowly, coming a step nearer. As a precautionary measure Mr. Lamson took his hand out of his pocket and leaned it carelessly over the railing holding in it a small ball of paper ready to be dropped into the sea by a mere easing of his fingers.

"Well, I got one for you."

"Let me have it."

"I want to know what's in it."

"You took it. You must have read it," Mr. Leffingwell said.

"It's in code," Mr. Lamson said. He heard the mate suck in his breath sharply.

"Give it to me," the mate ordered, coming still closer.

"Stay where you are. If you try any funny business I'll throw it overboard and then neither of us will know what it says." He held up the crumpled message and saw the other focus his eyes on it, keenly and with pursed brows.

"You have no right to know what it says," Mr. Leffingwell argued.

"You have no right to receive code messages either, not without showing them to the captain. That puts us both in the wrong, or in the right, any way you want to look at it."

"Why do you want to know what is in it? Are you going to tell any one?"

Mr. Lamson felt that the mate was weakening, realizing undoubtedly that he was at a disadvantage.

"I'm not going to tell any one," he said sharply, regarding the question as an additional insult to his profession, "but I'm fed up on those code messages that I can't decipher."

"Will you promise not to tell a soul, on your word as an—"

"American," Mr. Lamson finished it for him. "Yes, I give you my word." He saw the mate walk off to starboard and turn the corner of the chartroom. He came back almost at once with some folded sheets of paper in his hand. Mr. Lamson saw that his right shoe was unlaced and realized that it would have been a devil of a job hunting for the code in the mate's cabin while he had it on his person.

"Where is the captain?" the mate asked.

"In his bunk, taking a nap."

"All right," Mr. Leffingwell said. "Let me have it." He had fully understood Mr. Lamson's motion of indicating a spot at the railing some three feet away.

"It's to you and it's marked 'Confidential.' The rest of it is in code. Here is the first word, XBORV."

"Give me the whole message," the mate suggested. "It'll be easier to decode."

Mr. Lamson laughed softly.

"You'll have to do it one word at a time, my boy."

". . . to Lieutenant 264 on special duty," the mate decoded tonelessly.

Mr. Lamson gave him a quick look and saw the agony on the young man's face as he divulged his secret. He began to feel sorry for him, but he soon forgot the lieutenant's problem in the face of the sudden turn of events which each new word indicated all too plainly. In staccato whispers the message acquired meaning. ". . . incontestable evidence . . . your ship intends fueling German U-boats . . . captain's movements over past few months now completely known . . . he has been in frequent touch with enemy operators ashore . . . investigation proves his record in last war highly suspicious . . . his real name is Kreiz . . . take immediate charge . . . contact this base as soon as possible. . . ."

THE mate folded the sheets of paper. His face was flushed and the muscles of his jaw were unnaturally tight. He was staring a job in the face, and he knew it. Mr. Lamson, too, felt tense. It was the last thing he could have believed of Captain Crice. All at once the Santa Rosa had become a powder keg. So that was why the captain had been so particular about the oil line. He saw Mr. Leffingwell stretch out his hand. "Give me that message," the mate said. Mr. Lamson handed it over and saw him put it into his mouth and chew on it. Then he rolled it into a tight ball and threw it overboard. "You gave me your word," the lieutenant of His Majesty's navy reminded him. All Mr. Lamson could do was to nod his head. "For your own good you keep out of this."

"Yes," he said. "Yes, of course." He hurriedly left the bridge and repaired to his cabin; being too much in evidence did not seem advisable when almost anything was likely to happen. Anyway it wasn't his war and he'd better stay on the side lines.

The cabin was like an oven, and he blamed the heat for making him feel as uncomfortable as he did, the shirt sticking to his skin and to the nape of his neck. When he put his hand to it, he felt himself dripping with sweat. In a few more hours the sun would have gone down, thank heaven! By then, too, things undoubtedly would have eased up, and a new man, a naval lieutenant, would be in charge of the tanker. But in the meantime, what about Captain Crice? He wondered what would happen to him as a result of his vagaries. He shook his head. It still did not seem possible that this man, this supposedly ill-fated sailor, could have had the audacity to have done the things he was accused of. . . .

MR. LAMSON closed his door; he did not even want to hear what might be happening elsewhere on the ship. It was not for him to take sides in a conflict which hung over the rusty Santa Rosa like an ominous cloud. . . . For a long time he sat inert behind his desk, not even attempting to hunt for a bit of news. For once it wouldn't be brought to him on the ether, but it would be brought to his door by the lieutenant after he had settled with the captain. By then it would be his turn to send the news, something like, "Have Kreiz in irons. Am returning to nearest base."

But the minutes ticked away and nothing happened; not even the course had been altered, or he would have noticed it by the changed angle of the sun beating against the porthole in an ever widening circle of blinding light. He jumped up when he heard the man at the wheel strike his customary eight bells. It seemed intended to prove that the Santa Rosa was calmly proceeding on her predestined mission. But if the tanker could carry on as if nothing had happened, so could he.

At four there usually was a weather report, and he decided to try to pick it up. Whoever was in charge of the Santa Rosa might want it, although it seemed unlikely that even a hurricane would succeed in chasing the specter which hovered around the old tanker. He picked up the earphones, methodically sharpening the tip of his pencil against a piece of sandpaper which he kept there for that purpose. He did all this without thinking. He reached for the dial and spun it to the wave length which was to give him the weather report. But almost at once he withdrew his hand from it. That one little touch had told him that his receiver was dead. Quickly he checked up on his connections but found them all in order. Following the antenna lead to where it disappeared into the mushroom on the ceiling, he saw that nothing was loose there either. The only other place could be in the antenna itself. He rushed to the deck and looked aloft to the space between the two masts. . . . The antenna had been taken down.

Suspiciously he looked down the deck, at a loss to understand the purpose of shutting the Santa Rosa off from the world, except from that part of it which was within his vision, a small circle within the rim of the haze-screened horizon. The deck was deserted. He had expected to see Mr. Leffingwell there, making the most of his acquired authority after having dealt with Captain Crice, but there was no one to be seen.

Mr. Lamson realized that this was hardly the time to make inquiries or even so much as to take a peep on the bridge or in the captain's quarters. The eerie placidity made him jumpy and he wished he had not finished the last of his bottle of rum; a good swallow might have helped him get over the jitters. . . .

HE was startled when he heard the telegraph ring to the engine room. He felt the vibration of the deck become less; the tanker had slowed down. He let his eyes roam over the sea. There was nothing to be seen, no ship, not even a plume of smoke. In exasperation he looked to the bridge again, only to be greeted by a sight which fairly took his breath away. There was Captain Crice who, for some unfathomable reason, had decided to put on his uniform, a coat with gold stripes and brass buttons, tarnished, to be sure, but a uniform nevertheless, complete with a formal wing collar and black tie.

Holding himself to the railing and watching the captain as if he were an apparition from some unreal

WHY WERE THERE TWO STRIKES ON THE DIES COMMITTEE EVEN BEFORE IT STARTED?

WHY DID CERTAIN LIBERAL FORCES IN THE UNITED STATES SENATE TRY TO BLOCK THE INVESTIGATION?

WHY DID AN ADMINISTRATION LEADER WRITE DIES THAT AN INVESTIGATION OF THE C. I. O. WOULD BE A GRAVE MISTAKE?

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MORE SNAKES THAN I CAN KILL
by Martin Dies

NEXT WEEK IN **LIBERTY** ON SALE JAN. 3

world, Mr. Lamson saw him scan the horizon minutely. At one time, when Captain Crice lowered his glasses, he was sure he had been seen, but the captain ignored him completely and then proceeded with his examination of the horizon which was drawing the sun closer and closer.

Again the telegraph rang and this time the engines stopped completely. Captain Crice was looking now at one particular spot, glasses to his eyes; but Mr. Lamson could see nothing. He turned when he heard the patter of bare feet on the deck and saw two of the Negroes carrying the coiled oil line from the bridge.

"*Cuidado!*" the captain called out, and they followed his orders by putting it down as if it were a baby, right where the valve protruded from the deck. While one of them returned to the deck, the other stayed near the coil as if he had been told to guard it, keeping his eyes on the wireless operator who was the only other person in sight.

By now the import of the situation had become fairly clear and Mr. Lamson knew, almost as if it had already happened, that before long he'd see a submarine rise to the surface . . . and that the Santa Rosa was going to fuel her. Under the circumstances it no longer seemed strange that the young British naval lieutenant had proved no match for a wily old schemer like Captain Crice.

The other sailor now returned with the float which ordinarily was used to get the nozzle across to a barge whenever a bit of a sea prevented it from coming alongside. Captain Crice had put his glasses away and, after making the ludicrous gesture of fumbling with his tie, descended slowly to the deck. Walking very erect and with a face from which all feeling had been drained, he approached the sailors, who obediently stepped aside. He bent over the coil and loosened the straps which held them in place. And, as if this were a task he did not dare leave to any one else, he himself fastened the nozzle to the float. And it was also he who uncoiled the hose and stretched it up and down the deck in long bights so that it would run out easily once the nozzle had been passed over the side. The end of it he fastened to the valve head, and Mr. Lamson saw that in the last stages of fixing the hose Captain Crice must have been pressed for time because there were still some loose wires there.

HAVING finished, the captain moved from the spot, hands on the railing and practically straddling the valve between his feet. All were waiting, the Negro sailors, Mr. Lamson, and seemingly even the Santa Rosa herself, being gently rocked by the easy swell of the sea. The waiting became eternal, with no word spoken or any move being made. That which actually moved was below the surface, a machine of destruction circling the Santa Rosa like a huge and wary shark, looking her over through the periscope which Captain Crice must already have seen. And now Mr. Lamson also knew why the antenna had been taken down. With it up, the U-boat might have suspected a trap; U-boats did not take fuel from ships with antennas strung between the masts.

AT last she broke surface a few cable lengths from the tanker. A bulge grew on the sea, growing and growing until it finally broke, becoming a conning tower cascading the water down her side. Longer and longer she grew, with her gun coming into view, shedding water. Mr. Lamson bit his lips and his hands moved nervously inside his pockets; they felt clammy and itchy. In big letters it said U139. One of the newest and the biggest, Mr. Lamson thought; it had to be to come as far as it had.

Now the hatch in the conning tower opened and sailors scrambled to her sleek deck. The sun was touching the horizon, looking blood-red now as if she blushed at the deed perpetrated before her eyes. Mr. Lamson inwardly admired the perfection with which this thing was being staged, enough of daylight to make contact, to get the hose across, and then, from a safe distance and under cover of night, to keep pumping until every tank of the submarine was filled.

The sailors were followed by officers. They maneuvered the U-boat into position, bringing her alongside and thereby shortening the distance between the two ships so that a line could be thrown across. He saw the faces of the officers, secure now in their knowledge that this was the tanker they had been looking for, the one which would meet them between Trinidad and the mainland.

Both sides seemed to feel that this was no time for a vociferous outburst; only the commander touched his cap. Captain Crice stiffly returned the salute and motioned one of his Negroes to catch the line which a German sailor made ready to throw across. The end of it came dangling in the air, and the Negro caught it deftly, bringing the end to Captain Crice, who tied it to the float. Himself, he lowered the float into the water, hanging far out over the railing, afraid perhaps of having it touch the side of the ship and so work loose again. It was floating now, the nozzle in the air like a huge sea snake with the rest of its body crawling after, following over the railing and down the side and keeping afloat by the cork rings around its belly.

Sailors untied the nozzle and carried it down into the submarine through the conning tower to act like a sinew which was to give her added life for future nefarious expeditions. The U-boat backed away now, slowly increasing the distance between herself and the Santa Rosa. The sun was quickly disappearing; twilight would not last long in these regions. Captain Crice raised his hand, indicating that they should not get farther away, and from the U-boat came the answer, "All set." It floated over the water, and the English had a broad accent.

For a short time Captain Crice made no move but remained standing at the railing. He was not looking at the U-boat but far into the distance, as if he were calling up the dim shades of the past to either condemn or condone his act. Not until then did he bend over the valve where the end of the hose had been firmly screwed on to its coupling. But instead of turning the wheel which should have started the oil flowing, Mr. Lamson saw him take the two strands of wire and crush them together in the palm of his hand.

At that instant the world stopped turning. A burst of flame shot out of the conning tower, followed by a terrific explosion. The U-boat seemed lifted clear out of the water, spewing glowing bits of steel and bodies of men. Horrified beyond words, Mr. Lamson watched the spectacle. The U-boat raised her bow out of the water and then, in one steep plunge, disappeared below the surface.

"Sparks," Captain Crice said quietly, "will you please go to my cabin and tell Mr. Leffingwell to come and man a boat. The chances are we may find a few of them alive." In a daze Mr. Lamson walked to the bridge and found the lieutenant all trussed up and gagged on the captain's bunk. The mate could barely speak.

"CAPTAIN CRICE just blew up a U-boat!" Mr. Lamson cried, following the mate to the deck. The sailors were already lowering a boat.

"You? You?" the mate shouted at the captain.

"Yes," Captain Crice said almost apologetically. "I had to. It was an old score. I am sorry if I caused you inconvenience." Mr. Leffingwell got into the boat, too bewildered to make any comment. "I had to go it alone," Captain Crice said, turning to the wireless operator. "It was that sort of a game. There was no time for explanations, so I had to knock him out. It was unfortunate."

"Yes, I see. But how did you do it?"

"Sticks of dynamite in the oil line with the wires running inside the hose to a series of batteries, right down at the end here." He put his hand on the hose, touching the wires that had set off the charge. "I had been planning it for a long time," he went on, and now his voice shook a little. "My father's name was Kreiz before he got naturalized. What hanged me in the last war now helped me in making contact with my enemy agents. It is strange the way things turn out."

His voice went trailing off and he watched the boat come rowing back with some six German sailors. "Do you think they'll give me a mine sweeper now?" he asked.

"Hell!" Mr. Lamson said. "They'll give you more than that."

THE END

PANORAMA OF YESTERYEAR

From Kipling to the movies comes a tragic tale of England's fighting past

BY BEVERLY HILLS

READING TIME ● 9 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY
3 STARS—EXCELLENT 2 STARS—GOOD
1 STAR—POOR 0 STAR—VERY POOR

★ ★ ★½ THE LIGHT THAT FAILED

THE PLAYERS: Ronald Colman, Walter Huston, Muriel Angelus, Dudley Digges, Ida Lupino, Ernest Cossart, Charles Irwin, Clyde Cook, James Aubrey, Charles Bennett, David Thursby, Colin Kenny, Armbra Danbridge, Perry Lawson, Robert Perry, Carl Voss, Ted Deputy, Halliwell Hobbes, Hayden Stevenson, Cyril Ring, Ferike Boros, Pedro de Cordoba, Hanley Stafford, Pat O'Malley. Screen play by Robert Carson, based on the novel by Rudyard Kipling. Directed by William Wellman. Produced by Paramount. Running time, 98 minutes.

RUDYARD KIPLING wrote picturesquely of old England bringing the light of civilization and colonization to the farflung ends of the earth.

His Britons were brave, laconic, fearless men carrying enlightenment to the heathen, frequently at the point of a rifle.

Here he takes a group of war correspondents and artists, sitting by in desert places to immortalize the doings of Tommy Atkins. Chiefly he wrote of Dick Heldar, an artist on the edge of genius. But Heldar gets a savage wound across his head from the Fuzzy-Wuzzies in the Sudan; slowly blindness comes upon him. The Light that Failed is the tragedy of a man doomed never to see again the beauties of the earth, particularly the charms of spring in England.

Kipling's yarns of imperialism rampant seem more than a little dated in these troubled, chaotic times. This story moves casually, almost slowly. The moods are those of another era. But Ronald Colman lends charm, force, and a tragic romanticism to the role of Dick Heldar doomed to a living death. The women of the tale are two, one a childhood sweetheart, the other a cheap little London trollop who poses for Heldar. This last role is done sharply and vividly by Ida Lupino.

Kipling's panorama was of an era when fat, stodgy war correspondents sat beside their camels, pencil in hand, to picture the glories of Britain on the march. Today things are different. The war correspondent is as dated as the cavalry charge and England's hollow square of stalwart soldiers standing off the savages of the Sudan.

Lucille Ball and Latin lover Kay Kyser in That's Right, You're Wrong.

VITAL STATISTICS: This is the third film version of the Kipling tale. . . . The Nile is played by the Rio Grande. The Anglo-Egyptian Sudan scenes were shot some thirty-two miles northwest of Sante Fe, New Mexico. Director Wellman took along a crew of 200, dammed up the Rio Grande to get it of Nile width, hired one tenth of the male Negro population of the state, exactly 180, to play the Fuzzy-Wuzzies. One cost item was: sunburn lotion, $40.25—for the Negroes who played the fanatic natives. One hundred and forty-two National Guard troopers of the 111th Cavalry and seventy-eight men of the 120th Engineers play the British Tommies of the '80s. An airplane did nothing but cut about overhead between shots, blowing away the smoke of battle. These clouds hung low over the windless mesa, obscuring action. The three-week outing cost Paramount $120,000. . . . On location Director Wellman wanted to keep in hourly touch with his wife, momentarily expecting the stork, back in Los Angeles. Teletype machines were set up at her bedside and at his Sante Fe hotel. . . . Walter Huston had trouble all through the film with the limp he acquired playing peg-legged Peter Stuyvesant for eight months in the stage play Knickerbocker Holiday. Did it with his leg strapped up and a wooden peg attached to his knee. Developed what he called "Knickerbocker knee." . . . Baby Snooks' daddy, done on the radio by Hanley Stafford to Fannie Brice's enfant terrible, plays a British officer in the cast. Another is done by Pat O'Malley, one-time silent-film star. . . . Muriel Angelus is a Londoner, born in Kensington, made debut at fourteen as a dancer in A Midsummer Night's Dream. Into the chorus later, studied voice, finally advanced to prima donna roles. Did the lead in Balalaika during its seventeen months' London run. Coming to New York, the Warners tested her for The Desert Song. Paramount scouts saw the test and signed her. . . . Binkie, the three-year-old Scottie, was Ronnie's inseparable companion through the filming. Had to be, so that the dog would register the right amount of affection. So Colman walked the dog while his trainer, Carl Spitz, watched from a distance.

★ ★ ★ THAT'S RIGHT, YOU'RE WRONG

THE PLAYERS: Kay Kyser, Adolphe Menjou, May Robson, Lucille Ball, Dennis O'Keefe, Edward Everett Horton, Roscoe Karns, Moroni Olsen, Hobart Cavanaugh, Ginny Simms, Harry Babbitt, Sully Mason, Ish Kabibble, Dorothy Lovett, Lillian West, Denis Tankard. Story by David Butler and William Conselman; screen play by Mr. Conselman and James V. Kern. Directed by David Butler. Produced by RKO Radio. Running time, 92 minutes.

THE movie folk take over one of the radio band idols—Kay Kyser—and star him in a musical film with an ingenious twist. For Kay, over his protests, takes his air outfit to Hollywood, flops in his film tryout, and returns to happy broadcasting. That's the melodic story of defeat.

Here Hollywood laughs moderately and cautiously at itself. For it casts Kyser, the bespectacled Dixie professor of the ether College of Musical Knowledge, as a romantic Latin lover and shows him as a nearsighted gondolier paddling his precarious craft under a lovely lady's balcony on the Venetian Grand Canal.

There is a sly suggestion of Hollywood studio egos rampant and there is a highly amusing duo of script writers you may recognize if you look hard.

If you like Kyser on the air, you'll discover your measure of entertainment in this film.

Anyway, you will find amusement in Adolphe Menjou as a director and in Hobart Cavanaugh and Edward Everett Horton as the writing team of Cook and Village.

"Rip my rompers, look who's here!" is the way RKO heralds Kay Kyser. This, as I warn, depends upon your love of the kilocycles.

VITAL STATISTICS: This spectacle built around a pair of spectacles had its world premiere at Rocky Mount, North Carolina, where Professor Kyser was born. There was a parade an' ever'-thing. Kay rode with his mother in the old jaloppy he once used to "grandstand" around Rocky Mount. Kay started life as James Kern Kyser, in time landed in the University of North Carolina. Played a clarinet. Hal Kemp was a student. Hal quit, took the college dance orchestra with him, and turned pro. That was 1926. At Kemp's suggestion, Kyser organized a new student orchestra of six boys. The band grew to ten. Later striking out on their own, Kyser and his pals played some forty colleges and then turned pro seriously. Hit some tough spots. Five years ago Kay lost his entire band save Sully Mason. No jobs. Then Kyser started all over again. Now he's a topliner. Of course, you've heard his air salutation, "Evenin', folks. How y'all?" . . . Ginny Simms is a regular member of the Kyser organization. . . . They tried to persuade seventy-five-year-old May Robson not to attempt that bit in the bathing pool. But she said, "Nothing doing. It's a good gag—and stays." While she did it, the whole company stood by. At "cut" they cheered. . . . Real movie scribes appear at Kay's fantastic Hollywood party in the film. Present are Hedda Hopper, Jimmy Starr, Sheilah Graham, others.

★ ★ ★ TOWER OF LONDON

THE PLAYERS: Basil Rathbone, Boris Karloff, Barbara O'Neil, Ian Hunter, Vincent Price, Nan Grey, John Sutton, Leo G. Carroll, Miles Mander, Lionel Belmore, Rose Hobart, Ralph Forbes, Frances Robinson, Ernest Cossart, G. P. Huntley, John Rodion, Ronald Sinclair, John Herbert-Bond, Donnie Dunagan. Screen play by Robert N. Lee. Directed by Rowland V. Lee. Produced by Universal. Running time, 93 minutes.

SHAKESPEARE and many lesser lights have written of this bloody fifteenth-century era in British history. Here you follow the hunchback Richard, Duke of Gloucester, on his murderous way to the English throne. Five stood in his path, two were children, but, o'ercharged with ambition, he eliminated each in turn until he held the throne for two brief years.

It isn't a pretty tale—this historical parade of Yorkist ambition and diabolic terror—but it is history in its way, before a background of scaffolds, torture chambers, medieval castles, and calculated courage. These were the dark days after the Wars of the Roses.

The crookback Richard III has been played by many stage stars of the old school. Here Basil Rathbone does him in robust classic fashion. Sharply limned, too, is Boris Karloff as the clubfooted executioner. There are too many scenes hovering around the rack and the thumbscrew and there is a lot of acting. Give a player a doublet and hose and that is inevitable. He'll act and act.

VITAL STATISTICS: Basil Rathbone and Ian Hunter boast the same birthday, June 13. Basil born in Johannesburg, South Africa, in 1892; Ian in Cape Town in 1900. . . . That's Basil's son, Rodion, using the professional name of John Rodion, who plays DeVere, an unlucky gent of the era. Loses his head to Axman Karloff. Basil had to sit in a royal box through it all and look pleased. . . . Karloff's disguise as the limping clubfooted executioner, conceived by Universal's Jack Pierce, called for having his head completely shaved. Once over every other day. Then grease paint and powder applied. Hands and wrists also shaved. Bushy eyebrows curled and waxed. Ears taped back to throw head out of proportion. Nose built up and hooked.

Short review:

★ ★½ ANOTHER THIN MAN

William Powell once more as the debonair detective, Myrna Loy again as his wife. Then there's a Thin Man, Jr., a year old, not to mention the return of Asta, the dog. But the proceedings wear a little thin for all that. (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. 105 minutes.)

FOUR-, THREE-AND-A-HALF-, AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

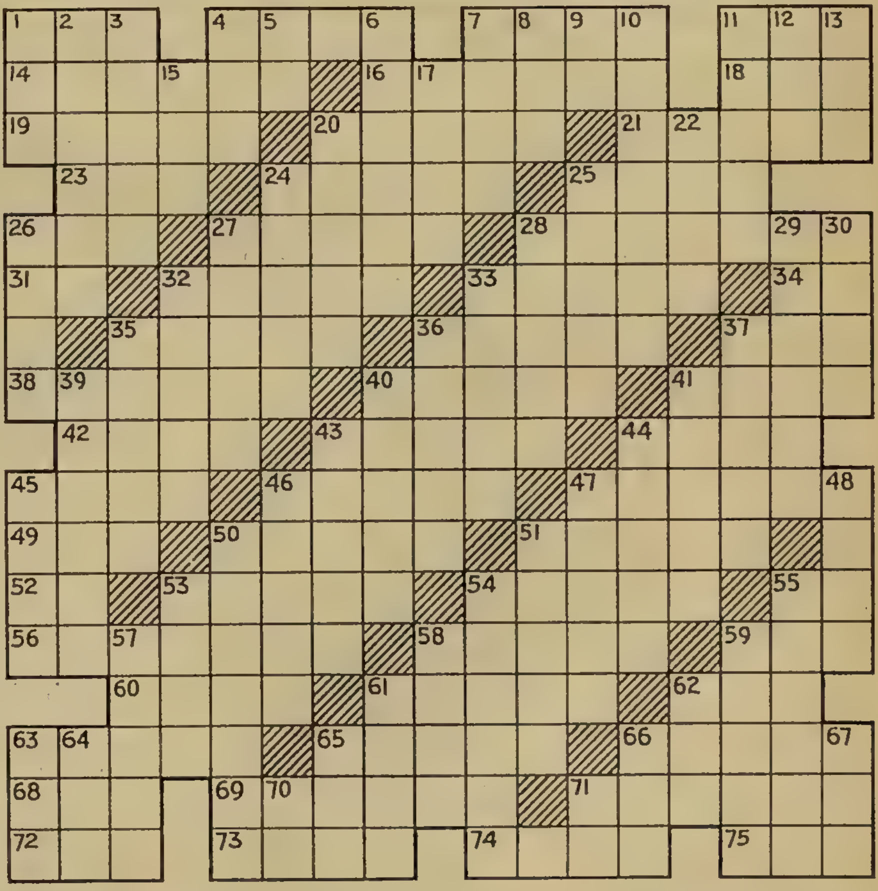
★★★★—Gulliver's Travels, That They May Live, Ninotchka, Mr. Smith Goes to Washington, Babes in Arms, Private Lives of Elizabeth and Essex, Rulers of the Sea, The Real Glory, The Women, The Rains Came, The Wizard of Oz, Stanley and Livingstone.

★★★½—We Are Not Alone, First Love, Eternally Yours, Intermezzo: A Love Story, Disputed Passage, Golden Boy, Young Mr. Lincoln.

★★★—Drums Along the Mohawk, The Roaring Twenties, Hollywood Cavalcade, Thunder Afloat, Espionage Agent, Honeymoon in Bali, The Cat and the Canary, Nurse Edith Cavell, Dust Be My Destiny, The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes, The Under-Pup, The Star Maker, Fifth Avenue Girl, Lady of the Tropics, When Tomorrow Comes, The Old Maid, In Name Only, What a Life, Each Dawn I Die, Winter Carnival, Beau Geste, They Shall Have Music, On Borrowed Time, Bachelor Mother, Five Came Back, Daughters Courageous, Man About Town, Jamaica Inn, Four Feathers.

CROSSWORDS

By LEE PASQUIN



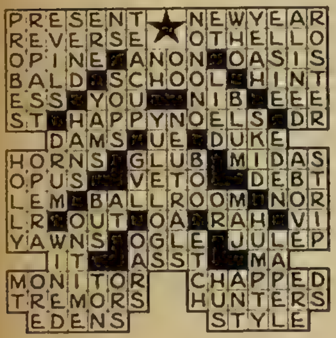
HORIZONTAL

1 Kind of cloth
4 Retain
7 Vehicles
11 Crow's cry
14 Wing-footed
16 Egg dish
18 Prevarication
19 At no time
20 Positive pole
21 Elude
23 Pledge
24 Depart
25 Spirit
26 Moist
27 Bill of fare
28 Suitcases
31 Article
32 Elemental spirit
33 Commenced
34 Not
35 Move with measured step
36 Hard-hit baseball
37 Sin
38 Disulphide of iron
40 Tree
41 Insect
42 Consumes
43 Animal
44 Sharp-tongued person
45 Head coverings
46 Wooden shoe
47 Range (pl.)
49 Native metal
50 Kind of fur
51 Scuffle
52 Preposition
53 Thin plate
54 Circular tops
55 Depart
56 Book of Psalms
58 Secretes
59 Craw of a bird
60 Nourish
61 Dilapidated hut
62 Conflict
63 Kind of perfume
65 Wing section of an airplane
66 Part of a flower
68 Gratuity
69 Worships
71 A mistake at card play
72 Thick oily substance
73 Ore vein
74 At that time
75 Color

VERTICAL

1 Sped
2 Football team
3 Turn
4 Pronoun
5 Alleged force
6 Give
7 Relinquish
8 Beverage
9 Exist
10 Outstanding
11 Tribes
12 Help
13 Very small
15 Church seat
17 Stir
20 Eagle's nest
22 Conceited
24 Spear
25 Anxious and willing
26 Pervert
27 Coins
28 Mercenary
29 Delighted
30 Kind
32 Manner of walking (pl.)
33 Small packhorse
35 Arrange in folds
36 Fruit
37 Succeed
39 Longs for
40 Small hut
41 Contests
43 Skip
44 Part of Britain
45 Pen
46 Replete
47 Coupled
48 Pack away
50 Pertaining to the side
51 Standard copy
53 Entreaty
54 Make bare
55 Auto shelter
57 Subsequent
58 Sharpen
59 Parent (Lat.)
61 Rabbit
62 Cyst
63 Toward the stern
64 Beverage
65 Seed covering
66 Write
67 Conducted
70 Perform
71 Note of the scale

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue



PRESENT★NEWYEAR
REVERSE OTHELLO
OPINE ANON OASIS
BALD SCHOOL HINT
ESS YOU NIB EEE
ST HAPPYNOELS DR
DAMS UE DUKE
HORNS GLUB MIDAS
OPUS VETO DEBT
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YAWNS OGLE JULEP
IT ASST MA
MONITOR CHAPPED
TREMORS HUNTERS
EDENS STYLE

Last week's answer

YOU CAN'T HELP LOVE

Liberty's Short Short

BY OCTAVUS ROY COHEN

READING TIME ● 5 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

YOU'VE got three dollars and forty cents in your pocket and you want to shoot the works because it's Myra you're going out with, and when you ask her where she wants to go, she says, "The Penguin Club."

So you think about the two-dollar cover charge and you say, "That's out. I never go to the Penguin Club."

"Well, I always do," says Myra. "I love it."

Something in the way she says it makes you look at her. Myra is mighty easy to look at anyway, and you're always glad of an excuse. She's a stenographer making twenty dollars a week and she knows you're clerking for twenty-seven, but when she says again, "The Penguin Club is wonderful," you know that she means more than that. You know she doesn't just mean the Penguin Club. She means all those clubs which are like the Penguin, where rich people go, and celebrities, and everybody dresses up and drinks champagne, and when there is a fight it's in all the newspapers the next day.

But you say, "You know good and well, Myra, that you haven't ever been in the Penguin Club in your life, or any place like it."

"That doesn't mean I don't love it, Walter. It doesn't mean I won't get there some day."

"That's very silly talk," you say, "from the girl I want to marry."

So Myra smiles like she is conscious of you again, and tries to be sweet, but even a swell eighty-five-cent dinner and the movies and sitting on a bench in Central Park can't make you forget how she looked when she said that some day she was going to the Penguin Club.

You're worried because you're in love with Myra and there's something between the two of you that doesn't add up right. But it's there just the same, and when a girl is thinking about places like the Penguin Club, you can't expect her to get excited about settling down in a little one-room-and-kitchenette apartment at the other end of the subway. It makes you know that it is all unfinished business, and the only reason you don't get mad is because you saw how she looked when she said it. You know she can't help feeling like she does. You know it means something to her that isn't the Penguin Club at all . . . something that's big and important.

And you can't help being more and more in love with her. You can't help believing that maybe she'd be in love with you, too, if it only wasn't for this one desire she has. You think of crazy ideas, like saving up from your lunch money so that you can take her to the Penguin Club one night, but then you realize that that isn't really what she means.

So you keep right on being in love with her, even when she stops seeing you regularly. You're so much in love with her that it hurts. You want to help, but you know that there isn't anything you can do, and you just sit back hoping the day isn't awful far off when you can help. You know what a fine girl Myra is, and what a grand wife she'd make—and what she does or what she thinks doesn't change things at all.

You talk to her on the telephone once in a while, and you don't let her think you're sore, and you even try going out with other girls. But other girls aren't Myra.

You find yourself doing foolish things, things you've laughed at other fellows for doing. You telephone her just to hear her voice, and then hang up without a word after she's said "Hello." You spend evenings walking up and down in front of where she lives. You see her come home late two or three nights with some man. In taxicabs.

You even walk down the street where the Penguin Club is and watch the people going in and coming out. You don't even get angry or jealous when you see her come out one night with that same man you've seen taking her home. Or even when you see them together another night.

THE only thing that matters is one day when they call you to the telephone and it is Myra and she asks you where you have been keeping yourself and wouldn't it be fun getting together again.

Yes, that's what matters. That's why you're so crazy happy all the rest of the day that you can't work.

The minute you meet her, you see the change. But you don't see any change that you don't want to see. You just see that this is the Myra you've always wanted her to be, and you say to her, "I haven't been chasing around much, Myra. I've got twenty-two dollars and I want to blow it all in one big celebration. Where shall we go?"

She looks at you and takes your hand, and she says, "One of those cute little French restaurants, Walter, where they have a dinner with wine for eighty-five cents. And then maybe rowing in the park."

So you say, "I've got plenty of money tonight, Myra. How about going to the Penguin Club?"

She looks at you and says, "I hate the Penguin Club."

"You've never been there," you say.

"You wouldn't believe it," she says, "but I have. Lots of times."

So you look at her and say, "I know you've been there, Myra. I saw you."

She starts to speak and then stops, like whatever she might say would be the wrong thing. You can't understand why, but you're feeling terribly sorry for her.

You say, "I saw you there three times with the same man. I saw him taking you home in a taxi."

Her eyes are wide and frightened, but she has plenty of courage. She says, "Men like that don't take girls like me to the Penguin Club just to be nice. He made that plain to me when he took me the first time."

You're proud of her for telling the truth, and you feel bad because she's suffering. You want to say something nice, something that maybe will make her feel better. You want her to know that you understand, and that nothing in the world can change the way you feel about her.

But you're not very good at pretty speeches, so you find yourself saying, "Look, Myra. How would you like to marry a clerk who only makes twenty-seven dollars a week?"

She just stands there looking at you in the kind of way you've dreamed about, so that you know that whatever happened in the past won't make any difference in the future.

It doesn't seem to make sense, because it's against all the rules of being in love. All you know is that you're terribly happy and that nothing matters except that you've got Myra. She hasn't said another word, but you know what she would say if she could talk.

So you say, "Now that we're really going to get married, Myra, we'll make a bargain never to mention the Penguin Club—or even think about it. We'll just forget that there is such a place."

Her eyes tell you everything you've always wanted to know. And then, right there in the street, you kiss her. You've got to kiss the girl you're engaged to—especially if she's crying.

THE END

Besides the regular price Liberty pays for each Short Short, an additional $1,000 bonus will be paid for the best Short Short published in 1940; $500 for the second best; and extra bonuses of $100 each for the five next best.

CHINATOWN Angel

Liberty presents the first entry for its 1940 Valor in Citizenship award

BY DEAN S. JENNINGS

READING TIME ● 20 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

Jeung Gwai Ying, imported as "false daughter"—to be sold as a slave.

THE little white-haired woman just stepped out of office quietly.

There was no fancy banquet with a speech by the mayor. There weren't any pretty parchment scrolls, or gold watches engraved: "For long and faithful service." In fact, when Miss Donaldina Cameron retired at San Francisco not many months ago, the newspapers buried the story in the general vicinity of the want ads and the whole affair was just the way she wanted it, "without fuss or feathers."

But in countless homes and countless places, and even in lands across the seas, the resignation of Donaldina Cameron was news. Important news.

For when this gentle, soft-spoken woman walked out of a somber brick building on Sacramento Street, in San Francisco's Chinatown, she was just seventy years old. And she was reluctantly giving up one of the nation's most dangerous jobs.

Not a swivel-chair post. Not a big office, with radio cars, riot guns, tear gas, and squads of tough coppers to help her. And the only weapon she herself had ever carried was nerve—and faith.

But she had been up against a racket just as vicious, just as murderous and as well organized as any ever cracked by Tom Dewey or any other racket buster. As head of the Chinatown station established by the Occidental Board of Foreign Missions of the Presbyterian Church, Miss Cameron spent forty-five years fighting the Chinese slave-girl traffic.

She fought it alone, or with any one who would help, and aided more than 2,000 girls, most of whom had been smuggled into the United States and sold at fabulous prices to sex merchants and tongs.

She crashed Chinese bagnios in New York. She pulled enslaved girls from dives in Chicago, Philadelphia, Detroit. She followed the underworld trail to virtually every city on the Pacific coast. And she finished the job of smashing wholesale slavery in the largest Chinese quarter in the world, San Francisco's. Indeed a job done with rare courage, and no reward but the love and gratitude of her almond-eyed "daughters" and the satisfaction of sending them back into the world as teachers, artisans, workers—and brides.

Today San Francisco's Chinatown is a gay, safe, and happy place, and it has been a long time since a despairing slave girl has sought freedom by strangling herself with a bright silk scarf.

If other cities are unable to make similar claims for their Chinatowns, it is only because Miss Cameron could not cover them all. In fact, it was her iron will that drove most of the girl traders out of San Francisco toward the big cities of the East.

Yet even there they were not always beyond her reach.

Vacationing in New York City not long ago, this diminutive woman led a raiding party to an underground retreat near Pell Street. They emerged with sixteen-year-old Hong Seen, one of the most beautiful Chinese girls ever imported. A syndicate had paid $8,000 for her after she had been smuggled from a ship at Boston.

It was not always so easy. Once Miss Cameron was thrown out of a speeding carriage by an enraged slaver whose human property she was trying to rescue. Several times she was hurt in hand-to-hand struggles for possession of girls she had ferreted out of Chinatown holes. More than once she escaped death or serious injury only because pursuers could not catch up with her, or were frightened off by timely help.

She still remembers vividly the morning she arrived at the mission to help aging Margaret Culbertson, the woman she would one day succeed as director.

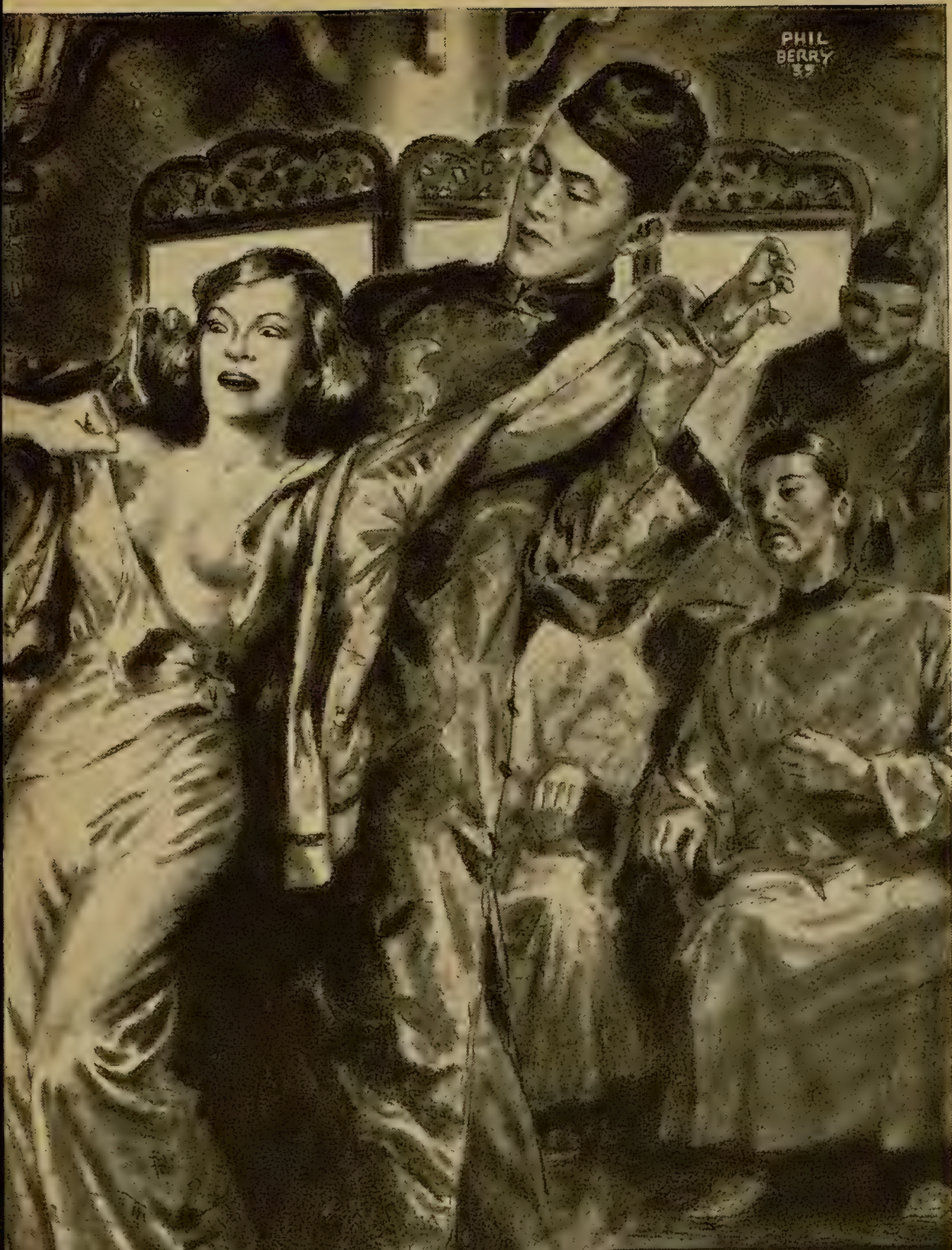
Miss Culbertson had just rescued a high-priced slave girl whose owner had immediately warned he would blow up the building. Miss Culbertson shrugged away the threat until one of the girls, sweeping in the main hall, found a stick made of brown stuff. Police identified it as dynamite—enough to wreck the entire block.

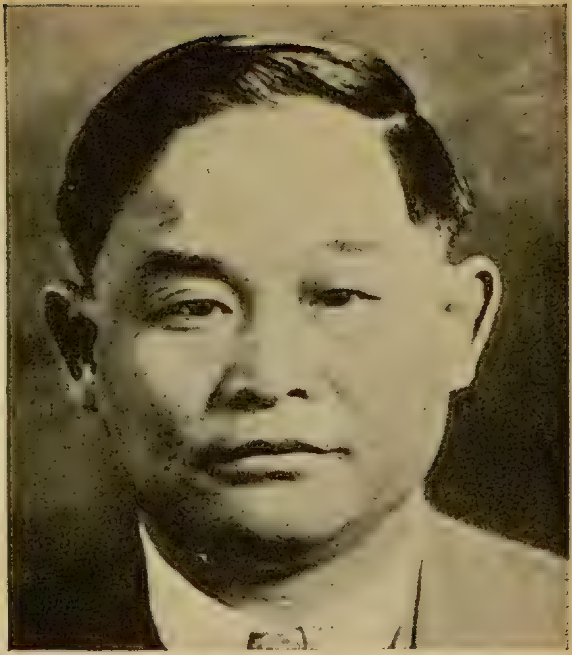
"Well," said Miss Culbertson, "you can see that there are dangers in this work. Do you want to stay?"

Donaldina Cameron's soft brown-gray eyes looked steadily at the older woman. "Do you?" she asked.

"Why, certainly."

"All right," the slim Scotch lass said. "Then I stay too."





Leong Chong Po, a highly respectable merchant—who dealt in slave girls.

hey took her to a oom in a hotel and xhibited her to rospective buyers.

Miss Cameron, who rescued Jeung Gwai Ying as she had many, many others.

It was this spirit that impelled her countryman Andrew Carnegie to remark years later: "I have never known any one quite so human, and yet so strangely divine."

Let's turn back for a moment to the year 1871. Born in New Zealand two years before that, little Dolly Cameron came through the Golden Gate on a trans-Pacific packet with her mother and five brothers and sisters. Her father, a gaunt bearded rancher born in Scotland, was already in California managing a great sheep ranch in the San Joaquin Valley.

Arriving, Mrs. Cameron made a mistake in direction and took her family to a hotel on the edge of Chinatown. And it was from the lobby windows that Donaldina first saw Chinese coolies shuffling to work at a cigar factory. She waved at one of them, and got a pleasant toothless grin in exchange. And for seven decades thereafter she had no fear of the yellow man—good or bad.

The Camerons moved much in those early years—to San Jose; to Los Angeles, where Donaldina went to normal school; then to the San Gabriel Valley, where her father had been made manager of the great Puente Ranch owned by Lucky Baldwin.

And Dolly Cameron was brought up on a quiet pattern of gentility. Sheltered, devout, educated and molded to the standards of the day.

To the ranch one day came Mrs. P. D. Browne of Oakland, then president of the Occidental Board. She told them strange tales of the little Chinatown mission, and how it had been founded by the church some sixteen years before as a haven for the few slave girls rescued from among the hundreds in San Francisco. And she told them how Margaret Culbertson was struggling to make the Thirteenth Amendment fit such victims of a suddenly growing trade.

Several days later, driving home from the little country church alone with Donaldina, Mrs. Browne suddenly brought the carriage to a stop. She turned to her pretty young companion.

"Dolly," she said, "don't you want to do something?"

The challenge was unexpected. "But what can I do?" Donaldina said lamely. "I'm not prepared for anything."

"Why not come and help Miss Culbertson at the mission? She's tired and ill, and her helper is leaving soon."

The Scotch girl's mind was crowded with conflicting thoughts. She knew nothing of commercial vice. She knew the Chinese only as a happy, hardworking people who were flooding the vast pioneer domain of the West.

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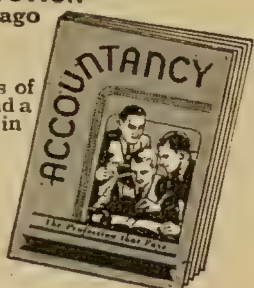

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You correct faulty living habits—unless liver bile flows freely *every day* into your intestines to help digest fatty foods. SO USE COMMON SENSE! Drink more water, eat more fruit and vegetables. And if assistance is needed, take Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets. They not only assure *gentle* yet *thorough* bowel movements but ALSO stimulate liver bile to help digest fatty foods and tone up intestinal muscular action.

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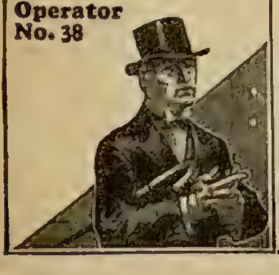

Follow This Man

Secret Service Operator No. 38 is on the job! Running down Counterfeit Gang. Tell-tale fingerprints in murdered girl's room. Thrill, Mystery.

Free *The Confidential Reports of Operator No. 38 made to his chief. Write for it.*

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Institute of Applied Science
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But — Chinatown . . . . slave girls . . . . the call of high adventure! Who could turn it down?

"All right," she said blithely; "I'll do it, but only for a year."

And so began her four and a half decades of service and conflict. Miss Culbertson died within a few months, and at twenty-five Donaldina became the new head of the first foreign mission service established in the United States. And before long the slave-girl merchants were to feel the fury of an inspired zeal.

Fahn Quai, they called her. "The white devil." But to the lost sisterhood she was Lo Mo, "the mother."

San Francisco's Chinatown in the '90s was as much feared, as ominous and uncontrolled, as the near-by Barbary Coast. The Chinese had poured into California's already mixed blood stream by the thousand. A great mass of them had squeezed into a few squalid blocks on the north side of San Francisco's Market Street. There they lived as they had in China—the merchants in splendor, the others in filth and poverty. They smoked their opium pipes, gambled, and had their slave girls.

THEN as now there were two classes of slave girls—domestic servants and concubines. The first were for the most part menials. But the others, young and pretty, were the *de luxe* merchandise of the girl market, each representing an investment of between $3,000 and $10,000.

In the daytime they walked openly through the foul-smelling byways of Chinatown, trailed by their amahs and owners. At night they were not only forced to serve their rich owners but rented out at huge fees to other wealthy Chinese, to tong leaders, and for entertainments. And finally, when faded and broken, they were farmed out to the rural areas.

Who were these girls?

How were they smuggled into California?

And why was the trade flourishing in spite of all efforts by immigration inspectors and the city police, and of the fierce resistance of the girls themselves?

Donaldina Cameron was eventually to find the answers to those questions. In her search for them, she faced an appalling task. It began with the dynamite episode, which was followed by the murder of one Foon Hing, shot down by highbinders in front of the mission just after he had asked Miss Cameron to guard a girl relative owned by a rival tong. It saw many girls stumble into the building with barely time for her to slam the door in the faces of pursuing slave dealers. It introduced her to official corruption, to bribery and threats.

She was still new on the job when an elderly and irate Chinese merchant appeared at the home one night. With him was a deputy who had a warrant for the arrest of a girl named Kum Quai, accused of stealing jewelry.

Miss Cameron, not yet familiar with her adversaries' strategy, promptly summoned Kum Quai. But when the girl saw the frowning merchant and heard the charge, she recoiled against the wall.

"No!" she shrilled in Chinese. "It's a lie! He's just trying to get me back! I stole nothing but freedom!"

Yuen Qui, the interpreter, translated her plea.

"Sorry, ma'am," the deputy said. "I'm just doin' my duty."

Donaldina Cameron nodded. It was too late to stop them now. But, as the girl was dragged crying into the street, Miss Cameron was at her side, whispering, "Have courage."

They climbed aboard a train for Palo Alto, where the Chinese merchant lived. When they got there, Kum Quai was locked up in the town's old jail—with a determined Donaldina Cameron sprawled out beside her on a packing box.

Late that night Miss Cameron heard the jailer at the cell door. "What do you want?" she snapped.

"Why, your little girl here is being bailed out," he said, "by some friends."

Her heart jumped. Bail! She had not forgotten the stories Miss Culbertson had told her of girls who were bailed out "by friends" and never seen again. There was a piece of heavy timber on the floor of the cell. She caught it up and propped it against the door.

"My little friend," she said acidly, "doesn't want to be bailed out."

The jailer got an ax, smashed open the door, and hauled out the squirming Kum Quai. She was turned over to her waiting "friends" and pushed into a carriage, and one of the Chinese reached for the reins. But Donaldina Cameron was suddenly inside the buggy too, with her arm around the hysterical girl. And she hung on until she was slugged, pried loose, and thrown out into some shrubs along the dirt road.

PRESENTLY the slavers encountered the village justice of the peace on that same road. The terrified girl "pleaded guilty," the whiskered judge fined her five dollars, and the Orientals vanished into the night.

Newspapers roared against the travesty of justice. Students at Stanford University in Palo Alto dismantled the jail. Hundreds of citizens signed resolutions of protest after hearing Miss Cameron tell the facts at a mass meeting. Palo Alto, San Jose, and other towns seethed with lynch talk when it was discovered that the Chinese had sneaked Kum Quai into San Francisco and forced her into a marriage with a tong man from a distant county.

Miss Cameron, tipped off through Chinese channels that Kum Quai's original owner was en route to San Francisco after hiding the girl in Santa Clara County, hurried to the railroad station with a policeman. She pointed out the fat merchant as he arrived. When he came up for trial, he was represented by one of the county's most powerful and clever attorneys, who said to the jury:

"I want you to know that this little girl has only the kindest of feelings for the man who made her happy marriage possible. Look at her!"

The crowd looked. Kum Quai, veiled, was seated in the front row arm in arm with the lawyer's sister. The spectators glanced at Miss Cameron a bit coolly. But the doughty Scotch girl was not through.

New information had filtered through the Chinatown pipe lines. She knew now that Kum Quai had entered the United States with a number of other girls to appear at the Omaha fair. They were to have returned to China immediately after it. But many of them disappeared and were subsequently trailed to the slave markets. Kum Quai was one of these; therefore Kum Quai was a deportable alien.

And when Dr. John Endicott Gardner, government representative at the trial, called the Chinese girl to the stand and asked for her identification card, she replied:

"I have none."

"In that case," said Dr. Gardner, "I place you under arrest!"

Donaldina Cameron had won that round.

But, even as friends were offering congratulations, the lawyer obtained permission from the Court for Kum Quai to wait with his sister in a carriage outside the building until the merchant's trial was over.

They had just climbed into the buggy when the lawyer streaked out of the courtroom, jumped into the driver's seat, and gave his horses the whip. Dr. Gardner and another man caught them a mile down the road.

And that was how Kum Quai came back to the Sacramento Street home. The federal government gave Donaldina Cameron full custody of her. Since that time Uncle Sam has turned over hundreds of other girls to Miss Cameron.

It took her many long years to perfect her smooth-running organization and its program; even longer to learn the slavers' ever-changing tricks, and those of their—racially—white confederates. There were grafting police who tipped off the slavers when she was going to raid. There were city hall politicians who owned Chinatown property and who kept admonishing her to "lay off—or else."

SHE was offered enormous bribes. Once she was held guilty of contempt by a Court of Appeals judge for refusing to bring back a girl whose owner had powerful political connections. She would have gone to jail if the other two judges had not overruled their colleague. The girl in that case is today one of the leaders in Chicago's Chinese colony.

Miss Cameron even exposed an immigration official whose salary was only $125 a month but whose bank account showed deposits totaling $50,000 over a period of a few months. She discovered, too, that slave girls were not always brought in by immigration frauds. Some of them were hauled across the Mexican border in empty tank cars. Others were dropped overboard with life preservers before ships docked at San Francisco and other ports. Still others were smuggled in by plane.

The unholy ingenuity of the slavers' "false daughter" method was brought out in the recent case of Miss Jeung Gwai Ying. One cold winter night this girl crept out through the doorway of an ornate apartment house on Jackson Street, near Stockton, in the heart of Chinatown. She was wearing a richly embroidered gown and heavy jeweled slippers. Ruby rings studded her fingers, jade bracelets hung from her arms.

She ran away as fast as her narrow binding skirt would let her. Reaching Sacramento Street, she tripped and fell hard. But she got up and hobbled on down the hill. The street lights glowed on the house numbers. There was some one behind her now, a soft-footed figure calling to her sharply. She came to the number 920.

"Lo Mo!" she screamed.

The big door swung open almost at once, and Donaldina Cameron reached out and helped the girl inside. The next morning Miss Cameron telephoned Arthur J. Phelan, legal expert of the United States Immigration Service:

"That's the way **my** head will feel tomorrow, Prince!"

You can "head" it off, dear lady—

New Year's Eve with fun and laughter
Needn't mean a morning-after!
Bromo-Seltzer
before bed
May help prevent
that morning head!

For a happier New Year—

• New Year's Eve is a grand time to celebrate, but smart people don't wish to spend New Year's Day regretting it! They take Bromo-Seltzer!* It helps a headache *fast*—calms jittery nerves, settles an upset stomach, too. And—Bromo-Seltzer before bedtime may help prevent morning-after!

For over 50 years, millions have relied on Bromo-Seltzer. Buy it at drugstores, soda fountains. Keep it at home.

***For frequently recurring or persistent headache, see your doctor. For ordinary headache, take Bromo-Seltzer according to directions on the label.**

BROMO-SELTZER

"I have another girl in the house. She came in last night by herself."

"Well!" he exclaimed. "It's been a long time since—"

"I know. But all these fellows aren't out of business yet. She's told me the whole story—and we may get one of the big ones this time."

Jeung Gwai Ying said agents of the girl syndicate had persuaded her impoverished mother, in a Hong Kong tenement, to "sell" her for $300, and had told the girl herself that they had obtained a position for her in a San Francisco Chinatown restaurant.

"But how can I be admitted to the United States?" she had asked.

"Oh, that is easy. You will be the daughter of Lee Wing Dung, who was born in America."

The syndicate had paid Lee Wing Dung $1,000 for the right to use his family name, papers, and records. They gave the girl a large dossier, a complete family history, with photographs of all the Lees then living. She was then shipped to Seattle.

Lee Wing Dung, as father, met her at the dock, embraced her lovingly. The rest was routine. Thanks to the family history, she passed the immigration examination and was admitted as Miss Lee Lon Ying.

Then the slavers hustled her down to San Francisco, and within a week took her to a room in a hotel, stripped off her clothes, and exhibited her to prospective buyers, who pinched and appraised her as they would livestock. She was auctioned off to the highest bidders for $4,000, and was immediately rented out for a tong celebration in San Jose.

THE number one villain in the deal proved to be her owner, Leong Chong Po, pious and prominent civic pillar in Chinatown. He was president of a great importing firm with twelve equally respectable partners, and was the father of six children. He sold shiploads of Oriental goods, but the biggest profits came from his secret side line—slave girls. Government agents promptly grabbed him and some of his assistants.

But Lee Wing Dung, the number two villain, fled to China. Investigation disclosed that this "father" had entered two other "daughters" within the year, was negotiating for a fourth, and had lamented that he had no daughters of his own to sell.

The government convicted Leong Chong Po, his wife, and the two women who had bought Jeung Gwai Ying at his auction. The girl herself went back to Donaldina Cameron's' sanctuary, where she remained until arrangements were made for her deportation to China late in 1938.

Back in the early days of her career, Miss Cameron noticed that many slave girls shrank from her touch. Others screamed that they didn't want to go to the "white devil house." Chow Hay, a pitiful little slave who was so miserable in her sex slavery that she drank a bottle of poison, kicked and bucked like a wild horse even while Miss Cameron was attempting to save her life.

Their behavior was a puzzle until Miss Cameron learned that the slave dealers had not only threatened their girls with death if they mentioned her name, but had assured them she would poison their food, torture them, or sell them back into slavery herself.

As time passed, the slavers turned to tactics of violence and death. The black record includes the cases of sixteen-year-old How Seen, who was beaten so often with iron opium pipes that she tried suicide four times; Yoke Wan, who was tortured to the point where she tried to hang herself—but was rescued by Miss Cameron and for years was chief of the mission's kitchen staff; Catherine Wong and Gwendolyn Chan, who disappeared from the mission and have not been heard from since.

BUT for sheer brutality and gall the case of two exceptionally beautiful slave girls has no parallel. These two were seized by Miss Cameron and her aides during a daring raid on a tong banquet in another city in California. They said their owners had warned them that Miss Cameron would cut open their veins and drink their blood. And even when Miss Cameron took them to the local Y. W. C. A. for safekeeping, they whimpered and kept out of her reach.

That afternoon three Chinese suddenly appeared in the doorway, with their American attorney.

Miss Cameron jumped to her feet. "Girls!" she cried. "Take the side door! Get out! Hurry!"

But her alarm came too late. The four men grabbed the two slave girls. She and her helpers tried to hold them, but were knocked down by the Chinese. Even the Y. W. C. A. secretaries and office workers who ran to their aid were struck, and one had her shirtwaist torn off.

Hours later Miss Cameron learned that a certain judge, a political ally of the lawyer concerned, had issued a restraining order against her. He said he had been shown proof that both girls were legally of age and that they were willing ("willing" under threats of death, she thought to herself) to go with the Chinese.

The names of the judges who will award, for 1939, Liberty's Gold Medal for Valor in Citizenship will be announced in an early issue.

She never saw those girls again. One of them was soon forced back into slavery in another city. The other was murdered.

The younger Chinese, healthy-minded men and women growing up in an American city under American standards, were early recruits to Donaldina Cameron's banner. In time she won over the older generation also. As the years rolled on, she made countless friends in San Francisco's Chinese colony. Her name became known to Chinese leaders in a hundred American cities, and even in Shanghai, Hong Kong, and Canton. When she finally visited the Orient, she was deluged with invitations not only from former "daughters" but from influential Chinese whose names she had never heard before.

At home, one particularly significant tribute to her came from Oie Kum. This woman, a human spider squatting in a web of rooms a block from the mission, had the most lucrative slave business in Chinatown. She sold opium. She terrorized the Chinese and boasted strong political allies. And she carried on an open feud with Donaldina Cameron.

For years Miss Cameron raided the place and rescued girls. Oie Kum promptly replaced them with others.

One afternoon a scrawled note reached the mission. "Some one needs help at Oie Kum's," it read.

"So she's at it again!" Miss Cameron breathed—and in half an hour she had a rescue party organized. They cracked thick doors, pried out iron bars, swept through every room. But there was no girl in distress—only Oie Kum, silent and immobile on her huge silk-covered chair.

The interpreter in the party finally waved the note under her nose. Who had written it?

Oie Kum looked up at Donaldina Cameron. "I did," she said, half smiling. "I want to go with Lo Mo."

"You?"

"Yes. I want to work—and learn —like the other girls in *your* house."

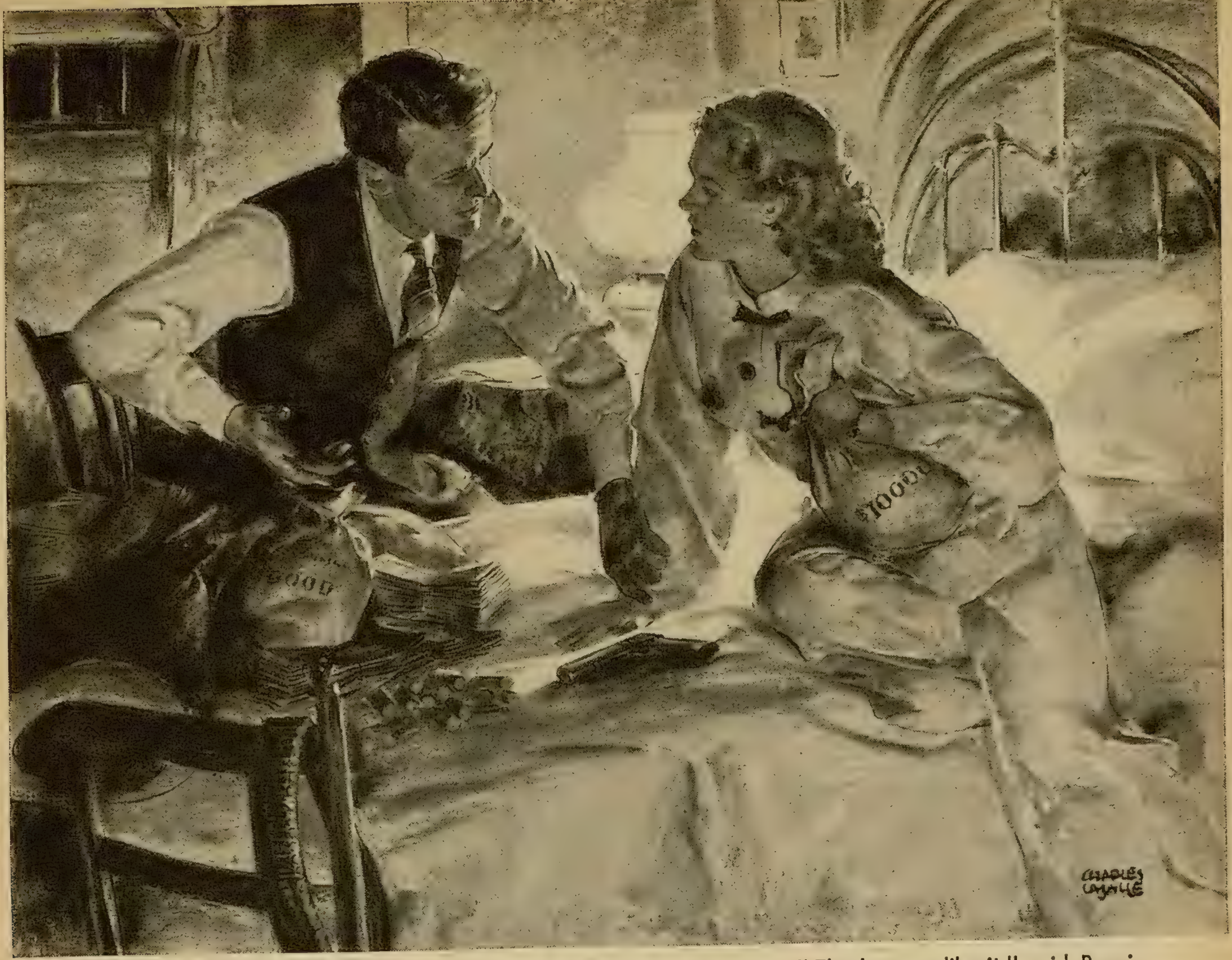
When Miss Cameron came walking back to the mission with the infamous Oie Kum, the resident girls fled to their rooms in panic. Miss Cameron's associates shook their heads dourly. Even the women on the Occidental Board doubted the wisdom of the "experiment." But Oie Kum never left the mission again—until she became the bride of a young rancher who had met her years before and had begged her to change her mode of life.

OIE KUM, of course, is not the only "graduate." There are nurses in Chinese hospitals who once cringed in vice dens. There are dozens of teachers in Chinese settlements passing along the things they learned at Donaldina Cameron's "school." One of her "daughters" was the first Chinese girl to ever graduate from Stanford University. A prominent Chinese woman lawyer can still remember when Donaldina Cameron dragged her out of a gambling joint in a Chinese quarter forty miles east of San Francisco.

All in all, Miss Cameron has indeed won the fight she began forty-five years ago. The work goes on; 920 Sacramento Street will be a haven as long as old Chinatown needs one. There is a new superintendent, and there may be new faces in the rooms.

But to the thousands who have gone through its doors and dropped their scarlet badges it is the shrine, the symbol, and the achievement of Donaldina Cameron.

THE END



At the isolated farm at Tyler, once more they counted their gains. "That's more like it," said Bennie.

Gungirl

THE STORY OF AMERICA'S FEMALE PUBLIC ENEMY NO. 1

PART TWO—CONCLUSION

READING TIME ● 20 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

BY FREDERICK LEWIS

From G-men's files . . The amazing tale of a bride and her hectic honeymoon

STELLA MAE didn't kill the bank man. She just nearly scared him to death.

By the time his heart started beating again, the amazed official found himself inside the bank and backed into a corner where he could not be seen from the open door. Covering him were the guns of his sixteen-year-old captor and her partner.

The rest was easy. As each additional employee arrived, he was backed, like the first one, into the corner. At length all of them, according to the Dicksons' previous day's count, were under control.

Then Bennie, in his polite way, asked one of the older men, who seemed to be the boss—he was, in fact, the vice-president in charge of the branch—when the time lock on the vault would work.

"At ten thirty," replied the vice-president.

Ten thirty! By that time the day's business would be in full career. To cover the not inconsiderable force and all the customers who might accumulate in a two-hour period might be too much of a job even for sure shots like Bennie and Stella Mae.

The latter, her eyes and her gun still trained on the frightened group in the corner, approached her partner and whispered something into his ear. Bennie grinned appreciatively and threw her one of his sweetest smiles.

"Listen, you boys," he said to the bank crowd. "You stay where you are until I tell you to move. I'm going to cut all the wires in this joint so nobody can call for help. But my partner here is Annie Oakley's little sister. She can hit the narrow end of a pin at a hundred yards, and loves to do it. So keep your hands in the air and your feet on the ground—*the ground they're on now.*"

Stunned as much by the bandit's facile speech as by his threats, the bankers did as they were told, while Bennie, with one of their number walking in front of him as guide and hostage, yanked wire after wire out of the walls.

"Now, who's got the key to the cage?" he demanded as he returned to his place beside Stella Mae.

A tall man on the end nodded his head.

"Get in there in a hurry," Bennie commanded, "and empty those drawers of everything that's in 'em. Put it all in a bag and put the bag on the table here beside me."

The man did as he was told.

"Do you know how much there is there?"

The man named a figure slightly in excess of $2,000—as much as they had gotten altogether at Elkton.

"Small change!" said the girl, and they both laughed at their own smartness.

"Now I'm going to let you fellows do a little honest work," began Bennie, and the two of them laughed again. "Go to your places just as if nothing had happened. When the customers come in, give them what they want. Here, I'll loan you a few hundred for your petty cash."

He reached into the bag and grabbed several packages of bills and some rolls of coins. These he placed just inside the wickets of the cage.

"Now get going!"

Their arms still reaching for the ceiling, officials and clerks filed solemnly behind the counter and took their accustomed places. The tall man, by the sign on his desk, was identified as the assistant manager.

"Now my partner and I are going to stick around until ten thirty," continued Bennie in his low conversational voice, "and we're going to shoot the daylights out of the first man that makes a move we don't like. Understand?"

The men nodded.

"O. K.! Put down your hands and get to work. Here comes your first customer."

DURING the next hour and a half more than forty citizens of Brookings came in, transacted their business, and went out without knowing that anything was wrong. The Dicksons loafed with apparent casualness from one part of the lobby to another, the muzzles of their concealed weapons constantly covering both clerks and customers.

When the great doors of the vault finally swung open, Dickson signaled to the vice-president and the assistant manager to join him at the entrance to the giant treasure box. Under his instructions, the two officials gathered into one impressive pile the entire contents of the vault, and then placed the lot in a sack such as is used regularly for the transportation of currency from one bank to another.

"Carry that out to the car," snapped Bennie.

Stella Mae stood by the table in the center of the room, her left hand on her slender hip, her right hand toying nonchalantly with her handkerchief-covered revolver.

"You watch the guys with the jack," she said to her partner as the two men passed her lugging the heavy sack. "I'll take care of this bunch."

Out of the corner of her eye she watched the two men heave the sack through the rear door of the sedan. Passers-by were plentiful now, but no one paid any attention to the familiar figures of the vice-president and assistant manager engaged in their familiar duties. Motionless, she stood until she saw her husband, his gun still trained on the two officials from the right pocket of his coat, slip into the front seat and ease himself quickly under the wheel on the far side. Then she turned to her prisoners.

"Say, you, we're taking those two guys with us, just in case. If one of you make a move or let out a squawk, I'll let 'em have a bullet from this."

With that, she reached with her left hand for the bag on the table which contained what was left of the $2,000, and backed toward the street.

A second later the sedan, with the vice-president and assistant manager on the running board, rolled slowly down the street.

WHEN the young bandits reached a reasonably safe "walking back" distance from a telephone, they dumped their victims, and once more made for the isolated farm at Tyler. Once more, too, they counted their gains, this time $17,592.99 in cash and $29,640.50 in securities.

"That's more like it," said Bennie.

By now they both knew from items in the newspapers that the G-men were already on the trail of the Elkton robbers and the possessors of the stolen Kansas City automobile. Hoover's men might not know as yet that these individuals were one and the same; but it was only a question of time when the two lines of inquiry would meet at a common point. And now there was this third serious federal offense, the theft of nearly $50,000 in cash and securities from the bank at Brookings.

Their first step was to get some yellow paint and do a transformation job on their car in the barn at Tyler. Apparently they weren't particularly impressed with their handiwork, however, for the moment they reached Topeka—the home town seemed to have a fascination for them in spite of the continuing danger of recognition and arrest—they rented a private garage on an out-of-the-way street and left the car in it.

After a few weeks in and around Topeka, they were back in Detroit shopping for new transportation. After a two-months stay at a downtown hotel as Mr. and Mrs. James Duncan, they bought two used cars and returned to Topeka, Stella Mae driving one and Bennie the other.

The girl drove direct to her mother's home; but Bennie, with his flair for getting into trouble in connection with automobiles, was unwise enough to go for tools or supplies to the rented garage in which he had left the car used in the Brookings robbery. The presence of this car had long since been discovered by the authorities, and the presence of its owner was immediately communicated to them. But by the time the officers reached the spot Dickson had departed to join his wife, who drove with him to a tourist camp on the outskirts of the city, where they spent the night.

UNAWARE that the local police were on their trail, they slept late the next day, which was Thanksgiving, and were leaving their cabin with their luggage, about noon, when two of the officers who had been searching for them all night drove up and commanded them to surrender.

Bennie, instead of throwing up his hands, made a quick dash to the side, into the garage adjoining the cabin.

The officers turned to cut him off, but didn't make it. In a split second Bennie had the car, whose engine must already have been running, backing out of the garage at top speed. He turned, headed toward the highway, changed gears, and was off.

The policemen opened fire. Dickson drove blindly into the heavy holiday traffic outside the tourist-camp gate. The officers continued firing through the body of the car as long as they dared, but had no way of telling whether or not their bullets hit their mark. Successful pursuit through the traffic was impossible.

When they turned back to gather in the girl, she was gone.

The rest of Thanksgiving Day and all of Thanksgiving night Stella Mae Dickson spent huddled under a bridge, which she had reached with the greatest difficulty after her escape through the woods back of the tourist camp. The next morning she made her way to a near-by highway and hitchhiked her way to a small town not far from Topeka, where she and Bennie had agreed to meet if the exigencies of their business ever forced them to part.

Whether they would meet this time here or any other place on this earth, Stella Mae did not know.

Bennie, as it turned out, had received only a slight head wound, although his clothes were pierced by bullets in several places and the back of the car looked for all the world like a keno punch card. He drove at top speed to a spot near South Clinton, Iowa, where he overtook the driver of a Dodge sedan and forced him, at the point of a gun, to surrender the car to him. Leaving the Iowan to continue his journey in the "hot" car, he tooled back toward the Kansas line.

Somewhere along the way he obtained bandages for his wound and a new hat to replace the one which had been shot from his head. Driving all night, Dickson joined his wife the next morning at the appointed trysting place, drove with her into Topeka, abandoned the stolen Dodge, and rode away in the second of the two cars which they had just purchased in Detroit.

Everything now seemed in order. The automobile they were driving had no criminal record. Bennie's bandaged head was well covered by his new hat. They still had most of the money they had taken from the bank at Brookings. The Dicksons were on the top of the wave. Then came a siren signal from a pursuing highway patrol car.

By now, of course, a full description of the two young hoodlums had been broadcast over the police radio as a result of the report of the officers, who had gotten a good look at them at the tourist camp; and it had seemed to two highway patrolmen cruising through a small town in Michigan that the youthful blonde and her companion measured up to the description. They had been quietly following the car for some time, and were right up on it when they sounded the signal to stop.

Stella Mae, who was driving, jammed the pedal to the floor. But try as she could, she could gain very little on the speedy pursuit car. Finally she turned into the comparative safety of a side road, where Dickson took the wheel and guided the car over a series of roundabout country roads which brought them out on the highway once more, near Leonidas, Michigan. There, to their great surprise, the same two highway policemen were awaiting them.

The Dicksons weren't the only ones who knew the country in which they were operating!

The two cars plunged down the deserted thoroughfare, Bennie's well out in front, the police car gaining at every turn of the wheel. What should he do? Ditch his own car and make a run for it through the woods?

While he was hastily adding up the columns for and against, two things happened that decided the matter for him. The men in the patrol car decided to open fire—and Stella Mae decided to fire back.

Grabbing a rifle—the Dicksons never traveled without an arsenal—she vaulted into the tonneau of the sedan and began shooting through the window at the rear. One of the officers' bullets crashed through the glass, creased the side of her head from front to back, silenced for a moment the rifle along whose barrel she was sighting.

But "Sure Shot Stella" was not to be denied. Wiping the blood from her eyes, she took careful aim at the left front tire of the patrolmen's car and sent her pursuers careening into the roadside ditch.

Now for a car that would go as fast as their necessities required. There was no time to fix the one they had. They must get somebody else's. But cars weren't so plentiful on that highway at two in the morning. So they drove into the first farmyard they came to, knocked on the door, and told the farmer that they had run out of gas. When the man came out, Bennie drew his automatic.

"What we really want," he barked, "is a car—and we want it quick!"

With the gun at his back, the farmer led them to his own car, which proved to be too old and decrepit for the Dicksons' need; but, under the persuasiveness of the steel pressing into his back, he agreed to lead them to a neighboring farm where there was a good modern car. The man at the second farm was inclined to put up a fight; but Stella Mae pulled her .38 and quelled the incipient riot.

PATRIOTIC CARTOON CONTEST—$1,800 IN CASH AWARDS

Sponsored by Liberty Magazine and Town Hall, New York

RULES

1. Any one, anywhere, may compete, except employees of Macfadden Publications, the Town Hall, New York, and members of their families.

2. Cartoons must depict the ideal of "How the Town Meeting Idea Can Best Preserve American Liberty and Democracy."

3. Cartoons must be approximately 14 x 16 inches and should not exceed this size. They should be drawn on white Bristol board, in India ink, pencil, or charcoal, suitable for published reproduction and exhibition.

4. Signatures must be placed on back of cartoons, not on face. Prize winners will be given an opportunity to sign on face before reproduction.

5. Cartoons will be judged for aptness, originality, power, simplicity, and draftsmanship. Judged on this basis, the best entry will be awarded a cash first prize of $1,000. The second best entry will receive a cash second prize of $300. The five entries next in order of excellence will receive cash prizes of $100 each. In the event of ties, duplicate awards will be paid. A competitor may submit as many cartoons as he desires, but only one prize will be awarded to any competitor.

6. Prize-winning cartoons will become the property of Liberty Magazine and the Town Hall, New York, for reproduction wherever desired. All entries may be exhibited at a special showing in New York after the contest closes. The right is reserved to purchase for publication, at usual rates, any entries in addition to the prize winners.

7. Entries should be addressed to Patriotic Cartoon Contest, Liberty Magazine, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y., and should be postmarked on or before February 21, 1940, the closing date of this contest. No entries will be returned unless accompanied by return postage when submitted.

8. Winners will be announced in the first available issue of Liberty Magazine and announced by broadcast over America's Town Meeting of the Air.

9. The judges will be Bernarr Macfadden and Fulton Oursler for Liberty, George V. Denny, Jr., and Arthur E. Bestor for the Town Hall, and a nationally recognized personality to be announced later. By entering the contest you agree to accept their decisions as final.

Watch Liberty for further developments

The farmer's car, a small sedan but new, looked O. K. to the Dicksons, and the farmer himself was told to get into the front seat beside Bennie, who took the wheel. The first farmer was parked beside gun-toting Stella Mae in the back seat. The girl was thus able to cover both prisoners, while Bennie, turning off the lights, beat it through back roads for the Michigan-Indiana state line.

At one point Bennie stopped the car and made the two farmers get out and repaint the wheels and change the license plates for those of another state, a full supply of which the Dicksons always carried with them.

Soon it would be light. As they neared South Bend, cars began to appear on the road, and Bennie kept an eye out for a more powerful one than the one he was driving. He hadn't gone far when he saw a man coming toward him in a new Studebaker. Leaving Stella Mae to guard the two farmers, he jumped out with his gun and commanded the man to surrender his car. The man obeyed.

Now they had three prisoners—too many for one car and too many for one girl to cover. So they put one man in the trunk compartment at the back of the car.

Bennie must have been a little careless with the lock, however, for at the next stop—a railroad crossing not far from South Bend—the man made his escape. With one of their victims on the way to give the alarm, there was no longer any use carrying the others as excess baggage. Accordingly, they dropped their two passengers and carried on alone as far as Hammond, Indiana.

THE seriousness of their plight now sank in on them. By kidnaping the two Michigan farmers and carrying them across the line into Indiana, they had added to other federal offenses a violation of the federal kidnaping statute, the dreaded "Lindbergh Law," the penalty for which could be life imprisonment or even death.

Faced by this perilous situation, they decided that the first thing they must do was to get rid of the Studebaker, the number of which would be broadcast immediately to every highway patrol car in the State of Indiana. This they did at Hammond, using their favorite technique of renting a private garage for the purpose. At Hammond, too, they gave necessary attention to their head wounds and purchased complete new outfits of wearing apparel. Then, as a final precaution, they dug in at a rooming-house for several days.

When they finally left town, heading south, they were driving an ultra-respectable old-model Ford which they had purchased from a workingman for forty dollars.

At Taylorville, Illinois, they stopped long enough for Stella Mae to write a letter to her mother, in which she said that Bennie had died from wounds inflicted by the police in the Thanksgiving Day gun battle, and that she had buried him on the banks of the Mississippi River. She herself, she wrote, was proceeding northward alone.

Having mailed this epistle, designed to make the authorities discontinue their search, the couple tooled slowly southward through Memphis and Jackson to New Orleans, where Bennie, Bennie-like, decided to settle down and continue his education.

And what were the G-men doing all this time?

Well, the time was not very long. The Dicksons had held up the bank at Elkton on August 25. They stole the car in Kansas City on October 11. They robbed the bank at Brookings on October 31. They escaped from the gun battle at the tourist camp on November 24. They stole the Dodge sedan on the 25th. They fought off the pursuing patrol car, kidnaped the two farmers and their car and the salesman and his car during the night of the 27th and early morning of the 28th. Fast workers, the Dicksons!

The F. B. I. came into the case, as we have seen, at Elkton. This was the first time either Dickson had come within the bureau's investigative jurisdiction. There was little to go on at this point. The descriptions of the bandits were vague, except that they were both small and one of them looked like a girl in boy's clothing.

THE stolen automobile episode occurred in another state, and was perpetrated by Dickson working alone. There was nothing here to indicate a tie-up between the two crimes, although each by itself was carefully investigated. The big haul at Brookings, however, began to yield pay dirt. The technique employed by the boy and girl bandits at the latter spot, although differing in detail from that used by the boy and "looked-like-a-girl" bandits at Elkton, was sufficiently similar to lead the F. B. I. experts to believe that both crimes were committed by the same individuals. The identity of the pair, however, was still a mystery.

The finding of the getaway car in the rented garage in Topeka, followed by the identification of Bennie Dickson by the local police as the man who had visited that garage on the day before Thanksgiving, and the subsequent complete description of the pair offered by the three men kidnaped on their wild ride through Michigan into Indiana, constituted the tie-up which the G-men had been looking for—and from that moment "the heat was on" in the federal men's search for Benjamin James and Stella Mae Dickson.

Special agents, acting under instructions from Director Hoover, picked up their trail in California, Minnesota, Kansas, South Dakota, Michigan, Indiana, and Illinois, until presently the boss G-man had on his desk in Washington complete biographies of these youthful hoodlums. Also, he had, from dozens of observers, friends, and relatives who had known them from childhood, minute descriptions of their appearance, mannerisms, and habits.

At the moment, both the biography and itinerary of the wanted pair ran into a dead end at Taylorville, Illinois, where Stella Mae had written the lying letter to her mother.

The letter itself did not fool the G-men as much as the Dicksons had hoped it would. Letters intended to throw pursuers off the track were "old stuff." The search continued.

One thing that made the Dicksons difficult of capture was the fact that they kept themselves to themselves. They had no accomplices. They let no one in on their plans. But, from long experience, the G-men had learned that when criminals got into the spot in which the Dicksons now found themselves, they invariably turned to underworld acquaintances, if for no other reason than to find out whether the "heat" was still on or whether the time was propitious for resuming their criminal operations.

That the Dicksons planned to resume theirs at the earliest possible opportunity Hoover's men well knew. One of the automobiles which they abandoned had contained luggage and other personal belongings, including a number of getaway charts, which had evidently been carefully prepared by the pair in expectation of future bank robberies in the states of South Dakota and Minnesota.

So the F. B. I. began looking around for the pair's most likely contacts, and discovered that one of Bennie Dickson's old penitentiary pals lived in St. Louis—not such a long ride from the couple's present headquarters in New Orleans. A surveillance was, therefore, set up by the St. Louis office of the bureau over the residence of this former convict, with the result that a message from the Dicksons, concealed in a shopping bag filled with groceries, was intercepted on February 13, 1939.

The shopping bag was being delivered by two little girls, who told of being given it outside a small grocery store by a pretty blonde young lady who corresponded in every detail with the description of Stella Mae Dickson. This young woman had arranged with them to carry the bag to the address of Bennie's old pen-mate.

EFFORTS to locate Stella Mae and her husband in St. Louis at that time were unproductive; but the knowledge that they were trying to get in touch with members of the St. Louis underworld led to an intensification of the bureau's investigative activities in this section, which was rewarded in the early evening of April 6, 1939, when two special agents, approaching a hamburger stand in a neighborhood known to be frequented by Bennie's friends, observed a young man bearing an unmistakable resemblance to Bennie Dickson drinking a cup of coffee at the lunchroom counter.

As they drew nearer, the young man paid his bill and came out on the sidewalk, whereupon the agents told him who they were and commanded him to surrender.

But Bennie was not the surrendering kind. Instead of reaching for the sky, he reached for the two guns he was carrying in his belt. The G-men, however, were too quick for him. They knew the kind of man with whom they were dealing. Before he could shoot, they fired the bullets which ended the short life and whirlwind career of Benjamin James Dickson.

On Bennie's body, besides the two guns in his belt, the G-men found a good-sized knife, a quantity of ammunition for the guns, $741 in currency, newspaper clippings containing stories of the Michigan kidnaping, and advertising matter describing German East Africa, where, it was learned, he and his wife had planned to retire at the conclusion of their criminal career.

Dickson was the sixteenth criminal shot in self-defense by agents of the F. B. I. over a five-year period, in which 23,000 notorious criminals were apprehended and convicted as a result of the law-enforcement work of J. Edgar Hoover and his men.

STELLA MAE, seated in their car a short way down the street, saw her husband and partner fall. As he hit the sidewalk, she jammed on the gas, and would undoubtedly have made her escape if it had not been for the net which the F. B. I. had drawn around a large area of which St. Louis was the center.

Her first move, typically Dicksonian, was to rent a private garage in which to put her car, the license number of which might be known to the special agents. Having gained the comparative safety of this sanctuary, she decided to stay in the garage all night and leave the city by airplane the following day, a program which she carried out to the point of hiring a taxicab the next morning and going out to the airport; but, seeing a number of policemen on duty there, she was afraid to risk recognition and left in the same cab in which she arrived.

She had the taxi man drive her to a travel bureau, where she hooked up with a client who wished to go by motor to Kansas City, where she arrived shortly before midnight, April 7, 1939. The balance of the night she walked the streets; but in the morning, when she was picked up by special agents of the Federal Bureau of Investigation, she made no resistance to arrest.

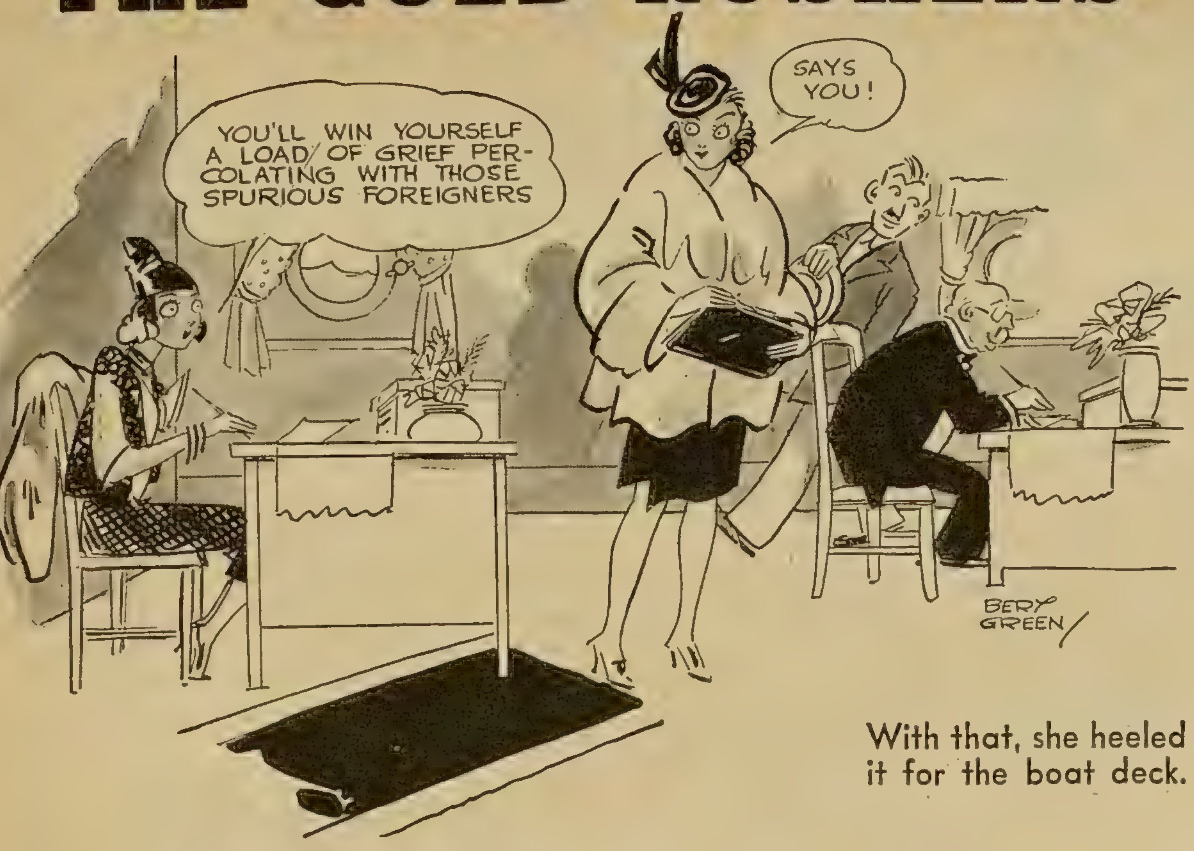
The agents were curious about her apparent resignation to her fate; but subsequent events proved that it was part of a deliberate plan, probably hatched by her and Bennie in the long hours of their all-night motor rides.

First, if anything happened to him, she was to try to escape. If that failed and the law caught up with her, she was to submit gracefully, act the innocent child, and depend for her defense on the fact that she was a minor, and on the old common-law axiom which implies that a wife assisting a husband in a crime is acting under compulsion. But federal justice, as administered in the State of South Dakota, the scene of the two bank robberies, did not see things that way. She got ten years.

Her sentence began on August 21, 1939. Five days later Stella Mae Dickson was seventeen years old!

THE END

THE GOLD RUSHERS


YOU'LL WIN YOURSELF A LOAD OF GRIEF PERCOLATING WITH THOSE SPURIOUS FOREIGNERS
SAYS YOU!
BERT GREEN

With that, she heeled it for the boat deck.

High jinks on the high seas—Don't miss the fun of this riotous series!

Words and Picture by **BERT GREEN**

READING TIME ● 8 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

WELL, you can imagine how much shut-eye Lenora and I got last night, worrying about the *faux pas* we pulled on Robert Barrington Grosvenor. Here we'd been masquerading on the elegantia as a pair of *wealthy society* gals and blowing about our town house to this swell young millionaire, when along came a prizefighter who ruined the works. It so happened the dizzy dope recognized me as an *ex-manicurist* from a barbershop he patronized.

The yell is that on this ocean voyage, Lenora Glenn—my side-kick—and I had hoped to meet some Big Shot with ample folding money, and when the miracle *did* happen, pop went the bubble. Lenora took it worse than I for the simple reason she was conceited enough to believe the millionaire was crazy about her.

"How did you sleep?" I asked her, as she swung her beautiful form out of bed.

"Swell," she replied. "Between the boat doing the Swollen Apple all night and me worrying about losing Mr. Grosvenor, I'm as fresh as a daisy."

"Well, it was *your* idea to travel incognito," I said jokingly.

"I still maintain it's a good idea," she tossed back, raising her well plucked brows. "All we have to do is keep up the Park Avenue front and we'll click!"

"It all sounds very scenario," I told her, "but if *I* run into Robert Barrington Grosvenor today, after telling him all those fibs, it will take the Rockefeller clinic to revive me."

Well, boys and girls, this line of tête-à-tête kept up all through the Java and rolls, with the result we decided to carry on our high-hat escapades as usual, win, lose, or draw. As for One-Round Regan, we were determined to *cut* him dead.

When we finished breakfast, Lenora went below to get her polo coat and I blew to the writing room to give the fountain pen a pushing around. Just as I was about to seal the last of my overdue mail, Lenora came flying back, all excited.

"Guess who's on board?" she almost screamed. "A *real* count—Count Félix de Theigh!"

"The name smacks of familiarity," I says airily. "So what?"

"Oh, don't be funny!" she retorts. "You don't seem a bit impressed."

"Why *should* I be?" I threw back, adding a touch of rouge to my kissable lips. "I've heard of those stuffed shirts before. I'll bet if you dug into his genealogy you'd probably find he's an ex-waiter, a beauty operator, or was born on Canal Street."

"Oh, don't be so blasé!" she hurled back. "Regardless of what *you* say, I'm going to camp on his trail and give him the double-O."

"If you take my tip, dearie," I told her, "you'll win yourself a load of grief percolating around with those spurious foreigners. All they do is flatter girls silly and then cop their dough."

"Says you!" she snaps. "I'm blowing!" With that, she heeled it for the boat deck.

After lunch—to which Lenora didn't show up—I changed into the snappiest Hollywood sports costume I owned and went on deck. I was hardly parked in my steamer chair when off to sleep I went. I don't know how long I had been snoozing, but when I opened my lamps I was startled to find a *man* in the next chair to mine.

"Did you have a good nap?" he asked. "You sure snore a mean tune."

On looking over I was mortified to the extent of galore. It was *Robert Barrington Grosvenor.*

"You wouldn't kid me, mister, would you?" I asked, foiling a yawn.

"Impossible!" he laughed. "Have a cigarette?"

"I don't mind if I do," I said, making him a present of a sweet smile.

After lighting the monogrammed butt with his thirty-buck lighter, he turned to me and remarked:

"Listen, young lady. Where the heck have you been hiding out? I've been looking high and low for you."

"For *me?*" I gasped with pardonable interest. "Why?"

"Well—er—to tell the truth, I kind of went overboard for you the first time I saw you. No kidding!"

"That's a hot one," I interrupts. "I'll bet you use a rubber stamp for that line."

"No, you'd be surprised," he said, as serious as a busted knee. "It so happens I *detest* people who are *deceitful.* When I say *I like you,* I mean it! At least, I'm brutally frank."

Oh boy, that crack smacked right over home plate!

"But why pick on *me* when there are scads of beautiful women on board?"

"You're right." He laughed, throwing back his head. "But you're *different.* I like your style and your sense of humor—in fact, your jargon amuses me."

"Oh, Mr. Grosvenor," I says, dropping my blue orbs, "can the oil!"

"I mean it!" he says. "What's more, *Mr.* is my father's name. Mine is *Bob* to *you!*"

"Oh, Bob," I said, a bit fussed, "you fry me!"

"Listen," he went on, ignoring my nonsense. "You're dining with me tonight. O. K.?"

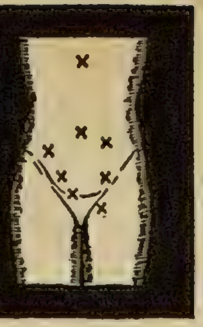
"I'd be delighted," I told him.

Gosh, here I had been trying to duck this good-looking thing—thinking I was in like carbolic—and now he wants to banquet me!

When I went down to dress for dinner Lenora wasn't in our suite. On the desk I found a note. It read: "Dear Beverly, Please don't wait dinner for me. Am dining with the *Count.* Hope you don't mind.—Lenora."

For a moment I viewed the note in silence. I then went to work making myself more beautiful than ever. Just as I was adding the finishing touches to my cupid's-bow mouth the stewardess handed me a package. It contained four lovely orchids with a card reading: "They're gorgeous, but *not* as *gorgeous* as *you!*" and signed, "Bob Grosvenor."

Is Your Rupture HERE?



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Each Week

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HARD OF HEARING?

Hard impacted wax, plugging up ear canals and pressing on ear drums, is one of the common causes of PARTIAL TEMPORARY DEAFNESS, BUZZING AND RINGING IN EARS, CLOGGED FEELING IN EARS AND DIZZINESS. To soften, loosen and remove this wax and thus get quick relief from symptoms caused by hardened wax, use OROTUNE in your ears according to directions in the package. It's amazing how much better you feel, how CLEARLY and DISTINCTLY you hear again when hard wax is out. OROTUNE is safe, painless. SEND NO MONEY. Pay postman $1.00 plus postage. If you send money with order we pay postage.

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Complete Outfit FREE!

Own a steady route; full or spare time. Make money at once and all year 'round with Soaps and many other daily home necessities—over 200 nationally known, guaranteed products. Complete Outfit, including large assortment of full size packages—FREE to reliable persons. Old-established company. Write quick for my Free Offer. **E. J. Mills, 1571 Monmouth Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.**

Was I thrilled or was I floating? Well, to say I didn't meet him would be like asking Sonja Henie if she ever saw a skating rink. Honestly, if I had been Doris Duke I couldn't have been treated more royally. We teed off with sparkling Frontenac, ruined a Persian melon, wrapped ourselves around a *Coq de Bruyère rôti* (roast grouse to you), and topped the banquet with stromberries *en glacé.* Hot zig! We then cut up jitters into the wee hours, and I must say he dances divinely.

When I returned to my cabin I found Lenora waiting up for me.

"Well, where on earth have *you* been all this time?" she asked, gunning the orchids.

"Oh, I've been stepping," I said dreamily. "I've had dinner and danced with the grandest guy!"

"That's great!" she exclaims. "Do *I* happen to know him?"

"Yes," I said in an offhand way. "His name happens to be *Robert Barrington Grosvenor.*"

"What?" she explodes, her eyes the size of dishpans. "Do you mean to tell me *you* were out with *him?*"

Before I could answer there came a knock at the door. It was the chief steward.

"Pardon me, Miss West," he said cautiously, "but *Washington* wants you on the transatlantic phone."

"If you don't mind, I'll take it in your private office," I told him.

I then excused myself and blew down the hall. When I returned, Lenora regarded me coolly, and from her screwy actions I couldn't dope out whether she was peeved about my meeting Mr. Grosvenor, or taking the call outside.

"What's biting you, Lenora?" I asked, grabbing the vanishing cream.

"If I remember correctly," she sneered, "it was *I* who discovered *Mr. Grosvenor.*"

"So what?"

"Well—er—by any chance did he inquire for *me?*"

"Come to think of it, he didn't. Maybe he had other things on his mind," I meowed.

If looks would kill, I'd be in Slippery Lawn by now.

"It seems to me you're getting very exclusive of late," she fired back.

"Exclusive? How so?"

"It so happens you've been called *twice* from *Washington* and you've never mentioned a word of it to me. I don't wish to butt in or anything, old dear, but why are you so secretive—to me? After all, who *is* this elusive person in *Washington?*"

"Oh, just a senator," I said jokingly.

"Oh, yeah!" she exclaimed. "Since when do *senators* call up *manicurists*—especially at sea?"

Wishing to change the subject, I asked her very sweetly how she had spent the day.

"Oh, I had a grand time," she beamed. "First, I met the count, then we played games, and later I had dinner with him in his private suite—of course with another couple."

"Then you really had a good time?" I asked.

"Yes, but he bored me with a lot of gab about Washington I didn't quite get."

With a count and a millionaire, life should be rosy—but there's trouble ahead for a beautiful friendship, as you'll discover next week!

When she mentioned Washington I became interested. "But you liked him, though?" I asked, avoiding her gaze and carefully placing the orchids in a vase.

"Oh, he's the grandest thing!" she exclaimed. "He's got wavy black hair, dark brown eyes, and—"

"A scar on his upper lip," I added.

Lenora looked dumfounded.

"How do you know that?" she questioned, a bit confused. "Have you ever seen him?"

"No. I've never lamped him in my life, but he's *six feet one*, has an *impediment* in his *speech,* and features a *small blue star tattooed* on the back of his right hand."

Really, if Lenora had been hit with an anvil she couldn't have been stunned worse.

"Come to think of it, Beverly," she said, her eyes blazing, "I'm getting very suspicious of you. Between radiograms and transatlantic calls from Washington, you've changed."

I made no comment as I climbed into my negligee.

THE END

GOOD TASTE

Get relief from coughs due to colds without swallowing bad-tasting medicine. Smith Bros. Cough Drops taste delicious. Cost only 5¢.

Smith Bros. Cough Drops are the only drops containing VITAMIN A

Vitamin A (Carotene) raises the resistance of mucous membranes of nose and throat to cold infections, when lack of resistance is due to Vitamin A deficiency.

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 18

1—Mrs. Osa Johnson.
2—Forty-five billion dollars.
3—Opposite.
4—The pike.
5—Germany; France; England.
6—Nebraska.
7—Pontius Pilate.
8—The weight of the atmosphere.
9—The principal vein of gold-bearing quartz along the western foothills of the Sierra Nevada, California.
10—Yale; Army; Southern Methodist.
11—From the islands in the English Channel where they originated.
12—Faille is a flat-ribbed material and bengaline is corded.
13—North.
14—End of month; hundredweight; account of.
15—In an abdominal pouch.
16—Thirty-five dollars an ounce.
17—Thirty-five.
18—Hard.
19—The plate is engraved without the use o
acid.
20—A Hamilton

FIND YOUR FORTUNE IN THE STARS!

$2,000 IN 223 BIG CASH PRIZES

YOUR CHANCE TO WIN IN LIBERTY'S

STARGAZING CONTEST

IS EXCELLENT—ENTER NOW!

WHAT do the stars in this week's puzzles reveal to you? Can you find a prophecy of good fortune in them? Can you read in them a portent of extra money for your budget? It's there if you can find it!

In one puzzle is the name of a favorite mimic who has starred in almost every field of entertainment, including the Ziegfeld shows. In the other, careful study will disclose the name of a man better known for his screen work than his occasional microphone appearances.

Write the names in the spaces provided, clip the drawings and save them until the contest ends.

The Rules explain the game in detail and illustrate how to turn stargazing into money.

LATE-ENTRY OFFER

Do you need the first two drawings? Liberty has prepared reprints for your convenience in making up lost ground. Address your request in accordance with Rule 6 and enclose five cents in stamps to cover cost of handling and mailing. This offer makes it possible for you to bring your entry even with the field even though started a week late.

THE RULES

1. This contest will cover ten weeks, ending in the issue of Liberty dated March 2, 1940.

2. Each week of the contest the names of two prominent stars of radio or pictures will be presented in jumbled form, a total of twenty names to solve.

3. To compete, simply unscramble the jumbled letters of the two names presented each week into their correct order. For instance, the various letters in a puzzle might be B-R-O-C-S-I-N-G-B-Y and could be rearranged to spell BING CROSBY. The scattered letters S-A-M-H-A-N-J-O-R would rearrange into JOAN MARSH. Write your solutions in the space provided under each puzzle. Save all solutions until your set is complete at the end of the game.

4. Then write a statement of not more than 100 words explaining "The feature, story, article, or department in Liberty I have liked best during the ten weeks of this contest, and why." This statement is required with every set of solutions.

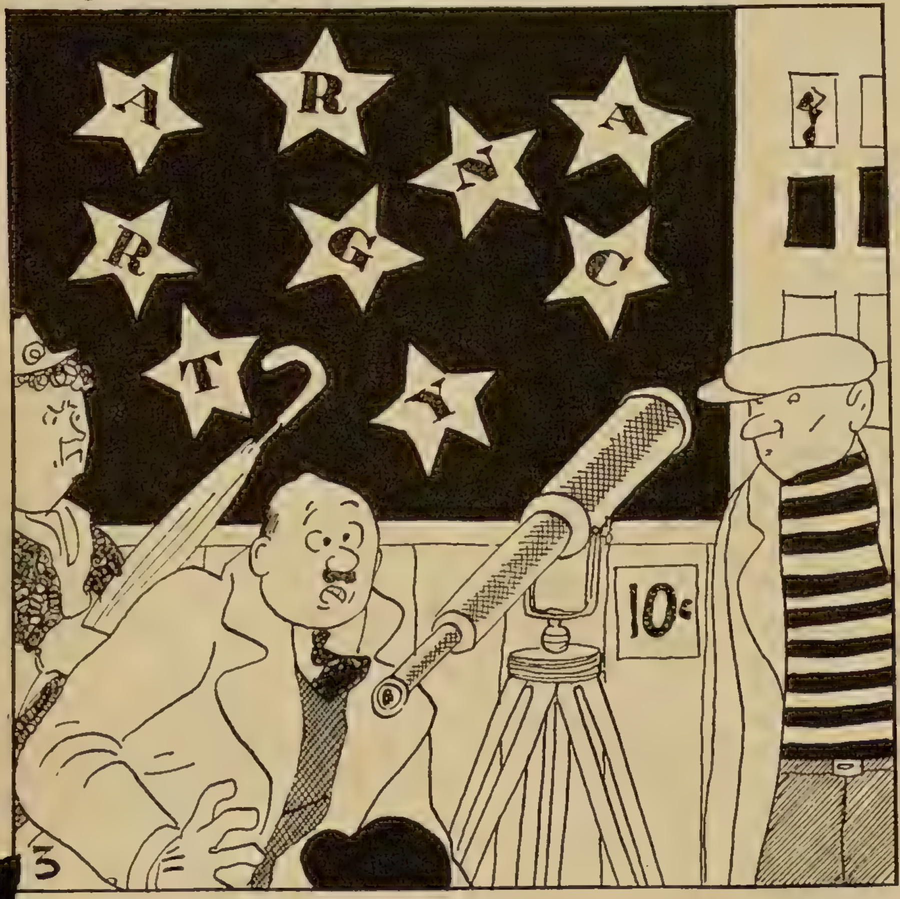
5. The entry with the greatest number of correctly solved jumbles, accompanied by the most logical and convincing statement, will be considered the best and will receive the $500 cash First Prize. In the order of their excellence on this basis other entries will be awarded the following prizes: $200 Second Prize; $100 Third Prize; twenty prizes, each $10; 200 prizes, each $5. In the event of ties, duplicate awards will be paid.

6. Submit entries by first-class mail to Stargazing Contest, Liberty Magazine, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y. All entries must be postmarked on or before midnight, March 6, the closing date of this contest.

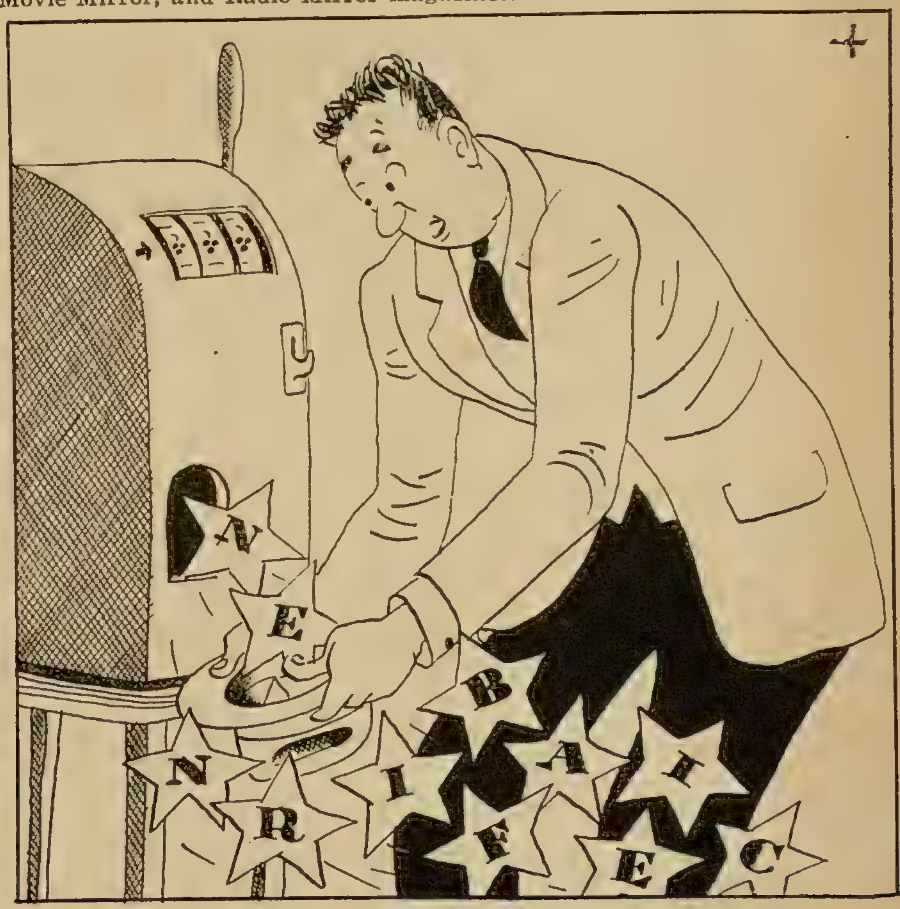
7. Any one may compete except employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families. We cannot enter into correspondence concerning any entry and no entries will be returned. The judges will be the Contest Board of Liberty, and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final. Do not submit elaborate entries. Simplicity is best.

SUGGESTIONS TO CONTESTANTS

If you care to consult an authority for assistance, we suggest Photoplay, Movie Mirror, and Radio Mirror magazines.



NAME ....



NAME ....

ATTORNEY TAKES ISSUE WITH MR. HARGRAVE

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.—As an attorney interested in the case of the State of Indiana vs. Richard Gladden, I wish to object to a misrepresentation of facts in the case as presented by Mr. Hargrave in Dreams that Cleared Up Murder (October 21 Liberty).

I do not wish to take issue on the question of whether or not Mrs. Titsworth ever had such a dream. I did not defend Mr. Gladden at his trial and have no pecuniary interest in this case. My interest is purely academic, and it is my contention that the prosecution failed to show that Richard Gladden did administer, or cause to be administered, to his wife the carbon-monoxide gas which brought about her untimely death on the night of February 1, 1932.

First, Mrs. Gladden's body was not slumped over against the door, as Mr. Hargrave stated in his article. The court reporter's record of the trial testimony shows that the body was leaning forward and toward the left against the defendant's shoulder.

Secondly, she had not been strangled. The autopsy showed no rupture of the capillaries or breakage of the cartilage of the larynx. The autopsy surgeon testified that there were no marks of violence whatsoever on the body, and he said definitely that the presence of carbon-monoxide gas in the lungs precluded the possibility of strangulation, since there had to be an opening to the lungs sufficient to permit passage of the air carrying the carbon monoxide.

The Supreme Court of Indiana has held in the case of Osbon vs. State that in cases involving poisoning it is necessary for the prosecution to prove beyond all reasonable doubt that the defendant did administer, or cause to be administered, the poison to the deceased. This the state failed to do in the Gladden case.

Contrary to Mr. Hargrave's version of it, no garden hose ever figured in the evidence given to the jury. State's exhibit No. 24 was a small soft rubber hose one half inch in diameter and five feet long. It was the kind commonly used to siphon gasoline. There is no evidence that it was stretched or marked at either end.

The evidence shows that the exhaust pipe was turned upward toward the left corner of the rear compartment of the car, and probably accounts for the deposit of soot or carbon found there by this same expert witness called by the state. The exhaust was not, as alleged by the prosecution, confined to a hose and conducted into the car, for this carbon deposit is mute evidence that it was blown up against the rear compartment of the car, leaving a residue.

The rear window of the automobile was not of the " roll-down " type, nor was it broken to permit passage of a hose (if there was one) as alleged by the state.

The defense presented positive evidence to discredit the allegation that the defendant was having a clandestine affair with Voneta Taylor, and the motive actually alleged by the state was two automobile-accident insurance policies on the life of the deceased.—*Berenice Cota.*

WHY DID YOU DO IT, EDDIE?

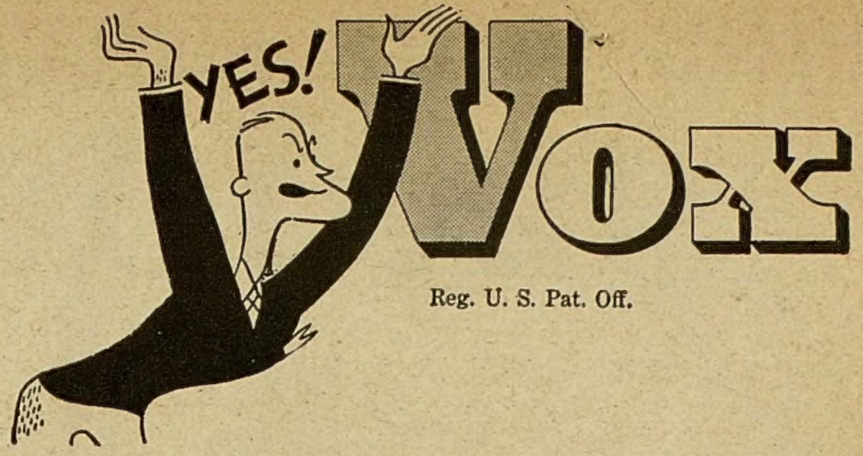
OSWEGO, ORE.—Why did you let Eddie Doherty kill his beautiful story Newspaperman with the last sentence? *—Charles Hyskell.*

UNDERSTANDING DAWNS

FORT ATKINSON, WIS.—'S funny, but I can never enjoy a serial until the second installment appears and I have read the synopsis. These modern authors should more plainly set out the more important facts of their stories without beating around the bush and usin' twenty-five-cent words.—*Mississippi Mud.*

COVER HIT HIM IN THE EYE

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Congratulations on your selection of artist William Wills. I came home from work at midnight, and coming out of the subway I spied the cover of your November 25 issue. It hit me in the eye just like that! Bang! —*Harrison Thompson.*


YES!
VOX
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

PURPOSE BEHIND LIBERTY

ELLSWORTH, ME.—Many times I have marveled at the quality of Mr. Macfadden's Liberty editorials. In addition to being enlightening and encouraging, they vividly portray the fearless crusading spirit of their author.

Being written in layman's language, the food for thought these editorials dispense must be more easily digested by more people than is the case with some of the begarnished, highly spiced writings appearing in some other periodicals. In fact, there seems to be a purpose behind the publication of Liberty—a reason for it—something that elevates it above the status of being just another business venture. If it is true that you have set a goal to shoot at, I would deduce from years of reading Liberty that the goal is to make our country a better place in which to live.—*Lawrence B. Getchell.*

TRY A STRAIT JACKET!

OAKLAND, CALIF.—In reply to the girl in Richmond (November 25 Vox Pop) who so valiantly defended the corset, I would like to suggest that she try a strait jacket and live to be a hundred.—*Helen Hultgren.*

SAILOR SAYS GEN. BORDEN WOULD BE SURPRISED

SAN JUAN, P. R.—Does Reserve General Borden (October 28 Vox Pop) realize the number of reserve officers the Army and Navy have who have been retired with a pension through partial disability or " passed over " through no vacancies for the next highest rank? That only approximately 1 per cent of the graduates from either military academy reach the rank of general or admiral in the active service?

It only takes a few officers to give the orders; but who will fire the guns and do the manual labor—the officers? Increase the number of enlisted men and equipment and just watch the reserve officers and retired ones volunteer for active service! Even General Borden would be surprised.—*A Hardheaded Sailor.*

JOURNALISTS WHO WON'T FALL

BALTIMORE, MD. — Liberty is to be congratulated on its fearlessness and forthrightness in carrying Mr. Sokolsky's article analyzing the Institute for Propaganda Analysis (November 18 Liberty). It is heartening to realize that there are still journalists who won't fall for the old shell game—or is it the old army game or the Soviet game this time?—*John L. Bazinet.*

MAIL
VOX POP EDITOR

AND ALL IN ONE ISSUE!

PROVIDENCE, R. I.—Referring to your November 25 issue, it is a surprise to me that the Ancker Hospital has been so quickly moved from W. 7th St., St. Paul, to Mpls.! Also, on back cover, that a Sgt. of Marines carries a sword! And —in Vox Pop—that USC Football team is a "Push-over." Mr. Schmidt has a rude awakening coming if Tenn. goes to the Rose Bowl—which I hope they do. And see what USC did to Notre Dame! Mr. Schmidt needs glasses. And Mr. Miller of the Inst. for Prop. Analysis claims they merely try to protect us morons—when the truth is he Hopes we Are Morons. More power to Sokolsky!—*Charles Olson.*

DID THE LUSITANIA CARRY MUNITIONS?

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Evidently Mr. Will Irwin is not above spreading a little propaganda of his own when he writes (October 14 Liberty): "Whether or not the Lusitania carried munitions in her hold on that last fatal voyage, no one knows exactly to this day."

Shortly after the war I read with my *own* eyes the report issued by the United States government that United States divers had found the hold of the Lusitania crammed with guns. Mr. Irwin can look this report up in the government files.

No, I am *not* pro-German, but I do know it was lies like this that landed us in the last World War.—*Opal Essant.*

[Those diving operations didn't occur. A few years ago a company having no connection with the United States government located the wreck and tried to salvage the gold in it—with little or no success, I believe.

As for the charge that the Lusitania carried munitions (which is possible), that was made, and some evidence offered. The evidence came in one or two of the Congressional inquiries held after the war, and had the general unreliability of testimony before a Congressional committee where the laws of evidence don't exist. I've always been interested in the Lusitania case—I wrote the original story for the London Daily Mail. And from what I've seen and read, I reach the conclusion as to munitions in her hold—"Not proved."

And, anyway, the case is academic. The story of the German commander who sank her proves that. He reported, in effect, that he sighted through his periscope a large British ship heading up the channel; that he came to the surface and let her have a torpedo. He further alleged that there was a second explosion, which German propaganda called the explosion of her cargo of munitions—presumably loaded shells. In the World War the Allies seldom if ever shipped *loaded* shells. They were sent over uncharged, and the explosive, if it was of American origin, sent by freighter, under the precautions customary for powder ships. The second explosion, if it occurred, may just as well have been that of her boilers or fuel-oil tanks But note that the German commander took no thought as to whether she was carrying munitions. According to his own story, he saw a ship approaching England and, following his orders, sank her—of course without warning or inspection.—*Will Irwin.*]

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Guess I went off the deep end when I wrote you our United States divers had found munitions in the hold of the Lusitania. As I calmly think over this subject, I believe our divers could not penetrate into the hold of this ship. But some department of the United States government *did* give out the statement that this ship was carrying munitions. Perhaps it was the Customs Office. This statement was given out some time after the war.—*Opal Essant.*

IN PRINT

PAQUA, OHIO—Yesterday I got my November 25 Liberty and enjoyed it immensely until I came to the article Cameramen's Secrets.

The paragraph in which

U.S. MAIL
Pali

our Kenneth L. Watt quotes ohn Arnold as saying that tripe about jellies, goboes, and niggers is very disgusting, to say the least.

You don't quote an intelligent man as saying things about wops, dagos, or white trash, do you?

I'll be quite surprised if I see this in print.—*Heberta M. Richey.*

ANOTHER CHANCE TO BECOME DEAD HEROES

PEORIA, ILL.—"There is plenty of work at the front for old men to do, dirty work . . . the classes will begin at 45 up." (A 5-Point Program to Keep Us Out of War, November 25 Liberty.)

Isn't that an inspiring idea? Just think! The present old men (who were young men during the World War) will be given another chance to become *dead* heroes!

"Bury me on my face" if any politician pulls the wool of propaganda over *my* eyes!—*Andre Andersen.*

CURE FIGHTING WITH PLAY

PARKERSBURG, W. VA.—If I were a Rothschild, a Gerard, a Carnegie, a Rockefeller, a Ford, and a Macfadden all wrapped up in one (I mean, of course, if I had the assets they have and have had), instead of establishing foundations, colleges, libraries, and the like, I would make it my business to get the world out of war and change the heart actions of the human race, placing therein the desire to love instead of hate.

How would I do this? Very simply. I would establish in all the countries of the world baseball, football, basketball, polo, golf, and tennis teams, along with all the other sports that we in America enjoy. Then I would organize well supervised intercountry circuits and put the human race to playing.

I would also organize intercountry service clubs, Rotary, Lions, Kiwanis, etc., all under well trained humanitarian supervisors. I would have all races, creeds, and colors fraternizing as kindred souls through these service clubs. By doing all these things I would, at least, have the next generation of human souls wanting to play instead of fight.—*Anonymous.*

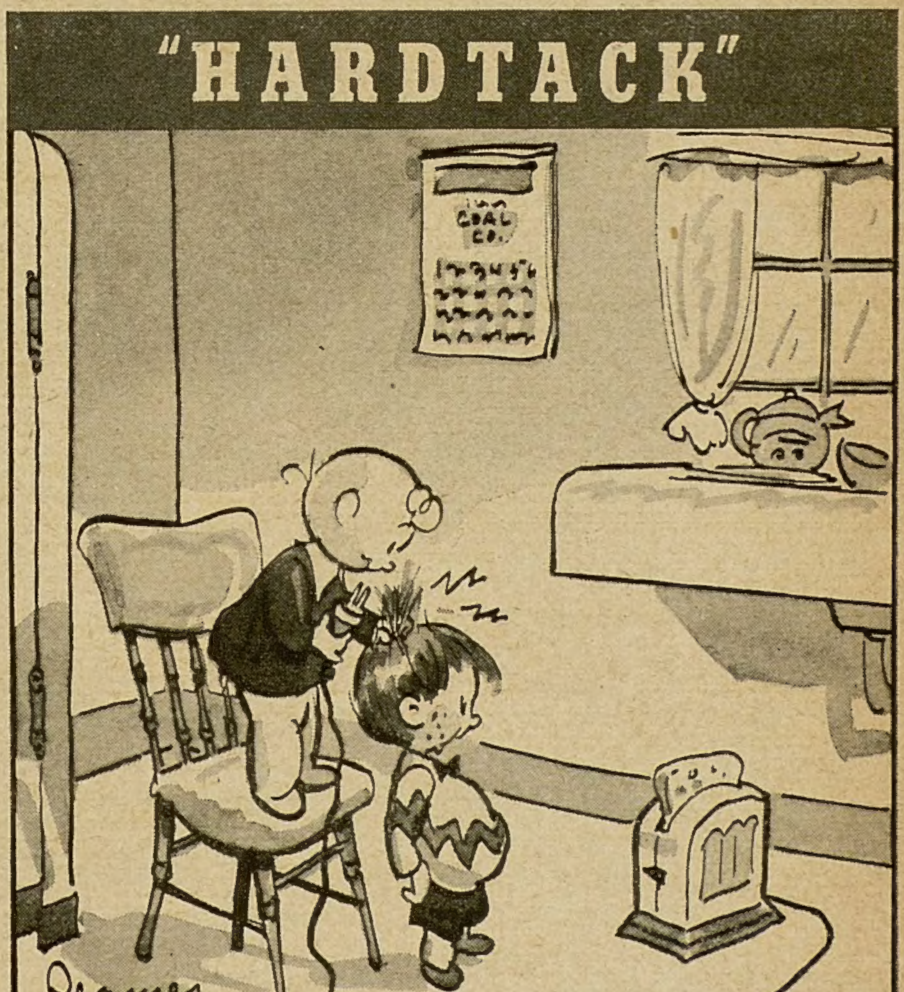
GOODY TWO-SHOES RADIO CONTROL

ST. JOSEPH, MO.—General notice to every one connected with radio industry:

When men like Fulton Oursler and Elliott Roosevelt

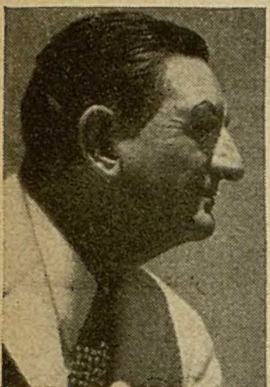
can't speak their minds on the air without having some Goody Two-shoes member of the National Broadcasting Company twiddling with the switch, all set to jerk it if the speaker's remarks don't reflect Goody Two-shoes' mood, then something is wrong with radio besides its revolting efforts to advertise.

As far as I'm concerned, you know what you can do with your radio until this condition is changed. — *Bill Burton.*



"If this works, Peewee, we're gonna throw a lot of power companies out of business."

More Snakes than Mr. Dies Can Kill



FULTON OURSLER

Photo by Marjorie Collins of Black Star

NEXT WEEK, as most of you know, Representative Martin Dies of Texas will begin a series of articles in Liberty. The title of this series shows pretty well the nature of these articles—More Snakes than I Can Kill. Naturally, the conclusions which Mr. Dies has drawn from his laborious investigation into un-American activities are not Liberty's but his own. Some of the charges that you will read in his articles are grave ones; they involve persons for whom Liberty has the highest respect. In every reasonable case, Liberty will open its pages to persons who may feel that Mr. Dies has misunderstood them; they may reply to him as fearlessly as he has written of them.

Liberty has no part in any disputes that may arise between Mr. Dies and the men and women, in and out of the government, about whom he writes. We present his views just as he wrote them, because we feel that they are of profound national concern: the subject needs to be aired, and not talked about behind the hand. Mr. Dies believes that the President of the United States tried to induce him not to investigate Communism in the C. I. O.; he believes that efforts were made by others to coerce him into investigating only Fascism, and to neglect Communism; he believes that his attempts to uncover Communistic activities in the United States were blocked both actively and passively—actively, by pressure brought to bear on him by high officials in the administration; and passively, by the refusal of certain government agencies to cooperate with him. Mr. Dies certainly has a right to state his case to the American people and he has chosen to do so in Liberty. Those whom he accuses have an equal right to be heard in rebuttal, and Liberty, as always, hopes to print both sides.

THERE WILL BE MANY OTHER exciting features and thrilling fiction stories in next week's issue. You will certainly want to read Phyllis Duganne's enchanting yarn called Sailors Must Work Fast, and Richard Connell's equally enchanting story, The Enchanted Onions. And surely you will not wish to miss such provocative features as Passive Resistance and the War, by Mahatma Gandhi; Was the Rose Bowl Game a Racket? by Frederick Bechdolt; Lum and Abner, by Frederick L. Collins; What Is Happening in Poland? by Edward Doherty; and There's Rejuvenation in Walking, by Robert Lake, together with generous installments of all the serials.

FROM THE MAIL: Many letters came in commenting on the lovely note we printed from Mrs. E. D. Neefus, the lady more than eighty who found that she could still find happiness even in straitened circumstances. C. A. Clifford, writing from Indio, a town where I lived once for two months, says: " Please tell that old lady, Mrs. E. D. Neefus, for me that she ain't been nowhere, seen nothin', done nothin'; nor will she ever be satisfied or content until she's seen Texas! " But Indio is in California! . . . Lois Patterson Hammer writes from Casa Grande, Arizona: " Mrs. Neefus possesses the right kind of adaptability. When you hear a woman whine and fret, you can be sure that she has the kind of adaptability that wants to adapt everybody and everything to herself and her ideas, and that's when I want to start a wave of neck-wringing! It's refreshing to get a glimpse of a quiet, contented soul who loves every one else so much she hasn't time to indulge in self-pity." . . . Another old lady who signs herself Mother Eckle, and addresses me as her " dear son Fulton," writes from Lincoln, Nebraska. She, too, is eighty years of age and tells how she has learned contentment. The one thing she wants is to see California and a large body of water before she dies. Mrs. Eckle not only raised seven children of her own, but adopted four others. Now she is living alone with her dog, called Rowdy, a cat named Moses, a parrot named Jehoshaphat, and two canaries named Mumbo and Jumbo. She adds: " I am happy and contented, my life work is done, and I am waiting for the Lord to call me home." . . . From Fred Stever of Pasadena, California, comes the following: " Will you please give us real Americans a splendid example of research? Find out the names of all men of our Congress who were absent from their posts when matters of great moment to all of us were being discussed on October 4, 1939. Find the reasons these men were absent and publish their names and their reasons—along with this letter."

WELL, TO BE CANDID about it, on October 4, the date which Mr. Stever thinks is memorable, the House of Representatives was not in session. In the Senate, Connally of Texas was speaking for the amendment to the Neutrality Bill. Vandenberg of Michigan was arguing against it. Our confidential informant, Senator Footloose, tells us it wasn't very exciting. There were two roll calls and eighty-six senators answered to each, so what is Mr. Stever excited about? Most of the eighty-six who answered the call were absent most of the rest of the afternoon. But that's the way things happen in Washington. Most of the speeches are prepared in advance and copies are distributed. The senators do not feel that they should sit and listen to the reading. They prefer to go out into the cloakrooms, where they can argue without the hindrance of parliamentary law. They know that if they were to sit at their desks and listen to a lot of oratory designed largely for home consumption, they would be wasting their time. In other words, the senators figure they are not paid to listen to each other. Possibly they could not be paid enough to listen to each other. The real work done by senators is in committees, in their offices, and in the cloakrooms. Of course the results of such work are made public when the senators cast their votes. I publish all this because we get a lot of letters accusing members of the Congress of almost every sin and crime on the calendar. We tell the facts in justice to a body of men, an overwhelming majority of whom can be considered patriotic, sincere, honest, and hard-working. . . . Mary Oliver Gouchy of Tumwater, Washington, who is almost blind, still can write with a pencil to have a little fun. Recent verses tell at some length how a certain Saturday's child (one who must always work for his living) lay in his cradle, when along came a bad fairy:

. . . A spiteful thing was she!
She looked at the child and evilly smiled—
" Here's the doom I give to thee:
You shall toil at a thankless task;
Folks at you will snarl and kick;
They will criticize until you gasp;
They will ride you till you're sick."
Then the bad fairy laughed with glee
(The little flibberty-gibberty)
And she cried: " You shall grow up to be
The editor of Liberty! "

What I want to know, lady, is how you found out I was born on Saturday?

THANKS! Hope to see you all right here with us again next Wednesday.

FULTON OURSLER.

Liberty

for Liberals with Common Sense

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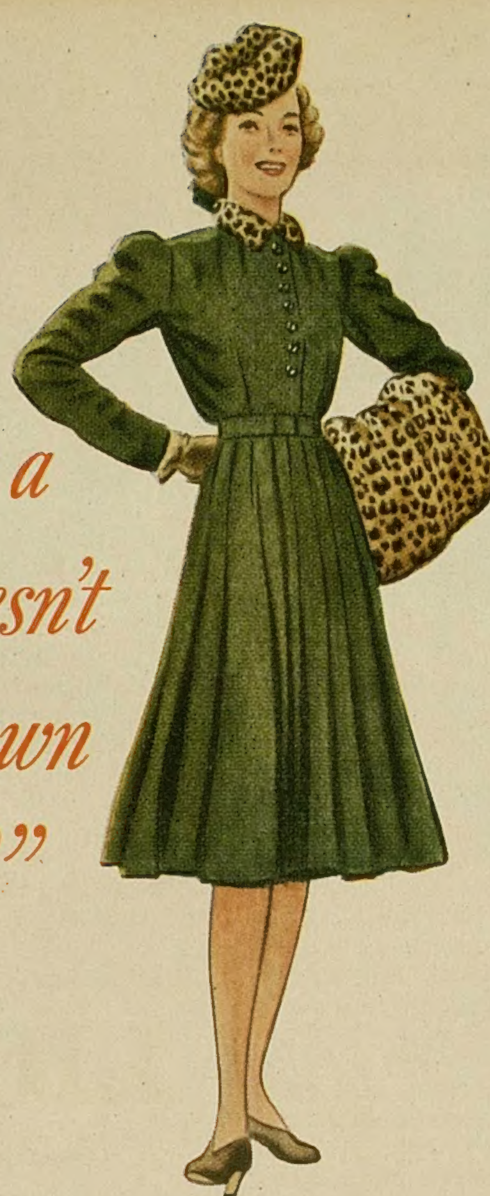
The names and the descriptions of all characters in the fiction stories appearing in Liberty are wholly fictitious. If there is any resemblance name or in description, to any person, living dead, it is purely a coincidence.

COVER . . . CALENDAR

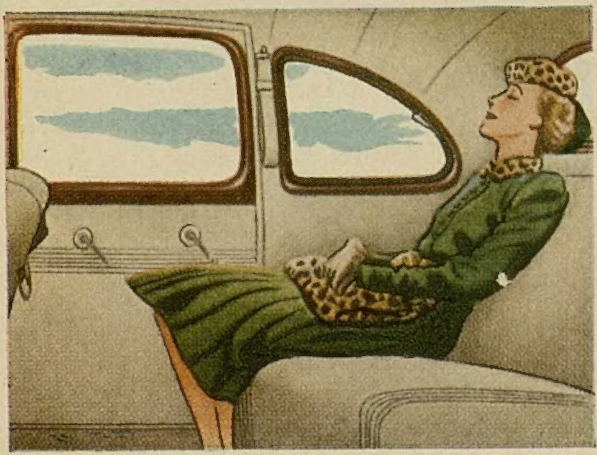


"Who says a woman doesn't know her own mind?"

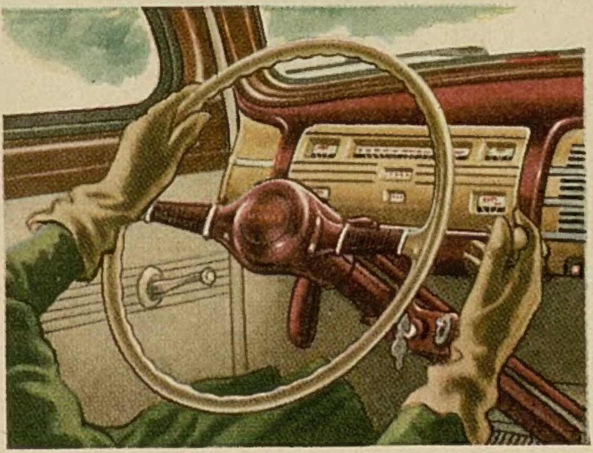
I've known mine ever since I saw the new Ford V-8"

"Joe started it. He came home last night and made some cracks at our old car. So I said, 'Out with it, my man, just which new car have you been looking at?' And he said, 'Oh, not any, really. Might look around a bit. But I did watch a swell new Ford go by downtown today.'

"So this afternoon I took a long look at the new Ford myself. That's easy to do! And the salesman was grand. Never mentioned fan belts or fuel pumps or anything like that. He just let me look around and open things and ask questions. Pretty soon, I began to get as excited as Joe was. . . . Then we went for a ride.

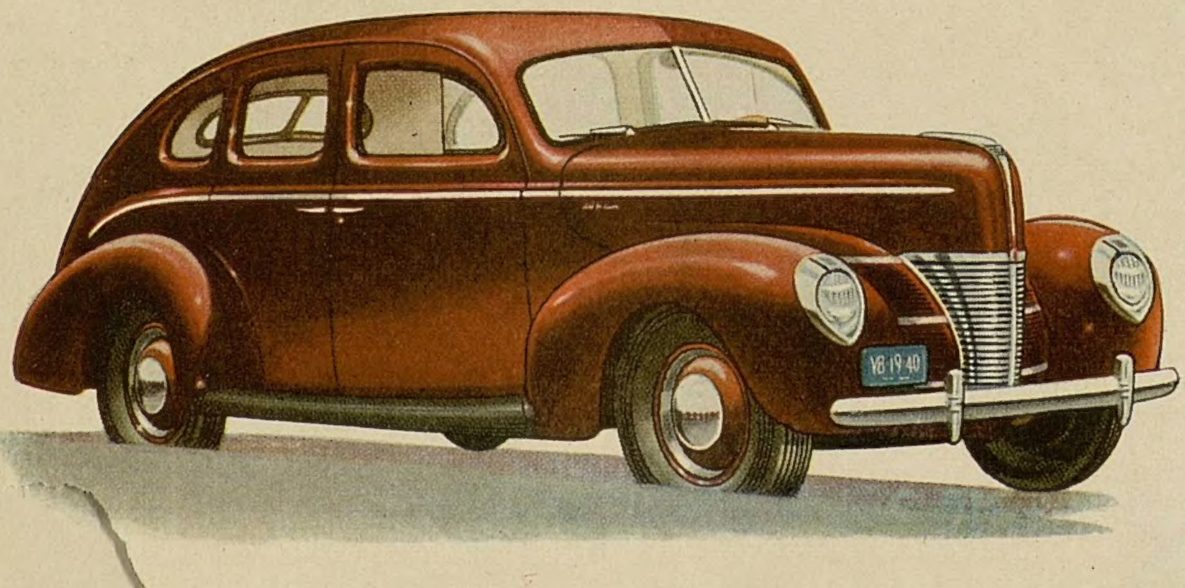


"First I Sat in Back. It's simply marvelous how they've put so much downright comfort and roominess in that car! The cushions are deep and soft, with lovely upholstery. There's more room for your legs—four inches, the salesman said—and more elbow room. So *quiet* too. I couldn't hear a sound!



"Then I Took the Wheel—a clever two-spoke wheel with the Finger-Tip Gearshift right under it. I was amazed at how nicely it shifted. There's nothing tricky about it at all. It's just the regular shift turned on its side. And there's nothing in the way when three ride in front and I sit in the middle!

"It's Fun to Feel the Power of that V-8 engine. It sweeps you ahead so smoothly. . . . That new ventilating system is sensible. . . . Wish you'd seen me park. I eased right into a tight place the first try. . . . The Ford is certainly easy to handle. . . . And Joe will be, too, when I tell him I've made up our minds!"



If Your Joe Is Talking about a new car, *do* something. You know a good buy when you see one, so go see the new Ford cars. Take a ride. Take the wheel. Then take your choice of nine different models and six lovely colors. Prices are low, and probably your present car will more than cover the down-payment.

FORD V·8 *for* 1940

FORD MOTOR COMPANY—FORD, MERCURY, LINCOLN-ZEPHYR AND LINCOLN MOTOR CARS